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From Cromwell to Wellington:

TWELVE SOLDIERS

EDITED BY SPENSER WILKINSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR

V.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

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THE ideal which has presided over the writing of this volume is that of a picture of the British army at work during the century and a half in which the army helped the navy to make Great and Greater Britain what they have been since men now living can remember. In the choice of the lives and of their writers the Editor was assisted by the mature judgment of Colonel Cooper King, who also undertook to prepare plans of the more important battlefields, and, upon condition of the Editor's collaboration, to write the life of Cromwell. The plans were prepared and for the most part approved by the authors of the several lives, and the text of Cromwell was settled when Colonel Cooper King's lamented death deprived the British army of an indefatigable teacher and the Editor of a good friend and fellow worker. The Editor has since modified Colonel Cooper King's account of the battle of Marston Moor in consequence of the important discoveries of Mr. Firth, to whom he is much indebted. The plans have been copied from Colonel Cooper King's drawings, and a few sketches of the theatres of war have been added. The portraits have been selected by Mr. H. W. Lawrence. The very careful and minute account of Clive prepared by Colonel Adam has been so much modified that the Editor cannot but recognize his own responsibility for the form in which it appears. The attempt has been made to attain a rough uniformity in the spelling of Indian names, and to avoid for the most part the modern scientific forms. The Editor wishes to thank his contributors for much patience and courtesy, and Sir Bindon Blood, Count Gleichen, and Mr. York Powell, the Regius Professor of History, for help and advice. The author of the life of Wolfe wishes to express his obligations to Mr. A. G. Bradley's account of the career of that general as well as to the works of Wright and Parkman.

S. W.

INTRODUCTION

THIS volume, which contains the memoirs of twelve famous British soldiers, embraces a period in the history of the Empire extending from 1642 to 1852, and should strongly appeal to a nation which owes its possessions abroad and its security at home not only to the gallantry and endurance of its naval and military forces, but to the ability of their Commanders. And I feel sure that it will appeal to an Army such as ours, which is justly proud of its achievements and traditions.

The first of the soldiers whose careers are briefly narrated in the following pages was a great administrator as well as a Master of the art of war. Cromwell recognized that the most efficient army is one composed of self-respecting men of exemplary character, who are well paid and well treated. He was determined that his officers, from the highest to the lowest, should be thoroughly acquainted with their profession; and though himself holding very strong religious and political views, he was guided in the selection and advancement of his subordinates by the broad-minded principle that "the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions." The success of Cromwell's Ironsides

was due in a great measure to the strict discipline which he enforced, to his clear perception of the objective to be aimed at, and to his skilful strategy and tactics. But it was in a still greater degree due to the religious fervour which pervaded all ranks. History proves that there is no more potent factor in war than a belief in the justice of one's cause, and in its being favoured by the Almighty.

The second name in the book is that of the Duke of Marlborough, to whom I should be inclined to assign the foremost place in the roll of British Commanders. His splendid military genius was united with an almost unparalleled evenness of temper, and a regard for, and sympathy with, his troops, which earned for him a devotion scarcely less than that which the Tenth Legion felt for Cæsar, or the Old Guard for Napoleon.

From a moralist's point of view, Marlborough's character was not faultless, but as a General he had few equals and no superior. He never fought a battle which he did not win, never besieged a city which he did not take, and, in spite of obstructive allies and jealous continental rivals, he curbed the aggression of France, and restored the balance of power in Europe.

I agree with Marlborough's biographer in ascribing his success in a great measure to his striking out a line for himself and not adhering too closely to professional rules, but I think he is somewhat severe in his criticism on the predilection of the French, at that time, for fortified lines and fortified

towns. They may have carried their dependance on fortifications to too great an extent, but in the face of a more numerous enemy, or in a country the inhabitants of which cannot be thoroughly relied on, the fortune of a campaign may sometimes depend on the retention of an important fortress. The gallant and protracted defence of Gibraltar under General Eliott (afterwards Lord Heathfield) had a far-reaching effect on the naval power of England, not altogether realized by the statesmen of that day. The lines of Torres Vedras gave Wellington time and opportunity for reorganizing his forces, and enabled him to undertake the operations which led eventually to the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula.

The obstinate stand made by the Russians at Sebastopol taxed the resources of the Allies to an extent which resulted in the conclusion of a peace not unfavourable to the Northern Power.

During the Indian Mutiny, the forts of Agra and Allahabad afforded us valuable centres for field-operations against the rebels. And had the walled Magazine at Cawnpore with its bomb-proof buildings been resorted to instead of the two thatched barracks on the open plain, it is quite possible that there would have been no Cawnpore massacre.

On the other hand, however, in continental Europe, the present system of conscription, and the facilities which railways afford for moving and supplying vast armies, have rendered fortresses and fortified lines of less importance than formerly. The fact is, that the existence of railways has profoundly

modified the conditions of modern warfare. The recent campaign in the Soudan furnishes a striking illustration of the advantage of railway communication between the base and advanced depôts of a force operating in an uncivilized country. Again, it is not too much to say that the existence of railways on the north-west frontier of India, from Nowshera to Malakand, from Kohat to the Kuram Valley, and from Peshawar round or through the Khyber Pass, would, in all probability, have prevented the late serious rising of the tribesmen, and their construction now would tend more than anything else to ensure their permanent pacification.

Turning once more to the life of Marlborough, it will be noticed that he paid the utmost attention to the armament, equipment, and fire discipline of his troops, and developed their marching powers to an extent which enabled him invariably to out-manœuvre his opponents. In his masterly handling of the cavalry arm he followed in Cromwell's footsteps, while, though his discipline was as stern as Wellington's, "Corporal John" managed to make himself beloved as well as obeyed.

Of the remaining lives in this book, those of Wolfe, Clive, Lake, and Wellington will perhaps be found the most interesting. To the first England owes the dominion of Canada—to the others her Indian Empire. But Wellington, much as he accomplished in India, rendered far greater services to his country during the struggle with Napoleon.

Lake's fame has been thrown into the shade by

the glamour of Wellington's successes, yet the former's military genius was of no mean order, while his rapidity of movement and promptitude of decision are deserving of the highest praise.

The histories of Abercromby and Baird remind us that the importance of Egypt in connexion with our interests in the Mediterranean, and as an essential link in the line of communication between England and the East, had been recognized by British statesmen at an early date. Abercromby's landing in Aboukir Bay, in the face of a determined enemy, was an operation of extreme difficulty, admirably planned and carried out. While Baird's march across an unknown desert, from Kosseir to Keneh on the Nile, shows how obstacles which seem almost insurmountable can be overcome by proper organization and well-thought-out arrangements.

Taking this work as a whole, three points are brought into prominent relief.

The first is the influence of sea-power on the military history of the Empire. Unless England had been predominant at sea, Wolfe could not have defeated Montcalm at Quebec; we could never have seized or retained Gibraltar and established ourselves in the Mediterranean; however capable our administrators and soldiers, the extension of our rule over India would have been impossible; and the Peninsular War, which drained Napoleon's resources and used up some of his best troops, could not have been carried to a successful issue.

The second point is the necessity for a thoroughly

efficient army in readiness to take advantage of our naval superiority. The sister services are rightly so named, for one is the indispensable complement of the other. In Africa and India and even further East we are gradually coming into closer contact with continental powers, and, unless our land forces are strong enough to meet the increasing demands on them, we shall find it difficult to uphold British rights and British interests.

The third point is that the qualities which distinguish a successful General are practically identical with those which lead to advancement in any other branch of life. In addition to military knowledge and experience, there must be good judgment, sound common-sense, tenacity of purpose, quickness of perception, promptitude of decision, and above all an infinite capacity for taking pains. No detail, however trivial, which can add to the comfort and welfare of the troops or increase their fighting efficiency can be neglected without risk of failure. The officer who is fortunate enough to be entrusted with a command in the field should be prepared at all points, and ready to face all contingencies. He should follow Cæsar's example of whom Lucan wrote: *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.*

ROBERTS, F.M.

Dublin,
December 2, 1898.

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TWELVE SOLDIERS

CROMWELL.

Twelve Soldiers

CROMWELL

1599—1658

AT the beginning of the year 1642 the breach between King and Parliament had become irreparable. Thoughtful men on both sides had come to see that the only arbitrament possible was that of the sword. None saw this quicker than Oliver Cromwell, member of Parliament for Cambridge. He expended time and money in promoting the preparation for defence of the city which he represented and of the adjacent counties. He raised in those counties, and became captain of, a troop of "horse," which was so carefully recruited as to leaven in time all the Parliamentary forces. From this nucleus grew up the most remarkable army the world has ever seen. Ten years later, at the beginning of 1652, Cromwell was Commander-in-chief of the armies of England. On the battlefield he had crushed absolutely and entirely the armed strength opposed to him. In religion he was the recognized leader of the most earnest among the conflicting sects. As a statesman, in the judgment of his associates he stood pre-eminent, so that when, after the exhaustion of the long conflict, the reconstitution of the State had become in-

evitable, it had become not less inevitable that Oliver Cromwell should be its head. The purpose of this essay is to follow through those ten years, not the statesman, not the religious leader, but the soldier.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on April 25, 1599. He was of good family, far better born than many a Royalist who reviled him as the "Brewer's son" which he was not. Both his grandfather and great-uncle were knights, and lived "in rather sumptuous fashion at the mansion of Hichinbrook." As a youth he is reported to have been a not very diligent pupil, erratic in his learning, and irregular both at the Huntingdon Grammar School and at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. It was not until 1638 that it was given him "to see light," but from that time his religious fervour increased and became more severe.

In 1628 he appears in the Roll of the House of Commons as member for Huntingdon, and twelve years later as member for Cambridge. He is described by Sir Philip Warwick as being "very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band which was not much longer than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour." Such was Cromwell in appearance, a man of no great presence, but the soul that was in him was courageous and of strong temper.

When men's thoughts turn to preparation for war their attention is directed to the most recent warfare that has

been prominently before the world, and to the systems that have been developed during its course. In 1642 peace had not yet been made between the contending sides on the Continent of Europe; the last great campaigns had been those of Gustavus Adolphus, who fell at the Battle of Lützen in 1632. These campaigns were well-known in England, where in 1633–4 was published in English *The Swedish Intelligencer*, to this day one of the best records of the exploits of the Swedish king. The general framework of both armies in the Civil War, as regards organization and tactics, resembles that of the continental armies of the period; both contained the three arms of battle—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The infantry was divided into battalions or *tertias*, composed of pikemen and musketeers (the latter on the flanks of the pikes), clad in half-armour and arranged ten ranks deep. There were no bayonets, and the musket, a match-lock, was fired from a rest. The artillery was very cumbrous, and had so little mobility, that though it began the battle it rarely moved from its first position during the progress of the fight. The cavalry was divided into cuirassiers, arquebusiers, and dragoons, of which the first two might be classed as heavy and medium cavalry, and were in those days called "horse," while the dragoons were mounted infantry, and were not included in the term "horse." The cuirassiers carried swords and 26-inch barrelled pistols; the others swords and longer fire-arms. The "order of battle" was usually in three lines—the "main battle," the "battle of succour," and the "rear battle." Each was in line of columns at close intervals, with the cavalry on the flanks. The guns were dispersed along the front, which was preceded by

small bodies of musketeers and pikemen, called "forlorn hopes" and serving to some extent to cover the deployment of the army.

Though there was a general resemblance between the outward form of the two armies there was a difference between them, reflecting the contrast between the mediæval and the Puritan spirit. The Royalist army naturally rested upon the traditions of feudalism, and made the most of the relation between the landowners and those who, a few generations earlier, had been attached to the soil. Its levies, composed of brave men and bold riders, more or less trained to arms, and serving under their immediate local superiors, had little organization and less discipline. The Parliamentary leaders, by their Puritan sympathies, were more amenable to the influence of the traditions of the Protestant army of Sweden; some of them had served in the Swedish army. For example, Alexander Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven, was a Swedish field-marshal, and as colonel had commanded against Wallenstein the Swedish garrison of Stralsund; David Leslie too had been a Swedish colonel. Others had served in the armies of those Dutch princes who had been the teachers of Gustavus Adolphus. Accordingly, from the outset drill and discipline, regular pay and supplies, and military system were at home rather in the Puritan than in the Royalist camp.

When the year 1642 began Cromwell never hesitated as to the course he would take in the great conflict. Upon the King's flight to Yorkshire, whence he set out to raise his standard at Nottingham, Cromwell moved in the House of Commons "that Lord Essex be entrusted with the trained bands south of the Trent, and that Cambridge be

allowed to raise volunteers." He had himself sent arms and money to that town, and had seized the magazine in the castle there. This was the beginning of that "Association of the Eastern Counties" which, raised and fostered by Cromwell and Lord Gray of Wark, furnished the most trustworthy cavalry on the Parliamentary side during the war. In this same year, 1642, "Captain" Cromwell's name appears as the officer commanding No. 67 Troop of "Horse," some sixty troopers strong; next year, 1643, his troop had grown into a regiment of ten troops, and he was then appointed to command as Colonel the whole of the cavalry of the Association. His men were picked out as being "honest and steadfast," and were from the outset more in earnest and better disciplined than "the tapsters and servingmen" whom the Parliament were raising elsewhere.

"I beseech you," he writes in September 1643, "to be careful what captains of horse you choose, what men be mounted; a few honest men are better than numbers. . . . I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a gentleman' and is nothing else. I honour a *gentleman* that is so indeed." Such were to be the officers. Of the men, it is said that "Not a man swears, but he pays his twelve pence; no plundering, no drinking, disorder, or impiety allowed." Men such as these, men so selected, formed the famous regiment of Ironsides. "They were most of them freeholders or freeholders' sons, who upon matters of conscience engaged in this quarrel with Cromwell, and being thus well-armed within by the satisfaction of their own conscience, and without in good iron

armour, they would as one man stand firmly and fight desperately."[1]

This peculiar principle of recruiting is the basis and foundation of the Cromwellian forces. "That which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies," says Macaulay, "was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged, even by the most zealous Royalists, that in that singular camp no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honour of women were held sacred."[2]

The war may be said to have begun on September 9, 1642, when Essex, the Lord-General, took the command of the Parliamentary Army at St. Albans. The first important skirmish was on September 22, at Powick, where Prince Rupert's name is first heard. On October 23 was fought the indecisive battle of Edgehill, in which Captain Cromwell with his troop of horse "did his duty." Cromwell fought his first successful action at Grantham, in May 1643, with twelve troops against twenty-four, and wrote afterwards: "God hath given us a glorious victory over our enemies," for "by God's providence they were routed and ran all away." These words are from the first of his letters, published in the newspapers at the time.

In July 1643 Cromwell marched to the relief of Willoughby, besieged in Gainsborough; took Stamford and

[1] Whitelock.

[2] Macaulay perhaps was hardly just to the discipline and religious temper of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, at any rate in the early part of the war in Germany, while as yet it was chiefly composed of his own subjects.

Burleigh House on the way; forced a convoy into the beleaguered town; and finally, in an effort to dislodge the besiegers, found himself in presence of Newcastle's entire army. He skilfully withdrew his command by alternate troops, and fell back safely on his native town of Huntingdon. The successful conduct of this most difficult operation shows his rising genius. Later on in the same year, when acting with Manchester in Lincolnshire, he was present at a brilliant skirmish near Winceby against a detachment of horse and dragoons of Newcastle's army, when his men "were very full of joy and resolution, ... and went on in several bodies singing psalms." Their leader led gallantly, for "Colonel Cromwell charged at some distance before his regiment, when his horse was killed under him."

During the summer of 1643 the scope of the conflict was extended. Parliament, disheartened by its want of success in the field, concluded an alliance with the Scots, for which they paid a price that was to prove heavy. The Presbyterians stipulated that the English should "join in a Solemn League and Covenant to forward the reformation of religion, to extirpate popery, to preserve the King's person, and to punish malignants." The nation that had resented the uniformity of ritual which Laud sought to enforce, was little likely to accept without demur the equally rigid and more ascetic formula of the orthodox Church of Scotland; many thought with Milton, that Presbyter was merely Priest writ large. The signing of the Solemn League and Covenant occasioned that bitter feeling of which there was evidence later, when Cromwell had to remonstrate with a Presbyterian colonel, who refused to employ a

Baptist as officer, and to tell him that "the State in choosing men to serve it takes no notice of their opinions." To Cromwell Presbyterianism, like Episcopalianism, was inelastic and cramped. The Independents alone were tolerant. The man in whom the desire for religious freedom was a mainspring of action, was by that impulse brought into the position of leader of the Independents in the army, of which, partly in consequence of that position, and partly because he was its best General, he ultimately became the head.

King Charles replied to the alliance between Parliament and the Scots by making peace with the Irish rebels, so as to withdraw what troops he had in that country for the purpose of strengthening his hands in England. No act of his was more fiercely resented by his opponents, for it inflamed both racial antipathy and religious hatred. By way of reply, therefore, in October 1644, the Parliament passed an ordinance to "hang every Irish Papist taken in arms in this country."

This move and counter-move formed the turning-point in the Civil War. Each led to retaliation. The one was ultimately the cause of the Scottish campaigns and of the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the other of the Irish campaign, with its bitter memories of Drogheda and Wexford. From this time forward disaster was to follow the banners of King Charles.

The first important battle in which Cromwell took part was that of Marston Moor (July 2, 1644). The allied Scots and English were besieging York. Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Newcastle marched to raise the siege. The investing Anglo-Scottish army turned aside to meet the

relieving force, and for this purpose was marshalled on Marston Moor, seven miles from York.

The battle-field lies on the south bank of the Nidd and north of the village of Bilton. Crossing it, in a more or less easterly direction, is a high road, on which are situated to the westward the hamlet of Tockwith, to the east that of Long Marston. Along the front of the two villages a deep ditch, with a hedge on its southern side, formed a serious obstacle, but it terminated opposite to and north of Tockwith. Behind, or to the south of the road referred to, the land was arable; on the other side of the ditch it was open moor with much gorse, and at the top of the moor was a considerable copse, marked as Wilstrop Wood. South of the ditch was the Allied army under Fairfax and Leven. On the left were forty-three or forty-four troops of Manchester's Horse, under Cromwell, and twenty-one troops of Scot's Horse, with five or six troops of Scot's Dragoons. Leslie, though the senior officer, not only willingly resigned the command of the left wing, but insisted that Cromwell should take it. Facing them stood the Royalist Horse of the right wing, which Prince Rupert himself led in the battle, and which was ranged with four regiments under Byron in first line, one echeloned on the flank in second line, and four in third line. Rupert had his reserve, two regiments, behind the infantry. In the centre were the infantry; on the Parliamentary side Crawford's Brigade, the Scottish Foot under Baillie, and Lord Fairfax's Yorkshiremen; on the Royalist side eight tertias in first line, seven in second line behind the intervals of the first; in third line a brigade of cavalry, and behind that to the right fourtertias of Newcastle's white-coats, of which the other

three tertias formed the right portion of the second line. On the Parliamentary right wing were the cavalry under Lambert and Sir T. Fairfax, numbering fifty-three troops of English and twenty-two of Scot's Horse; facing them were Goring's Brigades under Lucas and Goring himself.

The artillery of Fairfax appears to have been on the hill behind the Tockwith-Marston road; that of the King (twenty-five pieces) lined the ditch, protected by a "forlorn hope" of musketeers. The Earl of Leven had the ordering of the Parliamentary battle. While there was incipient mutiny in the Royalist ranks for want of pay, on the Puritan side, "in Marston corn-fields they fell to singing hymns."

It was five in the afternoon before the armies were fully deployed, and a desultory artillery duel was kept up until half-past six. It was the first time Rupert and Cromwell had ever met in battle, and great was the curiosity of the Prince to see his new antagonist. "Is Cromwell there, and will he fight? for if he does he will find his master," is said to have been his eager question of a prisoner taken early in the day.

It was quite seven o'clock before Leven ordered the attack, and the whole line of battle advanced towards the ditch. The cavalry still, as in bygone mediæval fights, the most important arm, pushed forward and crossed the ditch where it was least an obstacle. The dragoons seemed to have moved away to protect the left flank of the "Horse," which was apparently formed in three lines, the third being composed of the twenty-one weak troops of Scots. The first line, led by Cromwell, defeated Byron, though Cromwell was slightly wounded; but as Byron's troops wheeled out-

wards and fled, they exposed to view Rupert's second line, which was therefore engaged by Leslie with the second line while the first line rallied. There is much obscurity as to the details of the action after this time. The total result on the Parliamentary left being the defeat of Byron and Rupert, whose beaten squadrons dragged with them the small reserves in headlong flight, leaving the passage behind the mass of Royalist infantry free. Rupert himself was nearly taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, the success on this wing was balanced by disaster on the other. Charging in two lines, Goring broke up the cavalry of Sir T. Fairfax and Lambert, and with the first line drove them far to the south, and also attacked and routed the infantry of Lord Fairfax, who were already heavily engaged. Goring then turned upon the Scots, who, with Crawford's tertia, were of all the Parliamentary infantry alone unbroken.

Cromwell's cavalry had pursued the beaten Royalists to the northward as far at least as Wilstrop Wood, if we may judge from the number of bullets found in the trees when they were cut down in 1797, and it is even stated that the pursuit was continued for three miles on the York road. Rallying after the pursuit Cromwell continued along the enemy's rear—a route which Sir T. Fairfax had taken after cutting his way through Goring's victorious squadrons to join Cromwell's command; and while Leslie attacked the rear of the Royalist infantry in the centre, Cromwell pushed on to the ground formerly held by Goring, and from that ground charged in flank and dispersed Goring's squadrons, exhausted and reforming after their "reckless raid." By ten o'clock the Royalist army was in full flight to York.

In a private letter to Colonel Walton, Cromwell says: "The left wing, which I commanded, being our own Horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the 'Prince's Horse,'" and again, "We charged their regiments of foot with our Horse and routed all we charged." Scout-Master Watson says: "Lieutenant-General Cromwell's division of three hundred Horse, in which himself was in person, charged the first division of Prince Rupert's, in which himself was in person. Cromwell's own division had a hard pull of it, for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men in front and flank. They stood at the sword point a pretty while hacking at one another, but at last he brake through them, scattering them like a little dust."

Cromwell's letter to Colonel Walton was written to console that officer for the loss of his son, who was killed in the battle. It was in no sense an official despatch, though many of his later letters serve that purpose. "Before his death," he wrote of the lad, "he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, it was so great above his pain. This he said to us. Indeed, it was admirable. A little after he said one thing lay upon his spirit; I asked him what that was. He told me that it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies."

There seems to have been at this time a very general impression that to Cromwell mainly the victory was due; and as if to emphasize this, one of the Parliamentary newspapers refers to Cromwell as the "*Ironside,* for that name was given him by Rupert after his defeat near York." This term, applied first to the Lieutenant-General, was afterwards transferred to the soldiery he raised and led.

Throughout this earlier period of the war, Cromwell had had a great though unobtrusive influence upon the army. Manchester, under whom he had served for a long time, "permitted him to guide all the army at his pleasure; the man is a very wise and active head, universally well-beloved, as religious and strict. Being a known Independent, the most of the soldiers, who loved new ways, put themselves under his command."

The second battle of Newbury, in 1644, was the direct cause of a re-organization of the Parliamentary army. There was no pursuit after the fight, though a powerful body of cavalry was available for the purpose. Cromwell blamed his chief, Manchester, for the want of energy thus displayed, and the relations between the two men became strained. The quarrel led to the weeding out of incompetent, half-hearted Generals, and to the creation of the "New Model Army."

This was politically a remarkable new departure, for the exclusion of the political Generals was destined in time to make the army supreme in the State. The Independent party honestly meant to win victory to the cause for which they had taken up arms—that of the independence of the people, of their army, and of their Parliament from royal control. The army was to be newly modelled, so as to embody the daily growing feeling in the minds of the more sincere and earnest soldiers and politicians, that the war would linger on for ever unless sterner courses were taken. It was to become more thoroughly Puritanical, more severely in earnest under the discipline of men of Cromwell's way of thinking. Purged of all elements of internal weakness, it was destined to become a powerful weapon in powerful

hands. Cromwell in Parliament vigorously supported the new creation, and hoped in proposing the removal from the army of members of the House, that "no members of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good."

By April 1645, the "New Model Army" had been organized by Skippon at Windsor, and had been picked and weeded.

Its establishment was fixed at ten regiments of cavalry of 600 men each, twelve regiments of infantry of 1200 men each, and ten companies of dragoons of 100 men each. The commanding officers were carefully chosen, and of thirty-seven Generals and Colonels, only seven were not gentlemen by birth. This disposes of Holles' statement, that the new levies were officered over by "tradesmen, brewers, tailors, goldsmiths, shoemakers, and the like."[1]

Fairfax, its new chief, was slow in council, "furious in battle." He was brave among all the brave men of either side. Never a genius in the trade of war he seems to have loved well, he was slow to act until his mind was made up, and then, with irrevocable decision, his arm was quick to strike. On April 1, 1645, he assumed command of the army, in which his Lieutenant-General was to be greater than he.

At this time the Royalist forces were in the west under Goring, at Oxford under Rupert, and in sundry scattered garrisons. Those of the Parliament were with Fairfax about Windsor, and with Massey at Gloucester, besides isolated detachments here and there.

In the first months of 1645 Cromwell acted independ-

[1] Holles' *Memoirs*, p. 149.

ently with a force of cavalry, keeping in touch with the enemy until the New Model Army should be ready to move, and so doing, fought victorious skirmishes at Islip Bridge, Bletchingdon House, Witney, and Bampton-in-the-Bush. In all this desultory fighting he handled his troops well, and added to the ever-growing confidence of his men in their leader. At the same time Waller, a General under whom Cromwell had for some time served, and who was not unfriendly to him, did not think he had up to this "shown extraordinary parts; . . . . but as an officer he was obedient, and did never dispute my orders or argue upon them."

With the rise of the Independents, revealed in the formation of the new Model, the note of discord between England and Scotland grew more pronounced. The Scots regarded Cromwell as an "incendiary," who might be expected to affect the good understanding between the two countries. They proposed to "clip his wings from soaring to the prejudice of our (the Scottish) cause." These views only induced the Independents the more earnestly to support Cromwell, who knew no party and no section except that which would save the nation. From now forward a more marked determination and an increasing vigour seem to characterize the actions of the Lieutenant-General.

In the spring of 1645, Charles and Rupert left Oxford and marched north. Fairfax invested Oxford, but speedily abandoned the siege, and officially applied through the House of Commons for Cromwell, who had been sent again to the eastern counties, to join him as second in command, in spite of the self-denying ordinance. Fairfax

had meanwhile followed the King northwards, and on June 13 was joined by the Lieutenant-General at Guilsborough. On his arrival Cromwell, already a favourite with the soldiery, "was received with shouts by the whole army." An incident of this time illustrates the improvement of discipline. On one occasion, when Fairfax himself, having pushed out in the dark to reconnoitre, rode back to camp, he was detained by a sentry until the officer on duty came round, and was threatened with death if he moved, as he had forgotten the countersign.

When Cromwell joined Fairfax at Guilsborough, the opposing armies were almost in contact. On June 12, the King's force had been at Daventry, where it was found by the cavalry of Fairfax under Harrison. On the 13th it retreated from Daventry to Market Harborough, and lay with the head-quarters at that place and the rear-guard at Naseby. That same day, the 13th, Fairfax from Guilsborough pushed out another cavalry force under Ireton to hang on the flank of the retiring Royalist column, which, ignorant of the Parliamentary dispositions and strength, could take no step unseen by his vigilant scouts. Some of these on the night of the 13th entered Naseby, and surprised and dispersed a rear-guard carousing carelessly in a house there.

On Sunday, June 14, Fairfax, having marched from Guilsborough, reached Naseby with his whole force by five in the morning. The same day the King at Market Harborough determined to turn and face Fairfax, and took up a position south of that village to await attack. But the defensive plan was opposed by the impetuosity of Rupert, whose reconnaissance had been so carelessly con-

ducted as to lead him to conclude that the falling back of Ireton's advanced scouts on their supports meant that the enemy was in full retreat! Rupert urged the King to advance and attack, and the Royalist army, by that time in battle array, advanced hurriedly in that formation "before the cannon was turned or the ground made choice of upon which they were to fight." [1]

Fairfax meanwhile, aware of the King's advance, awaited his approach on Mill Hill just north of Naseby, where he drew up his troops about a hundred yards behind the crest, so as to conceal his numbers and formation from the enemy, and still further entice him to fight.[2]

The ground between this village of Naseby and Market Harborough is about the centre of the watershed of England. The streamlets that rise near the battlefield flow on the one side into the Severn, on the other into the German Ocean. The ground itself is a low, rolling plateau, forming a series of positions lying east and west, and marked by these streams.

The flanks of the position selected by Fairfax rested, the left on a narrow lane called "Sulby Hedges," with a thorn copse and marshy ground; the right on a swampy hollow, where the ground was also broken by rabbit burrows, blackthorns, and gorse.

On the morning of the battle the day was fine, with a fresh north-westerly wind, which early died away. The Parliamentary army was formed with the cavalry on both flanks. That of the left wing, commanded by Ireton, had three regiments in first line, and two in second, while the dragoons lined Sulby Hedges. That of the right wing,

[1] Walford. [2] *Ibid.*, and Markham.

under Cromwell, was disposed in three lines, five double squadrons (apparently) in first line (the right drawn back in echelon), four in second line, and three in third line.[1] The Parliamentary left wing slightly outflanked the Royalist line, and the Parliamentary right flank was "refused." On neither flank was the ground good for cavalry. The centre was occupied by Skippon's command, in two lines. As usual the infantry were formed in solid squares, flanked by musketeers, but apparently five instead of ten file deep, and with wider than the usual intervals between the regiments. This gave greater mobility for manœuvring.

In front of the Parliamentary line was the "forlorn hope" of musketeers, acting as a species of advanced post, and the guns were dispersed between the battalions of the first line. Their "word" was "God our strength."

On the other side, the Royalist march from Market Harborough had caused much confusion. The cavalry of the right wing, commanded by Rupert, was in two lines—the first, five regiments strong, under Rupert; the second, of similar strength, under the Earl of Northampton; and there were also some "horse" with the general reserve, making the King on the whole slightly stronger in cavalry than Fairfax. The Royalist left wing was commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who had three regiments disposed in two lines, and was about equal in strength to the other wing. Astley was in command of the centre, which had four regiments in first line, three in second, and two in third line, or reserve. The twelve guns were probably dispersed along the front line. The Royalist "word" was

[1] Walford.

"Queen Mary," and the men were distinguished by bean-stalks in their hats.

Both armies advanced simultaneously about eleven o'clock. Ireton and Rupert met in full charge, and while Ireton's dragoons fired on the latter, the Royalist infantry on the right equally galled the former. Ireton thereupon turned a portion of his force against the infantry, but was himself made prisoner, though he afterwards escaped. The rest of his two lines were defeated by Rupert, who, cutting his way through them as far as the baggage-park, stayed to plunder, was beaten off by the musketeers of the baggage guard, and gave Ireton time to rally.

On the Parliamentary right flank, Whalley led a successful charge against Langdale, and the second line with Rossiter (delayed a little by the ground) completed the discomfiture of the Royalist cavalry on this flank and drove it all back, partly to take refuge with the reserve, partly to a flight "harder and faster than became them."[1] Only one regiment (Rossiter's) was left to continue the rout of the cavalry, and with the remainder Cromwell turned on the infantry regiments of the left wing. Attacked in flank by the Lieutenant-General, and in front by Fairfax, who led his own regiment of foot, the Royalist tertias gave way, and the battle was virtually won. Before this the infantry fight had surged backwards and forwards, at first with some success on the part of Astley, but now the whole Parliamentary line was winning, and the last unbroken tertia on the right of the Royalist front line, also assailed now by Okey's dragoons, broke and fled.

The return of Rupert at this juncture effected little.

[1] Clarendon.

He was pressed in rear, as he passed, by Ireton's rallied squadrons; was too exhausted to offer much resistance, and when Rossiter's regiment charged him in flank, his force also was dispersed in rout.

Fairfax, advancing his line of battle, kept his cavalry in hand until his infantry had re-formed some distance in front of the previous fight.

Here was the King's last reserve. But it was too small to be of value now, and when the Earl of Carnwath turned the King's horse from the field, panic spread. Charles himself did not halt until he had reached Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Cromwell and his men continued the pursuit to Leicester, fourteen miles, and Fairfax ordered that none of the horsemen were to dismount to plunder, but were to prevent any of the enemy from rallying. "The order was discontentedly and therefore savagely obeyed by men who were loath to leave all the plunder of the field to the foot."[1]

Since the formation of the new model army, there had been a steady display of what may be termed "war," as compared with the mere "fighting" which obtained before its rise, and it is to Cromwell and Fairfax between them that this development is due. There is apparent now, as before and afterwards, the curious semi-independence in the position of the former towards the House of Commons. His letter from Harborough, on June 14, after the battle, to Lenthall, the Speaker, began: "Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us;" and he goes on to say, that "the General served you with all faith-

[1] Markham.

fulness and honour, and the best commendation I can give him is that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume himself." It is impossible to believe that he would have written such despatches unless there was some understanding as to his occupying a special and abnormal position towards his immediate military chief.

With Naseby ended the first Civil War. The King would "never recover by the sword that kingdom which he regarded as given him by God." All the armed strength left to him, when he fled to Wales, were a few isolated garrisons and the forces in the west under Hopton and Goring. These had to be dealt with, and there was much desultory fighting still, in which Cromwell shared. His appointment as Lieutenant-General was prolonged for some months, so he fought with his customary stern resolution at Langport, Sherborne, Bristol, and elsewhere; at Devizes, where to his summons to surrender was sent the answer that he might "win it and wear it," an answer with which he complied three days later; and, finally, he was sent to put a stop once and for all to the troubling of Basing House, which blocked the way south of the valley of the Kennet to the west, as Donnington was, for a brief time further, to block the one to the north of that river.

My Lord of Winchester's great house of Basing had, been a thorn in the side of London trained bands and others moving east and west by the southern road, and had for three years laughed at all attempts to capture it. But its time was come. At 6 a.m. on October 14 it was taken. Of all official documents despatched during this or any war, Cromwell's letter to Speaker Lenthall is the

oddest and most conclusive. It begins: "Sir, I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing." He had stormed it, sacked it, and destroyed it.

"This is now the 'twentieth garrison,'" says Mr. Peters, "that hath been taken in this summer by this army, and I believe most of them the answers of the prayers and the trophies of the faith of some of God's servants. The commander of this brigade, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, had spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm, and seldom fights without some text of Scripture to support him. This time he rested upon that blessed word of God, written in the CXVth Psalm, eighth verse: 'They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them,' which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished."[1]

Fairfax, leaving the Scots to watch Waller and the line of the Severn, had meanwhile been driving the last Royalist army into the depths of Cornwall, where it surrendered. He displayed good strategy in turning instead of forcing the line of the river Yeo, and the men had behaved well with forced marches under a burning sun. The army, though Cromwell was not with it, was being still further hardened and inured to field operations.

Cromwell had done little in the closing months of 1646. When victory crowned Fairfax's western campaign, and he had turned eastward again to besiege Oxford (the last important hostile garrison), Cromwell had resigned his command, and had returned to London to report to the House of Commons upon the conduct of the war which was now practically at an end.

[1] Carlyle, vol. i. p. 249.

With temporary peace came political strife. In 1647 the Parliament wanted to disband the army. Those of the soldiers who were not at once to be despatched to Irish wars, were determined not to submit to this process without receiving arrears of pay, and an "indemnity." It might go hard with Independents without the latter. Accordingly "agitators" were chosen to express the views of the soldiery to those in authority. It was the beginning of a possible anarchy. The army seized the King at Holmby House, sent in a long list of demands, which Cromwell and Ireton helped to draw up, and, receiving no satisfactory answer, marched upon London.

So long as he could do so conscientiously, Cromwell had supported the Parliament against the army. When he was satisfied of the justice of the soldiers' claims, he not only at once threw in his lot with them, but also did his utmost to restrain them to the extent even of endangering the good understanding that existed between him and his men. At one time even, he was all but arrested by the soldiery, when he was doing his best to effect a reasonable compromise. He was in this, as in all else, so Lilburne says, "the most absolutely single-hearted, great man in England, untainted and unbiassed." But his efforts at making terms with the King were received with mistrust by the army, and were therefore necessarily futile, and his influence with the soldiery for a while perceptibly declined. He said nothing, and kept steadily on in the path of duty. Thus with anxiety rather than with fighting the year 1647 ended.

In 1648 began the second Civil War. Fairfax, still nominally in command, put down the rising in Essex,

which culminated in the siege of Colchester. In South Wales certain erstwhile Parliamentary officers — Langhorne, Powell, and Poyer — had revolted against their former masters, and declared for the King. Cromwell, with three regiments of foot and one of horse, was sent to suppress them. He started from London on May 3, and on July 11 he left Wales at peace. He had taken Pembroke Castle without artillery, and had moved to Gloucester to await instructions. These were necessitated by the invasion of England by the Scottish army, ostensibly to rescue the King and assist the Presbyterians against the "Sectaries," according to the conditions of the "Covenant." The appearance of the Scots stirred up the embers of the Civil War in various parts. Lambert's small army at Ripon, too weak to resist, was to be reinforced by Cromwell from Gloucester.

The plan of operations which guided the advance from Gloucester reveals the genius of Cromwell. There were two plans open to the Scots: they might move through Lancashire to unite with the Royalists in Wales, or they might advance through Yorkshire, crush Lambert, and march on London. They chose the former. A weak general in Cromwell's place would have tried to meet them in Lancashire and bar their advance. Cromwell left the route through Lancashire open to them, and marched his army into Yorkshire behind Lambert, whose small force was used to observe them, and to seal the roads through the Pennine Hills, so that they could gain no intelligence of the English army.

Cromwell's army moved by Gloucester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, Pontefract, and Leeds to Wetherby. Here,

between Leeds and York, he kept it concentrated, with Lambert's force spread out towards Appleby and Kendal, and along the Pennine range to watch the enemy and to conceal his own movements. Lambert was strictly enjoined not to appear in force anywhere, never to fight, but give way at once to pressure, and to expose as few men as possible along his front. Hamilton, who commanded the Scottish army, was absolutely ignorant of everything, except that there was a small force of cavalry on his flank, which seemed to melt away before his touch.

The Scots had taken thirty-nine days to traverse eighty miles, and their force on August 17 stretched from Wigan to Lancaster, the main body being at Preston, while at Longridge, four miles from Preston, on the left flank of their line of march, were some 4000 cavaliers under Langdale.[1]

Now was seen the effect of Cromwell's judgment in placing his army on the Yorkshire side of the hills. He pushed rapidly through the pass from Wetherby by Skipton and Clitheroe, where he crossed the Ribble and brought his army almost entire to Stonyhurst, a few miles north-east of Preston, where lay the largest fraction of the Scots force. If he attacked from here and was successful the Scots defeated must be ruined, for he would be between them and their northern base. Moreover, their straggling order of march left him free to attack their isolated centre fraction with his whole force. On August 17 Cromwell struck home. He attacked Langdale and drove him back upon Preston, where the Scots were divided, for half of them were already south of the Ribble. Cromwell attacked

[1] See sketch on p. 45.

so vigorously as to capture the bridge and cut off a portion of the Scots on the north side. Next day began a pursuit through Wigan, which left the Scots no rest, broke up the Wigan fraction of their army, and dispersed all their forces south of the Ribble, so that the main body of the invading army was to all intents and purposes blotted out of existence. The tail of the Scots column (7000 strong) crawled home by way of Carlisle, closely followed by Lambert, while Cromwell marched towards Berwick.

Cromwell was not like Essex or Manchester, unwilling to reap the full results of victory. He was thorough. Military success in the field is of no use unless it leads to political success, so he moved rapidly into Scotland to finish his work. The Scottish nation, cowed by defeat, at once made terms: peace followed, and Cromwell returned to London.

There trouble was again brewing between the Parliament and the Independent leaders. The army was beginning to know its power, and objected to the philandering of Parliament with the King. The officers sternly demanded that he should "be brought to justice," and by way of emphasizing their demands, occupied Westminster, where Colonel Pride "purged" the House of its recalcitrant members.

Events followed rapidly after this, for in January 1649 the King was tried and executed, and Fairfax ceased practically to exercise his authority as Commander-in-Chief of the now dominant army. There had been incipient mutiny in Whalley's regiment, and the shooting of a trooper, Lockyer, created disturbances at Salisbury and elsewhere. To stamp this out, Cromwell, with three regiments of horse,

set out from London on May 9, and marched *viâ* Alton and Salisbury to Burford, where he attacked the mutineers on the night of May 14, and restored order and discipline.

In the spring of 1649 the Government in London determined to attempt the reduction of Ireland, where the fall of Strafford had been followed by a dreadful outburst of barbarity. The Catholics had combined to massacre the Protestant English, and many thousands of Protestants, men, women, and children, had been ruthlessly murdered. The accounts current in England at the time gave the number of victims at all figures between 30,000 and 140,000, and the temper of the English at home towards the Irish was like that which was cherished for a time two centuries later towards the Indian mutineers. But for eight years the divisions of England, or of England and Scotland, preserved Ireland from intervention. There was a long conflict between the Irish Catholics of the Papal and of the Royalist parties. In 1647, the Duke of Ormonde, the trusted lieutenant of Charles I., handed over Dublin to the Parliamentary party, apparently in order to prevent the whole country from falling into the hands of the political adherents of the Pope. Charles, however, ordered Ormonde back to Ireland, and in 1649 that nobleman was at the head of the combined Catholic and Royalist parties, with 44,000 men in arms, of whom 19,000, under his own command, were besieging Dublin; while besides Dublin only Londonderry in all Ireland held out for the Parliament, and Londonderry too was besieged.

In 1649, then, Parliament decided to send to Ireland a strong force, the command of which was eventually entrusted to Cromwell, with full civil and military powers.

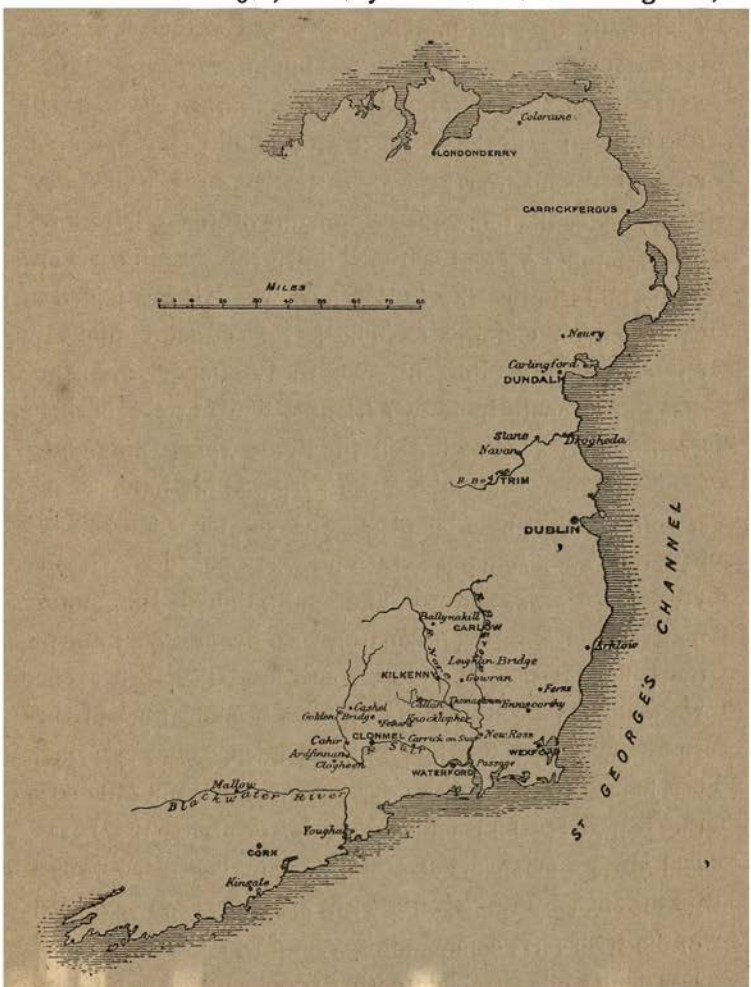
The Irish were supported at sea by Prince Rupert with a fleet. Cromwell therefore had also a fleet under Admiral Ayscough, whose chief subordinates were Colonels Blake and Dean. Cromwell left London on July 10, and reached Milford Haven, which was to be his base, on August 2. From Bristol he had ordered two regiments of foot and one of horse to be sent at once from Cheshire to Dublin, which was hard pressed. With this reinforcement, Jones, the Commander of Dublin, on August 2, made a sortie, in which he not merely destroyed the batteries which Ormonde was building to command the entrance to Dublin Bay, but also surprised Ormonde's camp, and thereby raised the siege. Cromwell sailed from Milford with the first convoy on August 13, reached Dublin on the 15th, and by the 19th had landed his whole force. He had taken over 16,000 foot and 2100 horse and dragoons, and had found in Dublin 5000 men under Jones. His first act was to re-clothe and re-equip Jones's men, and to fuse them with the rest of his army, getting rid of a number of Jones's officers, in whom he had not full confidence. He told off 5000 men to garrison Dublin, and 15,000 as the field army. Next he issued a Manifesto (August 24), enjoining the strictest discipline, and absolute non-interference with non-combatants, and announcing to the population that they would not be molested, and that all supplies would be paid for.

The task before him was of enormous difficulty. He had to fight an army of superior numbers, enjoying the sympathy of the whole population. Eight years of anarchy had produced a famine, and he could expect to find in the country neither provisions nor firewood. He must there-

fore bring from England, and convey to his troops, wherever they might be, food, firewood, clothes, and munitions of war. There were no roads. Such as had existed were ruined, and where he required a road he would have to make it. Almost every town was a fortress, and the country was studded with castles garrisoned by the enemy. By a strong place of one sort or the other, every passage of every river was guarded. Two marches from Dublin on the north the Irish held the line of the Boyne with the strong places, Trim—near which was Ormonde's army—Navan, Slane, and Drogheda by the sea. In the north, too, lay beleaguered Londonderry, and there was a possibility that the Scots, in their detestation of the Independents, might send help to the Irish of Ulster. To the south, further away, the Irish forces lay in the triangle between the fortresses of Wexford, Waterford, and Kilkenny. To move far inland was impracticable, for in the interior the army must starve, while by keeping near to the coast it could draw supplies from the fleet, which could co-operate in reducing the coast fortresses. These were the material elements of the situation, which had, however, also its spiritual aspect. Ormonde had on his side a number of Protestant Royalists, and in order to keep them with him, his policy was to put forward the Royalist cause, and its antagonism to the Parliamentary Republic. Cromwell, by making himself the champion of Protestantism, at once confirmed the enthusiasm of his own men, and divided the followers of Ormonde. The wisdom of this policy is proved by the fact, that after the first two fights the Protestants found themselves necessarily leaving the Irish for the Parliamentary camp.

On the last day of August Cromwell assembled his forces outside Dublin, and marched north along the coast, his left flank screened by the cavalry, and further protected by a flank detachment thrown out in the direction of Trim. Ayscough, with part of the fleet, sailed north in company with the army. On September 3 the artillery and infantry were assembled on the south side of Drogheda, which was shut in on the north bank of the Boyne by a girdle of cavalry. A week was spent in building the batteries which were to breach the wall by St. Mary's Church, in which Cromwell intended, after passing the breach, to re-form his storming column. On the 10th all was ready, and the garrison was summoned to capitulate. The reply being unsatisfactory, Cromwell hoisted the red flag, the conventional signal of those days to announce that, in case of storm, the garrison had no mercy to expect. Immediately afterwards the batteries and ships opened fire. Next morning the breach had been made, and the storm took place. The first rush failed to reach the church. Cromwell re-formed the column and led it himself. The town was taken, and no quarter was given. Two of the towers held out; they were summoned the next day. Their defenders, refusing to surrender, were again attacked, and when they were compelled to yield, the officers were killed, the troops decimated, and the survivors transported to Barbados. This treatment of the garrison accorded with the spirit of the times, which condoned the refusal of quarter after a storm. Moreover, Cromwell held it his duty "to ask an account of the innocent blood that had been shed" in the massacres of the Protestants. Four days after the event he wrote: "Truly, I believe this bitterness

will save much effusion of blood." This belief was justified, for while on the 13th, the day after the fall of Drogheda,



the other fortresses on the Boyne were abandoned by the Irish, and occupied by Cromwell's troops, Dundalk, Carlingford, and Newry also soon afterwards surrendered

without a storm to parties of cavalry. A force under Venables was left to complete the conquest of Ulster, and Cromwell, after putting garrisons into the places taken, returned with the main body to Dublin.

He then set out to subdue the south. Ayscough with the fleet sailed to the entrance of Wexford Haven, sending forward a squadron to watch Rupert off Kinsale. The army, under the temporary command of Jones, left Dublin on September 23, and marched down the coast by Arklow, Ferns, and Enniscorthy to Wexford, where it was joined by Cromwell on October 1. The advance guard took the fort commanding the entrance to Wexford Haven, and the ships' boats took two frigates lying in the harbour. Cromwell resolved to breach the castle which commanded the town, and against the castle prepared his batteries and storming column. The place was summoned when the batteries were commenced. Fire was opened on October 11, the castle was stormed, and again, though it seems not by Cromwell's orders, no quarter was given. Wexford was the principal seaport in the south, and the Irish arsenal. He made it his base for the supplies brought from Milford, and immediately continued his advance. On the 17th he was before New Ross, the garrison of which surrendered on the 19th. He laid a bridge of boats across the Barrow, and made a magazine at Ross, the supplies being brought up the river by Blake, who with his ships ran the gauntlet of the Irish forts commanding Wexford Harbour. All this was done while Ormonde, with 12,000 men, lay at Kilkenny, and Owen O'Neill with 10,000 to the east of that town, neither daring to face the English army in the field. About this time Venables in the north took Carrickfergus; the

siege of Londonderry was raised, and its commander marched out and took Coleraine. At the same time, the commandants of Cork and Youghal offered their submission to Cromwell, who sent officers by sea to take over those places. In the middle of November Cromwell ordered Blake and Dean to establish the magazine for the army at Cork, and a few days later himself marched from Ross to Carrick on Suir, which had been seized by his brilliant cavalry commander Reynolds. Then leaving Reynolds with one company and seven squadrons to hold Carrick, he marched down the right bank of the Suir upon Waterford. While Cromwell was before Waterford, Reynolds was attacked by 10,000 men, but beat them off with heavy loss. Jones was pushed forward with a few squadrons, and took Fort Passage commanding Waterford Harbour. The long marches and the constant exposure had broken down Cromwell's men, and his camp was ravaged by dysentery. Waterford refused to surrender, and judging his troops in no condition for storming, Cromwell marched away to Cork, and December and January were spent in winter quarters. When he landed the English held only Dublin and Londonderry in all Ireland; in three months he had taken for the Parliament every point except Waterford on the north, east, and south coasts between Londonderry and Cork.

The head-quarters of the Irish were at Kilkenny, the seat of the Irish Catholic Government, and Irish forces held the passages of the Suir except Carrick, and of the Nore and the Barrow above New Ross. At the end of January 1650 Cromwell, from his base at Cork and Youghal, set out on a new campaign of which the objective was Kilkenny. A detachment was told off to hold Mallow. A reserve from

Youghal directed upon Carrick, the main column (only two regiments and sixteen squadrons) under Reynolds was given the direction from Carrick towards Kilkenny, while Cromwell himself, with 300 foot, twelve squadrons of horse, and two of dragoons, setting out from Youghal crossed the Blackwater at Mallow, and then moved by Clogheen, Ardfinnan, and Fethard to Callan, where he united with Reynolds on February 7, and took the castle. There was then a pause in the advance for the purpose of reducing the places which interrupted the lines of communication. The capture of Cahir, Goldenbridge, and Cashel secured the communications with Youghal and Cork, and that of Knocktopher and Thomastown opened the road to New Ross and Wexford. A garrison was thrown into Ballinakyll, blocking the way from Kilkenny to the north. Meanwhile a column from Dublin moved down through Carlow to Leighlin Bridge, and the capture of Leighlin and Gowran enabled Cromwell to effect his junction with the force from Dublin, and to have a clear route to that place also. On March 22 Cromwell's forces were concentrated before Kilkenny, and the place was summoned. The batteries opened fire on the 25th, and on the 26th the assault was delivered. The suburb of Irishtown on the right bank of the Nore was taken, but Kilkenny on the left bank repulsed the attack. On the 28th, however, Kilkenny surrendered upon terms. Four days later Cromwell was back again at Carrick on Suir, on the way to the strong fortress of Clonmel, which was invested at the close of the month. On May 9 the storm began. There was hard fighting, and it was not till next day that Cromwell was master of the town. This was his last fight in Ireland.

He marched from Clonmel to Waterford, but before he could open the attack received the order for his prompt return to England. He handed over the Irish command to Ireton, who took Waterford, and the conquest of Ireland was carried on after Ireton's death by Ludlow and completed by Fleetwood.

The energy, the rapidity, and the persistence of Cromwell's action in Ireland lie on the face of the story. The grasp and depth of the commander's judgment may perhaps hardly be appreciated without comment. Cromwell knows always exactly where to strike his blow and correctly estimates its effect. An infinity of strong places must be taken; it was impossible to besiege them all, and in each case to lose time by negotiation or sacrifice lives in a storm. Cromwell therefore storms the two strongest places, after notice that he will give no quarter. The threat is carried out, and produces its effect in the saving of time and of life during the subsequent operations. The practice of the age on the Continent condoned this form of bloodshed, which to many seemed a righteous vengeance for the massacres of 1641–2. Cromwell's army appears to have had the full confidence of the Irish in its discipline and fair treatment of non-combatants. No general and no admiral since Cromwell's day has so perfectly illustrated in practice the combined working of an army and a fleet. When in the Kilkenny campaign he has to move inland, where he cannot rely upon the fleet, he spends a month in securing his communications with Cork, Wexford, and Dublin before he strikes his blow. In the operations of regular forces against guerilla levies, supported by a whole population, and relying upon a network of strong places, Cromwell's

Irish campaigns form a masterpiece unrivalled in modern times.

He was recalled to England to meet a still greater danger from the north. The King's execution had roused the Scottish national spirit, and led directly to the proclamation of his son as King. Cromwell was averse to waiting for Charles II. to invade England, and Parliament was of the same opinion. Fairfax had scruples which prevented his taking part in an invasion of Scotland; these were shared by his wife, and both seemed to have been weary of a position which their sympathies rendered impossible. He resigned the command; and on June 26, 1650, Cromwell was made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the armies.

He marched north, and crossed the frontier at Berwick on July 22, choosing the east coast route because it enabled him to draw supplies from the ships which he provided for the purpose. As he had foreseen, the country was deserted, and no provisions were to be found on the line of march. Armed parties of Scots prevented the transport of supplies by road from England. After Newcastle and Berwick, the ports of Dunbar and Musselburgh were the points at which the transport ships were to assemble. Of these Dunbar was the better, for it had a safe roadstead, while Musselburgh in easterly winds was exposed to all the fury of the gales.

The strategy of the campaign was simply to seek the enemy out, and then entice him to fight. But for long no effort on Cromwell's part could draw the Scots into the open. They lay entrenched between Leith and Edinburgh, a position too strong to be assailed. Possibly their com-

mander, Leslie, was awaiting reinforcements; more probably, as Cromwell himself said, the Scots were expecting "rather to tempt us to attack them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched, or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very likely to be if we be not timely and fully supplied." After a month of vain attempts to draw Leslie from his position into a battle in the open, Cromwell found himself in somewhat desperate plight. The weather was wet and tempestuous; there was much sickness; the supply of provisions from Musselburgh, owing to rough weather, was precarious, and of local supplies there were none. For mere subsistence, therefore, he had to fall back from watching Leslie's army and make for Dunbar, the nearest trustworthy anchorage. On August 31 he marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Then Leslie left his post of advantage, followed close on Cromwell's heels, and "indeed had like to have engaged our rear brigade of horse with their whole army, had not the Lord by His providence put a cloud over the moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of our army."

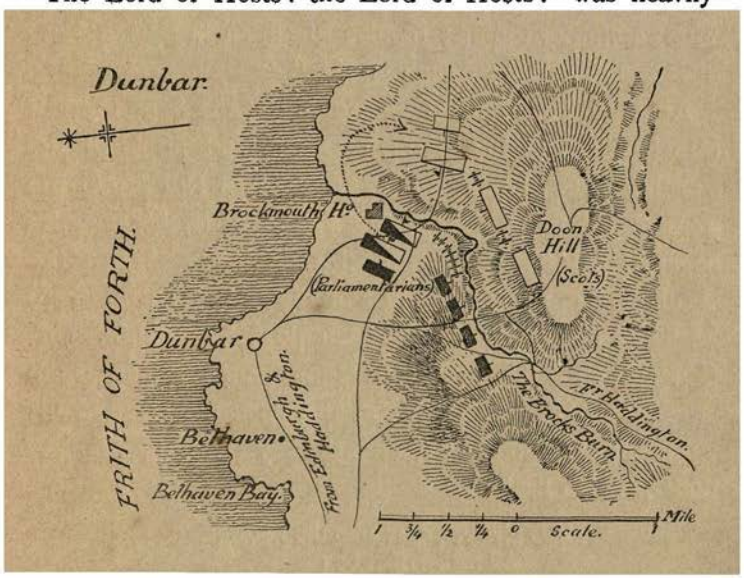
On September 1 the English army continued its retreat to the neighbourhood of Dunbar, halting on the north side of the Brockburn. Leslie followed, and turning aside from the coast road at Haddington, halted on the south side of the burn, where, from a position on Doon Hill, he commanded the road from Dunbar to Berwick. On the one side were 12,000 men, wearied with marching and exposure; on the other, 23,000 soldiers comparatively fresh from the cover of the Edinburgh-Leith cantonments. The Brockburn runs through a "deep ditch, forty feet in depth, and about

as many in width ;" over it were only two points of passage, one at the foot of the hill held by Leslie, the other conveying the Berwick-Dunbar road. Further down stream, just before it enters the sea, is Brocksmouth House.

Leslie's position was, to an army enfeebled in health and numbers as that of Cromwell, as unassailable as his entrenched line at Leith. For the moment Leslie was master of the situation. If Cromwell tried to march off by the Berwick road, Leslie would attack his flank at great advantage ; if he tried to embark, Leslie would attack his rearguard ; if he attempted fortification—no easy matter in bad weather, and with troops suffering from dysentery—Leslie would also attack. Leslie had won in the series of moves that brought Cromwell to Dunbar. It was now Leslie's turn to wait, and thereby compel Cromwell to make the next move, which would increase Leslie's advantage. But Leslie committed the fatal blunder of making the first move himself. Not content with commanding the Berwick road, he resolved to bar it, and sent his right wing, the cavalry, to take a position across it. In this way he divided his force, and exposed a part of it to be attacked in isolation. Cromwell's quick eye at once saw the opportunity. Leslie's horse moved on the evening of September 2. Cromwell watched the change in his enemy's arrangements, and immediately issued orders to Lambert and Monk for an attack at four next morning upon the right wing of horse which Leslie had thus exposed without support.

It was six o'clock, two hours later than Cromwell had planned, before the troops were in motion, the delay being caused by carrying out Lambert's suggestion of transferring

the artillery to the right, so as to threaten and "contain the enemy's left." Six regiments of horse under Lambert, with three and a half regiments of foot under Monk, led the van, and behind that the rest of the army followed. Before the faint streaks of dawn had risen over St. Abb's Head, Lambert's horse, with the exultant battle cry of "The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!" was heavily



engaged, and was gallantly and efficiently supported by the infantry. The resistance was stubborn. "Before our foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the enemy), received some repulses, which they soon recovered. For my own regiments, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major White, did come seasonably

in, and at the prick of pike did repel the stoutest regiments the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give; which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot, this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the meantime did with a great deal of courage and spirit beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse and of their foot, who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords."

About an hour after the beginning of the fight the sun rose bright over the German Ocean, and dispelled the morning mist. Hodgson writes: "I heard Nol say in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.'" And scattered they were. When the assailants had reached the foot of the hill of Doon, where Leslie had the night before been posted, the triumphant General halted the troopers to re-form, and "gather for the chase," according to his wont, and once more raised his voice, "strong and great against the sky," with the words of the CXVIIth Psalm:

"O give ye praise unto the Lord
All nations that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

"For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore,
The Lord O do ye bless!"

Then the pursuit began, hot, relentless, irresistible. Three thousand Scots fell that day, and when night came there were 16,000 prisoners, and if there was any remnant of the Scottish army, it had disappeared. The army had been

destroyed. Cromwell was one of those master-spirits who never lose sight of the end in the means. He fought not to win battles and gain glory, but to destroy the forces of the enemy. He had learned by hard experience that "he that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day," and that a victory without an effective pursuit is a victory wasted. All great generals have known that effective pursuit is the necessary complement of a battle won ; but few have pursued with the vigour and amazing results shown by Cromwell after Dunbar.

The city of Edinburgh soon surrendered ; the castle alone refused, and the autumn was given up to its siege and the dispersion of insurgent bodies, until the army went into winter quarters about Edinburgh and Leith.

There was still a Royal army in the field, nominally commanded by the King. Cromwell's task was not complete until this army too had been dealt with. It lay for the most part in a strong fortified position at Stirling. As before, much time was wasted in skirmishes, which did not bring about the desired result of getting the Scots into the open : when Cromwell advanced his adversary retired, and so the dreary campaign went on. While Lambert defeated the Covenanters in the west, Cromwell was for a long time ill with fever. When he recovered, he resolved to end the whole matter. If the Scots would not come out of Stirling they must be driven out. So he took his army across the Firth of Forth, and marched through Fife into Perthshire, where he seized the roads by which the Scots received their supplies from the north. This move left open the roads leading southwards into England, and by these roads the Scots departed. Cromwell undoubtedly intended that they

should so depart, for he saw how that course, when adopted by them, would lead to the end of the war. It was hopeless to bring them to battle in the trackless highlands unless they chose themselves to accept it. But in the more open and relatively better roaded England, the choice might not be left to them at all.

A letter from Cromwell to Lenthall, dated "Leith, August 4, 1651," throws much light on the matter. He begins by explaining that to force the enemy to quit the pass at Stirling "we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston," by which route apparently the Scottish army was provisioned. This seems to have forced the King to the decision of attempting the invasion of England. But Cromwell goes on to say: "I do apprehend that if he goes for England, being some days' march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences; which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and shall be, I trust, as diligent to prevent as any. And indeed this is our comfort, that in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgment, knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war; to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this war. It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this, by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might; *but how to remove him out of this place without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us;* or how to answer the inconvenience afore-

mentioned we understand not." It seems perfectly clear, therefore, that Cromwell had foreseen and played for his adversary's move. And later on, in the same letter: "whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear and the folly of it also. . . . This present movement is not *out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and it is to be hoped will have the like issue.*" In the last few words he refers to his having interposed between the Scots and Scotland at Preston. All this implies a preconceived plan, which offered the only way of avoiding the prolongation of the war.

It seems like the irony of fate that the Scots, when they marched into England to escape old Ironsides, fancied themselves to be invaders, and thought of conquest. The timid public, as Cromwell had foreseen, shared this delusion. He himself well knew that they were marching into his net. For while he left Monk with "a commanding force" in Scotland, and despatched Harrison at once to "attend the motions of the enemy" and head him off, Lambert marched "with a very considerable body of horse" towards the enemy's rear to press him and keep touch, but to give way if attacked; and Cromwell himself, with the rest of the horse, nine regiments of foot and the artillery, in all 10,000 men, set out, "by the Lord's help," upon his last great march, of which the first object was to interpose his army between the Scots and London. He moved south in two parallel columns, his troops covering twenty miles a day "in their shirt sleeves," their arms and coats being carried by the country people. At Pontefract he left behind those men who were sick or footsore, in order to be able still

further to quicken the pace. In Yorkshire, Fairfax was gathering troops to reinforce him, and the trained bands of London were collected and sent north under the command of Fleetwood to meet him.

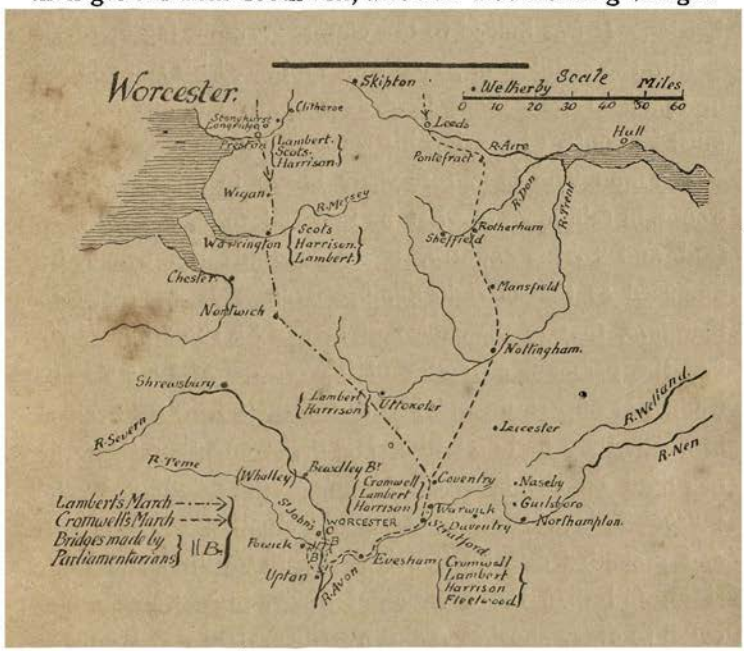
Charles, who had followed the west coast route, and the border of loyal Wales, reached Worcester on August 23, 1651. At Warrington his march was delayed by Harrison, who had been reinforced by a party of Yorkshiremen sent by Fairfax, and was joined there by Lambert also, who had overtaken and passed the Scots' army. Once with their united forces in front of the Scots, Lambert and Harrison did not risk a pitched battle, but fell back through Uttoxeter towards the route of Cromwell's advance. Cromwell, marching through Pontefract, Mansfield, and Nottingham, had by the 25th reached Coventry, where Lambert and Harrison joined him. Moving thence by Warwick, Stratford, and Evesham, where Fleetwood brought the reinforcements from London, he reached the neighbourhood of Worcester by the 28th.

Cromwell, now with a force much superior to theirs, was facing the Scots from a position between them and the capital. On their line of retreat north lay a force under Whalley, which had followed them down from Lancashire, and now held Bewdley Bridge on the Severn above Worcester.

On the 28th, as he was approaching Worcester, Cromwell sent Lambert to seize the bridge at Upton-on-Severn, eight miles below the town. The bridge was broken, but Lambert got cavalry across the stream and set to work to repair it. On September 2, Fleetwood with 10,000 men marched through Upton to Powick on the Teme, where,

however, the bridge had been broken and the north bank was held by the enemy.

On September 3 the battle of Worcester was fought. During the morning Fleetwood bridged the Teme, and in the afternoon crossed it and attacked the enemy, who held their ground until Cromwell, who had that morning bridged



the Severn above its junction with the Teme, led across to the right bank a portion of his own force, and thus struck the flank of the Scots holding the line of the Teme. The result was that the Scots were driven into St. John's—the suburb of Worcester on the right bank—closely followed by Fleetwood and Cromwell. Then the Scots from Worcester made a strong sortie on the left bank. Cromwell thereupon re-crossed the Severn, and after a very stiff

contest drove them back into Worcester. Fighting was fierce as the iron ring closed in, "and my Lord-General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire."

When night fell, with it fell all hope for Charles. No formed body escaped from Worcester to repass the Scottish border. It was indeed to the victors "a crowning mercy."

Into the conflicts of peace which followed his last victory in the field we cannot here accompany Cromwell. We must be content to review his work as a soldier.

The man who in mature years began to raise and lead troops in fulfilment of what he believed to be his duty to God and to his country, regarded the cause which he espoused as that of right against wrong. It was natural, therefore, that in the choice of means he should consider first the personal character of his officers and men. He could not expect men to lay down their lives for a cause in which they had no faith. His first troop, therefore, was recruited on the basis of character and devotion to the cause. This principle of recruiting stood the test of war, and prevailed over all the rival theories. First the Ironsides, and then the new model army, proved themselves equal to every shock. An army thus raised was bound to be perfect in discipline, and that Cromwell's army had this perfection is proved by the rapidity, and, when necessary, the silence of its marches, and by its absolute restraint from disorder and plunder.

Cromwell began as a cavalry officer. At the end of three years he shows himself master of the trade, and at Naseby are seen all the points of good cavalry leading in battle: the bold charge that trusts not to lead but to steel,

the use of a second line and of a reserve, the timely rally after the charge, and again before the pursuit, which is then pushed to the ruin of the enemy. The campaign of Preston shows the perfect use of cavalry in operations: reconnaissance by which the enemy is found, and all his movements watched; the screen which the enemy fails to penetrate. In the campaign of Worcester cavalry is used to delay the enemy's advance-guard, and to harass his rear-guard.

In his handling of the three arms together, Cromwell reveals that grip of purpose in the use of each of them and in securing co-operation between them, which marks the tactician. When he attacked a fortress he concentrated his artillery, holding his infantry ready to storm the breach as soon as the guns should make it practicable; his infantry were instructed when the breach was carried to rally and re-form to meet the certain counter-attack of cavalry, and he had in hand the mounted arm to follow up his infantry and counter the counter-attack.

When the general officer becomes Commander-in-Chief, he must fulfil other and harder requirements. In the first place he must choose the objective, the point against which to deliver his blow. Where the enemy relies on his army, Cromwell strikes down that army: at Preston, at Dunbar, at Worcester. When, as in Ireland, the enemy's army is nothing, and can evade every blow, while his strength is in obstacles and strong places, Cromwell neglects the army and beats down the strongholds.

Having chosen his point, a Commander-in-Chief must collect his forces to strike hard. Cromwell always brings his whole available force to the striking point, and every

blow is crushing. At Preston, at Dunbar, at Worcester, the beaten army is destroyed. When he assaults a fortress —Pembroke, Drogheda, Wexford, Clonmel—it falls. When he invests one, it surrenders. It is true he marched away from Waterford. Only a strong man could have thus promptly resolved to postpone an attack for which he saw that his army was unfit, and it was the accident of his recall that gave the credit of the taking of Waterford to his successor. Cromwell has no fruitless victories. Pursuit completes the work of the battlefield, except at Worcester, where Cromwell, having force enough and to spare, attacks on all sides, making escape impracticable and pursuit unnecessary.

The art which is perhaps most admired in a strategist is that by which his blow is so directed as to drive the enemy away from his base while the striking army covers its own communications. A fine example of this is Cromwell's march from Wetherby through the hills, bringing him down upon the rear of the Scots main body at Preston. The operations against Kilkenny offer a still more brilliant instance of the same art, for here Cromwell used his sea power to base himself at Cork, and thus to strike the Irish army, already cut off from the coast, by advancing against it from the west, the direction from which its own leaders expected reinforcement and supply.

With the Lord Protector's death came reaction; confusion and disaffection were rapidly disintegrating the battalions of the "Saints." All Monk's influence was barely sufficient to prevent the recrudescence of a Civil War, that, at this juncture, would have been doubly embittered. But the crisis passed, and the bulk of the army

melted away. "Fifty thousand men accustomed to the profession of arms were at once thrown on the world, and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime; that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed, that in every department of honest industry the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers."

This was mainly Cromwell's work. Take him out of the history of the Civil War, and you remove its strongest mainspring. Of all the fighting men, not merely in England but in Europe, of the seventeenth century, he stands the foremost. "A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was."[1]

[1] Thurloe.

MARLBOROUGH

1650—1722

ON June 24, 1650, there was born to Mr. Winston Churchill, of Wootton Glanville in Dorset, and to Elizabeth his wife, a son, who four days later was baptized by the name of John. The birth took place at Ashe in Devon, for Winston Churchill had taken the King's side in the Civil War, and had suffered so severely for it that his wife had been compelled to take refuge with her father. In those very days, strangely enough, the man whose genius for military organization had wrecked the Royalist cause, had obtained supreme command of the army, and therewith, though perhaps he knew it not, supreme power in England. On June 26, while women were still rejoicing over the new baby at Ashe, Oliver Cromwell received his commission as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the army which was designed to meet the invasion of the Scots. Two months and a half later, when the dawn of September 3 was stealing over little John Churchill's cradle, Oliver was standing erect in his stirrups, watching the crushing effect of his turning movement on Leslie's right flank at Dunbar, till the sun rose broad on the most brilliant victory of the most remarkable army in history. What Cromwell left undone for the British army, that baby in the cradle was appointed to do.

MARLBOROUGH.

The years crept on, and Cromwell and his soldiers, fulfilling their destiny, took upon them the government of the British Isles. Since the Wars of the Roses, English soldiers had been the scum of the nation: Cromwell rose up and declared that they should be the cream; and this was the result. Nor was the influence of this army bounded by the shores of Britain and Ireland. It is true that but one small body of six thousand men ever took the field on the continent of Europe, and these as allies of the French under the orders of Turenne, but they sufficed to show the quality of the rest. In 1444 France, by accepting the principle of a standing army, had made one gigantic bound which had placed her for two centuries far ahead of England in the race for military efficiency; but the work of ten years, from 1645 to 1655, had brought England level with her and beyond her. English officers said with patronizing contempt that the discipline of Turenne's troops was good—for France. The strength of Cromwell's diplomacy lay in the fame of his armed forces.

But with Cromwell's death the whole structure fell to pieces. The famous army was disbanded, and only the Coldstream Guards were saved intact from the wreck, together with troopers sufficient to make up the regiment of horse which we now know as the Blues. Another regiment, now known as the Grenadier Guards, was made up from the ranks of the cavaliers, together with two troops of Life Guards, and these, with two regiments of foot and one of horse for the service of Tangier, composed the British army of King Charles II. The reduction would in itself have been a small matter could only Cromwell's traditions have been preserved; but they were cast

to the four winds. The flood-gates of corruption, jobbery, embezzlement, and general rascality which had been so carefully closed by the Puritans, were re-opened, and all the old abuses, satirized by Shakespeare in the characters of Falstaff, Nym, Pistol, Bardolph, and Parolles, flowed back once more into their old channel. By 1666, as a contemporary letter tells us, it was a scandal to be a Life-Guardsman.

It was just at this time that John Churchill entered the army. Whence arose his passion for the military profession is uncertain. At the Restoration, family interest had procured for him the post of page to the Duke of York, and the story goes that the Duke, himself a keen soldier who had seen many campaigns, noticed the lad's enthusiasm when reviewing the Foot Guards, and granted his request for a pair of colours. However that may be, a commission, dated September 14, 1667, was issued to John Churchill as ensign in the King's own company of Russell's (the Grenadier) Guards; and so began his military career. A year or two later found him, as became an English officer, engaged with the Tangier regiment in savage warfare against the Moors, from which service he presently returned for more serious employment in Europe. In 1672 France and England declared war against the United Provinces, and one hundred and fifty thousand men under Condé, Turenne, and Luxemburg swept down upon the devoted Netherlands. Within two months they had captured every fortress on the Rhine, crossed the river itself, and advanced almost to within striking distance of Amsterdam. Six thousand English under the Duke of Monmouth took part in the operations,

and John Churchill, having first served as a marine officer at the naval fight of Solebay, joined this force with the rank of captain in the Admiral's regiment.[1] Very soon his distinguished gallantry and extraordinary coolness in action brought him to the notice of Turenne, who gladly extended his patronage to the handsome and daring young Englishman.

Thus the spring of 1674 found him promoted by King Louis XIV. to be Colonel of his regiment, which had now passed into the French service, and it was as the commander of a battalion that he took part under Turenne in two general actions at Sinzheim and Entzheim in the country between the Rhine and the Neckar. One more campaign, or a part of one, was all that he was fated to serve under the ablest strategist of his age, for on July 27, 1675, Turenne was killed at the action of Salzbach; but Churchill seems none the less to have continued his service on the continent until 1677. These were his 'prentice years, begun, as it chanced, at a time which Napoleon himself pronounced to be a new era in the history of war. He had seen the conduct of operations on a grand scale at the invasion of Holland in 1672, and had learned by heart the fortresses of the Rhine and Meuse. He had also followed one of the smaller armies which Turenne always preferred to command; he had seen the great master make one of his greatest mistakes, and strive to set it right by one of his most arduous marches and most adventurous attacks; he had watched him manœuvre successfully against so redoubtable an antagonist as Montecuculi, and had seen and felt the dismay

[1] Afterwards disbanded.

when the famous Marshal was struck down at Salzbach. Lastly, he had learned the strong and weak points of French military administration, and intimately studied the character of the French soldier.

On his final return to England he was promoted Colonel of Foot,[1] and together with his new rank took upon himself new responsibilities by a secret marriage with Sarah Jennings, the beautiful but penniless maid-of-honour of the Duchess of York. The following years were therefore years of poverty for both of them. Churchill was in constant attendance on the Duke of York, through whom he obtained for his services a peerage as Baron Churchill of Aymouth and the Colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons. But no employment was found for him in the army.

As to the condition of the army itself, it went steadily from bad to worse during the last ten years of King Charles II. So long as George Monk lived, there was still some chance of maintaining the traditions of Cromwell, and some certainty that the administration would remain in competent military hands. But when Charles abridged the powers of Monk's successor, apparently with some idea of exerting them himself, but in reality to relegate them to an obscure civilian secretary, increase of corruption and concurrently of demoralization could be the only result. At last Charles died, and there was some hope that matters would be improved, for James, whatever his faults, was an extremely capable administrator of a department, and had wrought lasting good both at the Admiralty and the office of Ordnance. The outbreak of Monmouth's rebellion gave James an excuse for increasing

[1] Feb. 17, 1677-8. He had been made Lieutenant-Colonel, Jan. 5, 1675.

the army and of employing his old dependent Churchill, who was now promoted Major-General (July 1, 1688), but was presently superseded in the chief command by the appointment of an incapable foreigner over his head. There is no need to relate the story of Sedgemoor: it must suffice that the only good work done either in the campaign or in the action that closed it, was done by Churchill. He was rewarded with the Colonelcy of the Third troop of Life Guards.

All James's efforts were now directed towards the creation of an efficient standing army. In default of legal powers to govern it he took refuge in illegality, though, like all weak men, he strove to clothe it in legal forms, and endeavoured by making pets of his troops to gain the obedience which can only be truly enforced by discipline. The King wandered from tent to tent of the senior officers in the summer camp at Hounslow, seeking to ingratiate himself with all ranks, and writing with ill-concealed satisfaction of the efficiency of his regiments. Yet he did not trust them, and more foolish still, showed that he did not trust them. His idea of an efficient army was an army strongly leavened with Roman Catholics, or better still, composed entirely of Roman Catholics. Gross injustice done in furtherance of this idea alienated almost the whole of the Protestant officers from their allegiance; and when William of Orange landed at Torbay, the army of James was paralyzed by the desertion of those officers, and among them of Major-General Lord Churchill.

The rank and file of the army were furious over the ignoble part that they had played in giving way before William's invasion, and the discontent presently found vent

in a serious mutiny of the famous regiment still known as the Royal Scots. This rising was by William's promptitude instantly quelled; but examination soon showed that a mutinous spirit was not the only evil that required to be combated in the army. There were significant symptoms that the whole administrative system was rotten to the core; and yet even with an army in this state William had to face the reconquest of Ireland, an insurrection in Scotland, and a war with France in Flanders.

On the news of William's invasion, Louis XIV. had declared war against the States General; and England, pursuant to obligations of treaty, was called upon to furnish a contingent of troops for their assistance. Accordingly, in March 1689 Churchill, now Earl of Marlborough, was ordered to Holland with nine battalions of British infantry and two regiments of horse, to serve under the orders of the Prince of Waldeck. One battalion mutinied, as has been said, on the march to the port of embarkation, and on landing in the Low Countries was weakened to extremity by desertion. The remaining regiments proved to be far below the strength assigned to them on paper. The officers were ill-paid, and most of them, even the colonels, ill-conducted. The men were sickly, listless,[1] undisciplined, and disorderly. Their shoes were bad, their clothing miserable, their very arms defective. Marlborough found himself taxed to the utmost to reduce these unruly elements to order; and yet when these same troops a few months later were engaged in a serious action against the French, they won the highest praise from Waldeck for their own

[1] *Nonchalants* is the word used by the Prince of Waldeck in his extremely uncomplimentary report.

gallantry and the capacity of their commander. This, the combat of Walcourt, won against Marshal d'Humières on August 27, 1689, was Marlborough's first brush with a Marshal of France.

Very differently fared Schomberg, by repute the first soldier in Europe, in his Irish campaign of the same year. The story indeed is well-nigh incredible. If the organizers of the expedition had modelled their arrangements on the precedent of Edward III.'s invasion of France in 1346, they would have avoided a hundred blunders. The operations simply collapsed under the burden of corruption, rascality, and mismanagement; and Schomberg, an excellent workman when good instruments were furnished ready to his hand, was absolutely helpless. Yet Marlborough, with no better material at his command, could make his men into good instruments for himself.

Great preparations were made for more decided action in Ireland in the following year. William decided to take the field in person, and Marlborough was detained from Holland to assume the chief command of the forces in England during the King's absence. It occurred also to the Chief Secretary of Ireland to ransack the records for the history of Cromwell's Irish campaign, and to propose it as the model for the operations then pending. So long as the ports of Munster were open, he said, France could always pour reinforcements and supplies into Ireland; while therefore Schomberg advanced from the North, a descent should be made in the South, and Cork should be the objective. Marlborough, without consulting records, had seen into the true heart of the matter as clearly as Cromwell. In August he prepared a design for the capture of Cork and Kinsale,

undertaking, if the work were entrusted to him, to execute it in three weeks. The task was accordingly made over to him and finished, in spite of obstacles raised by William's foreign officers, in three-and-twenty days, quietly, deftly, and unostentatiously. One point only need be noticed in this brief service in Ireland, that Marlborough begged for money so that his troops might pay their way, without wrong to the inhabitants and without injury to their own discipline. So Cromwell had done before him in Ireland, so he himself was to do again on the Continent, so was Wellington to do a century later in the Peninsula.

The further pacification of Ireland was made over to Dutch officers, and William took the command in Flanders during the campaign of 1691. Marlborough accompanied him, but the only detail of the year worth recalling is the profound impression which Marlborough's ability produced on the foreign commander, the Prince of Vaudemont. In the following year, however, Marlborough was dismissed from all public employment, and even committed for a time to the Tower, for complicity in Jacobite intrigues. So William went out to fight against Luxemburg without his only able officer, and cut a remarkably poor figure as a General. Ardent soldier though he was, and keenly though he had studied his profession, he was a General by book rather than by instinct. His conduct of operations was singularly uneven, and he seems to have been incapable of sustained effort in the direction of a series of movements. He would conceive a brilliant design, such as the attack on Steenkirk, and mar it by inattention to detail. He lacked patience thoroughly to think out or execute his conceptions, and readiness to correct or make good his errors. He had

the profoundest confidence in the British soldier, entrusting him always with the hardest of the work, and looking to him to redeem his mistakes. The men on their side admired his personal gallantry and fought for him magnificently. Never have British troops showed their fighting qualities more superbly than at Steenkirk and Landen; yet they were beaten in both actions, and at Landen actually routed, entirely through William's fault. But this was not the worst. The army was neither well-disciplined[1] nor well-conducted; it "swore terribly in Flanders," and in fact had reverted in tone to that which it had been before the days of Cromwell. The force was the largest of British troops that had appeared in a continental war since the days of King Henry VI., and it had been beaten by the French.

The war was closed by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, and the army returned home to be delivered over to the tender mercies of the House of Commons. That assembly, by an act of criminal imbecility, disbanded the whole of it except seven thousand men in England and twelve thousand in Ireland, and this without making provision for the payment of the wages due to them. The House was stormed by petitions for arrears, for redress of grievances, and for reform of abuses. Every man who had a complaint against his officer—and there were many who had but too just ground for complaint—laid it by petition before the Commons, some not omitting to curry favour with them by pointing out that their officers had spoken disdainfully

[1] Thus at Steenkirk certain English battalions broke their ranks in their eagerness to come into action, and required to be halted and reformed at a crisis when every moment was precious.

of the House. The merchants and the rabble took their cue from the Parliament, called soldiers the plagues of the nation, and insulted the officers, many of whom after years of honest service and wounds and hardship were turned adrift, penniless, to starve. William as Commander-in-Chief seems to have been powerless; nor does he appear to have made the slightest effort to check abuses even where he might. On the contrary, he added to existing difficulties by flagrant jobbery in granting to favourites, chiefly foreigners, the Irish land which should have paid the expenses of the Irish War. The War Office was in a state of chaos, the Pay Office was a sink of corruption. The name and profession of the soldier were degraded to the lowest point, and but for the outbreak of the War of the Spanish Succession it is difficult to see how the confusion could have found other issue than in a great military riot.

Such was the state of the army when Marlborough, having been received back into favour in 1698, was appointed first Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Flanders in 1701, and shortly after Captain-General and Master-General of the Ordnance. The French army, on the other hand, was still, as it had long been, the first in Europe. Condé, Turenne, Luxemburg, and Louvois were dead, it is true, but their traditions still remained to some extent unimpaired, and above all, the long career of French victory was still unbroken. Still the army had its weak points. The object of a campaign in those days was not necessarily to seek out an enemy and beat him. The two alternatives prescribed by the best authorities were to fight at an advantage, or to "subsist comfortably." Thus to enter an enemy's borders, and keep him marching back-

wards and forwards for weeks without giving him a chance of striking a blow, was esteemed no small success, for he was thereby forced to consume his own supplies, and to impoverish and harass his troops to death without accomplishing anything. The tendency to these negative campaigns was increased by the interference of the French Ministry of War with the generals in the field; the Commander-in-Chief's orders to the field army being always forwarded by an inferior officer to the King, without whose sanction they could not be executed. Great commanders occasionally had strength to kick themselves free from such bondage, but the majority preferred to live as long as possible in an enemy's country without risking a general action.

But what the French Court loved above all was a siege. The cock-pit of Flanders may be defined roughly as a quadrilateral, bounded to north by the Demer, to east by the Meuse, to south by the Sambre and Haine, and to west by the sea, with the angles defined by the fortresses of Maestricht, Namur, Ostend, and Antwerp. The country within this quadrilateral is cut by a succession of rivers flowing from south to north, the Geete, the Dyle, the Senne, the Dender, and the Lys. A glance at any old map shows that every one of these rivers was studded with strongly fortified towns. Each of these towns of course contained its garrison, and the manœuvres of contending armies were governed to a great extent by the effort on one side to release these garrisons for service in the field, and on the other to keep them locked up for as long as possible. War in such a country was thus almost inevitably a war of sieges, and the Court of Versailles delighted

in sieges, for it could attend the ceremony in state and take nominal charge of the operations, with much glory and with little discomfort or danger. To such lengths was carried this passion for a siege, that the French King sought by grant of extra pay and rations to make it popular with the men. Finally, as though sieges provided insufficient work within trenches for the troops, the French had a system of covering their frontiers with long chains of fortified lines, doubtless excellent defensive works, but subject to the disadvantage of keeping large numbers of men from service in the field. With all their brilliant military instincts the French are a pedantic nation, and in 1700 uninterrupted victory and native conceit had brought this pedantry to a very dangerous height. Even now they have not wholly abandoned their love for the principle of fortified lines.

When Marlborough took the field in 1702, a French prince of the blood, the Duke of Burgundy, with old Marshal Boufflers to instruct him, lay on the Lower Meuse with sixty thousand men, threatening Nimeguen and Grave, the two eastern gates of the Waal and Rhine into Holland. Boufflers had made a dash at Nimeguen before Marlborough's arrival, and Ginkel, who commanded the British troops, had only saved it by a precipitate retreat and the sacrifice of his baggage. He had then crossed to the north bank of the Waal and lay there helpless, while all Holland trembled over the narrow escape of Nimeguen. Marlborough on taking command at once crossed to the south bank of the Waal. "Now, gentlemen," he said to the two Dutch civilians who, with the title of Deputies, attended him to see that he did nothing rash,

"now I shall soon rid you of your troublesome neighbours."

Five swift marches southward took him across the line of the French communications with the Demer, and brought Boufflers hurrying back in hot haste across the Meuse. July 22 found the two armies within striking distance, Marlborough's fresh, ready, confident; Boufflers' encamped in a bad position, and worn out with the fatigue of a week of desperate marching. The French lay at Marlborough's mercy, but the Dutch Deputies forbade an attack, and as the Dutch troops which composed more than half the army were under their control, Marlborough was obliged to yield. So Boufflers was allowed to escape across the Demer, and a first great opportunity was lost.

Marlborough was now obliged to move northward again to pick up a convoy, and Boufflers had the temerity to follow him in the hope of cutting it off. A second time Marlborough played him the same trick, and by extreme rapidity of movement threw himself across the line of the French retreat to the Demer. On this occasion the French blundered on to the Allies in such hopeless confusion that a great victory for Marlborough was certain. But when he ordered the Dutch generals to attack they refused to move, and when he sought to fight a general action on the morrow the Deputies stepped in to forbid it. Thus a second and a third great opportunity were lost.

With the patience and forbearance which were almost godlike in him, Marlborough excused the Dutch generals in his despatches, and perforce undertook the reduction of the French fortresses on the Meuse from Venloo to

Roermond, a pedantic operation thoroughly to the Dutch taste. Boufflers, powerless to check him, lay at Tongres, anxious as to the fate of Liège, but anxious also as to the defensive lines of the frontier on the Mehaigne. Marlborough, perfectly aware that he held him on the horns of a dilemma, drew nearer to him; and Boufflers, finally making up his mind, selected his camping-ground under the walls of Liège and marched up with his whole army to occupy it. Quite unconscious of any danger, he arrived within cannon-shot of his chosen position, and there stood Marlborough, calmly awaiting him with a superior force. For the fourth time victory was certain, and for the fourth time the Dutch Deputies interposed to save Boufflers, who hurried behind his fortified lines, leaving Liège to its inevitable fate. So ended Marlborough's first effort to seek out his enemy and beat him, foiled by Dutch pedantry, treachery, and stupidity.

Deeply chagrined, but never disheartened, Marlborough, now elevated to a dukedom for his services in the field, strove hard in the next campaign to convert the Allies to his new principle of bringing their enemy to action; but Dutch obstinacy was too strong for him, and he was compelled to open operations by the meaningless siege of Bonn. This done, he hastened back to Flanders, and prepared with consummate skill a scheme for a combined attack of all the allied forces on Antwerp. His own part, which was the most difficult, was fulfilled with perfect success, but Dutch cupidity and incapacity upset the whole plan, and the campaign closed rather to the credit of the French than of the Allies.

Meanwhile continued success on the Upper Rhine and

the Danube had given the French and their German ally, the Elector of Bavaria, command of the line of the Danube and virtual assurance of an easy march to Vienna in the campaign of 1704. The affairs of the Empire indeed were well-nigh hopeless ; a Hungarian revolt was preying on its vitals from within, and its armies were defeated and demoralized without. Marlborough saw that so desperate a situation required a desperate remedy, and taking Prince Eugene of Savoy, the greatest of the Imperial generals, into his confidence, he concerted a new plan of operations. This was nothing less than to commit the Low Countries to the protection of the Dutch, and leaving the old seat of war with all its armies and fortresses in his rear, to carry the campaign into the heart of Germany. A scheme so daring, so perilous, so utterly at variance with all the old stilted conceptions of war could not be broached to the Allies, so the design was carefully kept secret, being masked under the vague term, operations on the Moselle. When the British troops streamed out of their winter quarters to cross the Meuse at Roermond, not a man had the slightest idea whither the march would ultimately lead him.

The dispositions of the Bourbon troops showed that no novelty was looked for in the coming campaign. Villeroy with an army lay within the French lines on the Mehaigne, with orders to follow Marlborough wherever he went. Tallard with another army was in the vicinity of Strasburg, his passage of the Rhine secured to him by the bridge of Kehl. The Count of Coignies was stationed on the Moselle with ten thousand men, ready to act in Flanders or in Germany as required. Finally, at Ulm lay the Elector of

Bavaria and his French allies, forty-five thousand men in all. On May 18 Marlborough began his famous march, making his way first up the Rhine towards Bonn. King Louis at once ordered Villeroy to follow the English General to the Moselle. Marlborough carefully stepped out of his way to inspect Bonn, and the French were more

confident than ever that he must be bound for the Moselle. Then leaving the infantry and artillery to follow as quickly as they might, Marlborough pushed on in all haste with the cavalry only to Coblentz. Again everything pointed to operations on the Moselle, unless indeed (for the French never knew what Marlborough might do) he designed to

double back down the Rhine for operations near the sea. But the Duke hastened on with his cavalry to Cassel, and requested the Landgrave of Hesse to send the artillery which he had duly prepared for operations on the Moselle to Mannheim. Again the French were puzzled. Was Alsace and not the Moselle to be the scene of action? and if not, why was the English General bridging the river at Philipsburg? and why was the artillery moving up the river? Tallard shifted uneasily to the Lauter, and Villeroy sent for reinforcements; but before they could guess what was going forward, Marlborough had crossed the Main and Neckar, and had advanced beyond all possibility of being overtaken on the road to Ulm.

The difficulties and hardships of the march were such as would have deterred many men from carrying it through to the end. The roads were execrable, and the rain for many days was incessant. The artillery was only got forward by incredible exertion on the part of the officers, and the foot suffered much, and would have suffered more but for the Duke's constant care and forethought for them. At Heidelberg a large supply of shoes was ready for them, while victuals had been collected and stores of specie amassed at different points on the march, that the men might pay honestly for everything that they took, and have no excuse for plunder or marauding. Such a thing had never been known before in all the innumerable campaigns of Germany.

When finally Marlborough had gathered together the whole force of the Allies before Ulm, he was still obliged for the sake of peace to share his command on alternate days with Prince Louis of Baden, a commander of a,

thoroughly wooden type. The Elector of Bavaria had withdrawn from Ulm at his approach, and Marlborough's objective was now Donauwörth, which would give him at once a place of arms and a bridge over the Danube. A move of the Allies northward revealed his intention, and the Elector at once detached thirteen thousand men to occupy the Schellenberg, a commanding height which covers Donauwörth on the north bank of the Danube. With much difficulty the Duke persuaded Prince Louis to advance to within fifteen miles of the position, and next morning, taking his turn of command, he started off at three o'clock to capture it before his twenty-four hours should expire. The roads were so bad that the march was very slow, and the main body of the army was still some distance in rear when, at six o'clock in the evening, Marlborough, hearing that reinforcements from the Elector were on their way to Donauwörth, caught up sixteen battalions which he had pushed on in advance, and sent them straight at one corner of the enemy's entrenchments.

The defences of the Schellenberg were formidable, and the attacking troops at first inferior in number to the defending force. The British led the assault with great gallantry and dash, but despite all their endeavours they could not carry the entrenchments. The Bavarian troops were withdrawn from all the defences round the hill to meet them, and the fight for an hour and a half was desperately fierce and bloody, till the main body of the Allies under Baden came up, found the entrenchments almost unmanned except at the actual point of attack, and speedily ended the affair. That hour and a half cost the Allies five thousand men, and the British alone fifteen hundred,

or more than a third of their number that were engaged. But it cost the Elector Donauwörth and practically the whole of the thirteen thousand men that held the Schellenberg, and laid Bavaria helplessly at the mercy of the Allies.

Marlborough lost no time in following the unhappy Elector across the Danube, cutting off his supplies, and trying even by desolation of his territory, a work which he abominated, to force him to renounce the French alliance. But now Tallard and his army came streaming through the Black Forest to his assistance, and joined the Elector at Augsburg; while Eugene, who had marched parallel to him on the north bank of the Danube, arrived with his army on the same day at Hochstädt to the assistance of Marlborough. The situation of the Allies was now not of the pleasantest, for they were divided on the two banks of the Danube, whereas the Bourbons were concentrated on the south bank. If Marlborough fell back to join Eugene, the enemy could pass the Lech and enter Bavaria; if Eugene crossed the river to Marlborough, the enemy could pass to the north bank and cut them off from their only source of supplies in Franconia. The difficulty was finally solved by the march of the whole French army to the north of the Danube, with the intention of taking up a strong position, and forcing the Allied army to retire from want of supplies.

No sooner were their movements certain than Marlborough[1] set his army in motion, and in twenty-four hours had moved the whole of his thirty-five thousand men to Eugene's position at Hochstädt, a march of twenty miles,

[1] Baden had been got rid of by giving him 15,000 men to besiege Ingoldstadt.

which included for the whole army the passage of the Danube and the Wernitz, and for half of it the passage of the Ach and the Lech in addition. The artillery was by great exertions brought up a few hours later, and at dawn of August 12 the junction of the two forces was complete.

Tallard and the Elector had meanwhile taken up a position some nine miles away at the top of an almost imperceptible slope, their right resting on Blenheim on the Danube, their left at Lützingen, and their front covered at about a mile's distance by a deep boggy rivulet called the Nebel. Tallard had not the slightest intention of fighting; his force was superior to that of the Allies, and he meant to subsist comfortably. So careless were he and the Elector that they encamped their forces not as one but as two distinct armies, each, according to the orthodox fashion, with cavalry on the wings and infantry in the centre; so that their front presented a central mass of cavalry, with a body of infantry on each flank, and again two more masses of cavalry on the flanks of the infantry. In any case this was a fault, and with a Marlborough within striking distance it was madness.

Thus it was that when the Allies moved forward to the attack on August 13, Tallard was writing to the Court of Versailles that the enemy was moving towards Nördlingen, while his cavalry was scattered in all directions foraging. No sooner did he realize the truth than all was hurry and confusion. On his extreme right Tallard could descry the red coats of the British, and knowing that where they were, there the hottest of the fighting must be expected, he lost no time in sending twenty-six battalions to hold

Blenheim. But instead of disputing the passage of the Nebel he decided to allow the Allies to cross it, and to annihilate them with the stream in their rear. So confident was this Marshal of France that he seemed to think himself above all rules.

Marlborough, throwing with better reason all text-books to the winds, formed his line of battle with cavalry in the centre and infantry on the flanks. Further, to cover the passage of the cavalry over the river, he formed his horse in two lines, covered by a line of infantry both in front and in rear. It seemed a *bizarre*[1] formation to the French, but they understood its purport before the day was over. The main features of the battle are well known. The British battalions dashed themselves in vain against Blenheim, and Eugene on the right strove in vain to produce a serious impression on the Elector; but in the centre Marlborough passed squadron after squadron, though not without great difficulty and heavy loss, over the Nebel, and at last was ready for a decisive charge against the French centre. The attack was delivered at a "grand trot," and the French cavalry, not yet broken of the pernicious habit of using missile instead of shock action, fired a feeble volley from the saddle and turned tail. Then, as was to be expected, the flanks of the two armies which Tallard had failed to make one, swerved back to right and left instead of rallying on a common centre, leaving a wide gap between them. Through this gap Marlborough's horse poured irresistibly, and the left division bringing up their right shoulders swept the French cavalry into the Danube. The twenty-six battalions in Blenheim were surrounded

[1] Feuquières.

and taken prisoners; the Elector's army made its way in flight rather than retreat to the Rhine, and the action cost the Bourbons not less than forty thousand men and a hundred guns. So crushing was the defeat, that it was long before Louis XIV. found a man who had courage to tell him the whole truth about the battle. It shattered French prestige and upset French military theory so utterly that France never recovered her true position as the first military nation in Europe until the advent of Napoleon. "Welcome to England, sir," said a butcher of Nottingham to Tallard as the Marshal was escorted with every mark of respect into the town. "I hope to see your master here next year." The remark was typical of the English feeling at the time. The nation felt that the old days of Poitiers and Agincourt were come again.

Marlborough on his return from the Danube secured his winter quarters on the Moselle, with the design of carrying the war into Lorraine in the following year; but when the following year came, not a man nor a horse of his Imperial Allies fulfilled their engagement to join him, so that he was forced to return to Flanders. Villeroi, who had been very bold during Marlborough's absence, instantly retired within his fortified lines on the Geete and Mehaigne on his arrival; and it became necessary that these lines, which, as has been said, were a favourite resource of French generals, should be forced. The task was the more difficult, inasmuch as the Dutch conceived the operation to be too perilous. Marlborough solved the difficulty in a fashion peculiarly his own. Sending the Dutch to make a demonstration near Namur, which led Villeroi to move the mass of his force in that direction, he threw his own army by a

single well-executed night march across the lines at Landen, unobserved and practically unopposed; so that when the Dutch returned from their demonstration they found that, in spite of themselves, they formed the rear of an army which was passing the much-dreaded lines in all possible comfort and safety.

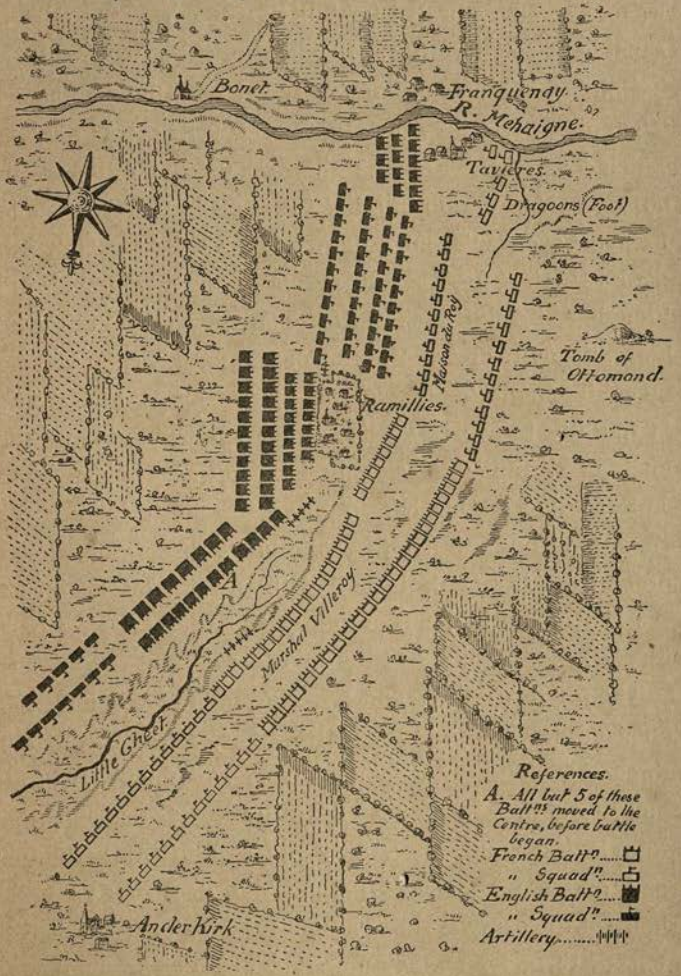
It may have been pique at finding themselves thus victorious against their will that led the Dutch officers to thwart the whole of the Duke's subsequent operations. Twice if not thrice they saved the French army from overwhelming defeat by declining to move. Their misconduct was, however, so flagrant that public indignation was too strong for them, and they were thenceforth compelled to be more docile. But for these miserable men, who would gladly have squandered untold blood and treasure on useless sieges and paltry meaningless operations, Marlborough would have finished the War of the Spanish Succession in three campaigns.

Such was the disgust of the Duke at the misconduct of his allies that he proposed to join Eugene and carry on operations with him in Italy; but the Dutch were so much alarmed at the prospect of losing him that they consented to withdraw their obnoxious Deputies and to substitute others more subservient in their place. The French, however, were so far heartened by their escapes of the previous year that the Court actually ordered Villeroi to move out of his lines on the Dyle to fight a battle. Where one army moved from the Dyle and the other from the Meuse the battlefield could lie in but one place, namely, in the narrow pass between the head-waters of the Geete and the Mehaigne, where a position had been

duly approved by the Council of War at Versailles. Marlborough heard with delight of Villeroi's advance, and at once moved forward to meet him.

At one o'clock on the morning of May 23 Quartermaster-General Cadogan rode forward with an escort of horse to mark out a camp at the village of Ramillies; at eight o'clock he reported that troops were in motion before him; and at ten, when a mist that had hitherto obscured all objects on that morning finally rolled away, the whole of Villeroi's army was plainly visible. The Marshal was somewhat taken aback, for he had not expected Marlborough until the following day, but Marlborough generally arrived before he was expected. So Villeroi took up the position of his choice, his right resting on the Mehaigne, his centre and left sheltered behind the marshes of the Geete. Between the Mehaigne and the village of Ramillies, at the edge of these marshes, extended something over a mile of sound ground, whereon he massed one hundred and twenty squadrons of cavalry, for on this narrow expanse of plain before the French right wing it was likely that the main stress of the action must fall.

So thought Marlborough as he surveyed the ground, and he accordingly ordered the whole of the British to march down with all possible pomp and circumstance as if to attack Villeroi's left. That quarter of the French position was so strong as to be practically unassailable, but Villeroi knew the share that the red-coats generally took in a pitched battle, and at once weakened his right and centre to reinforce his left. Marlborough waited till the movement was complete, and then ordered his British to retire.


Ramillies (after De Feuquières)
Approx: Scale.
1 ¾ ½ ¼ 0 1 Miles
Bonet
Franquenay
R. Mehaigne.
Tavières
Dragoons (Foot)
Tomb of Ottomond
Ramillies.
Marshal Villeroy
Little Gheet
Anderkirk
References.
A. All but 5 of these Batt.ns moved to the Centre, before battle began.
French Batt.n
" Squad.n
English Batt.n
" Squad.n
Artillery

The whole retreated accordingly to some rising ground, where one brigade faced about and halted, while the remainder under cover of the ground marched away to the centre and left. Thus the whole of the French left, which was so strongly posted behind the marshes as to be incapable of counter-attack, was held in check by five British battalions, not one of which fired a shot during the day. Then about 1.30 p.m. the attack was opened on two villages which covered the French right, and presently the cavalry on both sides met in full shock. The first charge of the French bore back the Allies, and was only checked by the advance of fresh squadrons under Marlborough himself. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* to rally the broken horse, the Duke was borne down, and only escaped capture by taking his *aide-de-camp's* charger. But more and more of the allied cavalry quickly came up, while Villeroi was unable to bring up the squadrons which were posted useless and inactive on his left to meet them. A final furious charge in front and flank swept the French cavalry in disorder from the field, the allied infantry advanced against the centre and left, and presently the whole French army was in headlong flight to the Dyle.

Then the English horse, which had been but little engaged, took up the pursuit. They had marched at three o'clock that morning; but at two on the following morning Lord Orkney could still find a few squadrons to ride into Louvain, twenty miles from the battle-field, and rekindle the panic among the French. The main body of the army was little behind them. Bivouacking for two or three hours, they marched again at 3 a.m., nor was it until they had passed the Senne, and after they had

been engaged for six days in incessant marching before and since the action, that Marlborough at last granted them a halt. Villeroi and the wreck of his army had by this time reached Ghent, but Marlborough had no intention of allowing him to rest, and an advance to Oudenarde forced the Marshal to retire up the Lys to Courtrai lest his retreat should be cut off. The whole line of the Dyle, the Senne, and the Dender fell into Marlborough's hands within a week; the surrender of Antwerp and Ghent gave him the keys of the Scheldt and Lys; Menin and Ypres were taken shortly after, and the capture of Ostend finally completed the triumphant march from the Meuse to the sea. Bad weather alone prevented Marlborough from moving on the fortresses of the Sambre, but even without these there were fruits sufficient to show for the great campaign of Ramillies. He had been blamed after Blenheim for not following up his victory, but he now put an end to that reproach for ever.

The operations of the following year were, for reasons which cannot be given here, of little or no importance, but in 1708 the French not only brought a superior army into the field, but by employing gold instead of steel gained possession of Bruges and Ghent, and thus recovered the control of the mouths of the Scheldt and Lys. Posting himself between Ghent and Brussels, like a king between two pieces at draughts, Marshal Vendôme held Marlborough perforce inactive till he had captured the citadel of Ghent. Then sending detachments forward to invest Oudenarde, he himself moved up the Dender to Lessines, from which point he intended to cover the siege. Great was his astonishment in approaching the town on the

following day to find that Marlborough was there before him, and not only within reach of Oudenarde but interposed between him and the French frontier. The Duke had set his eighty thousand men in motion at 2 a.m. on July 9, and in twenty-eight hours had marched them twenty-eight miles.

Foiled in their design, the French turned north-westward to bar the advance of the Allies on Bruges. Most generals of his time would have been content with the brilliant strategic movement alone: not so Marlborough. At dawn on July 11, the unwearied Cadogan started with eleven thousand men to throw bridges across the Scheldt a little below Oudenarde, and at eight o'clock the whole army followed. The cavalry of the French advanced guard, riding carelessly on with foragers out, was surprised by Cadogan's troopers, and Vendôme found that his enemy was again close on his heels. The Marshal was for disputing the passage of the Scheldt, but the Duke of Burgundy, who was joined with him in command, and, as Marlborough well knew, was on bad terms with him, decided to take up a position behind a small stream parallel to the Scheldt and some two miles in rear of it. Instant confusion was the result. Seven battalions which in obedience to Vendôme's orders had marched down to the Scheldt were at once cut off and overpowered by Cadogan, and Marlborough lost no time in hurrying the passage of the troops over his bridges. At four o'clock the Duke of Burgundy decided to advance with his centre and right to overwhelm the troops of the Allies that had crossed the river, but by that time there were enough of them to hold their own. Fresh regiments kept pouring

over the Scheldt, and the line of battle was gradually prolonged as battalion after battalion came forward and engaged in fierce duel with the battalions of the enemy. Both sides fought well, and matters had come to a dead-lock, when Marlborough, perceiving that Burgundy's right flank rested in the air, sent a large body of cavalry under cover of a height to move round it and fall upon its rear. The attack was brilliantly successful, and in a short time the whole of the French right was fairly surrounded on all sides.

Vendôme made desperate efforts to save the day by bringing forward the French left, which for some inscrutable reason had been left in its original position; but the infantry would not move, and the cavalry was so effectually protected by the marshes and stream in its front that it could not take the offensive. The light began to wane, and all that could be seen of the fight was the ever-narrowing girdle of fire that marked the closing of the Allies round the doomed French right. At length at nine o'clock, Marlborough, dreading lest the allied troops should engage each other in the darkness, called a halt, and the French were left to escape in a retreat so disorderly that it might have been called a flight. Another hour of daylight, so Marlborough said, would have finished the war. The action was undoubtedly the most hazardous that the Duke ever fought, but he knew the commanders with whom he had to deal, and could trust to his own superiority and to Eugene's for making the best of that rarest of occurrences in those days, a general action without an order of battle.

Most marvellous of all was the spirit of the troops. They had started at 2 a.m. on Monday and had marched fifty

miles, including the passage of two large rivers, before they came into action at 2 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon. There they fought as has been told, but though the infantry was obliged to halt, forty squadrons pushed on at dawn next day, and captured without resistance the French lines on the frontier between Ypres and the Lys. Then Marlborough was for the bold project of masking Lille and pushing straight into France. Overruled by Eugene, however, he consented to undertake the siege of Lille. It is impossible to go into the details of this famous siege. Suffice it that, owing to the loss of the Scheldt and Lys through the capture of Ghent, the whole of the siege train was brought by road seventy-five miles from Brussels; that this was accomplished without loss of a wagon; that the French commanders, albeit they had a superior force, dared not risk a battle to raise the siege, though they would have had one forced upon them by Marlborough but for the Dutch Deputies; that when they tried to bar Marlborough's supplies from the East by entrenching and occupying the line of the Scheldt, the Duke opened a new base at Ostend; and that when the Elector of Bavaria ventured to threaten Brussels, Marlborough by a swift, sudden movement broke through the line of the Scheldt, and advancing on Brussels with no more than two battalions of the English Guards, drove him to abandon his siege-guns and retire by the mere terror of his name. Lille fell late, having been magnificently defended by Boufflers, but Marlborough, even in December, recovered Ghent and Bruges, and with them the navigation of the Scheldt and Lys. Of all the operations of Marlborough and Eugene, the capture of Lille in face of a superior force

was deemed by contemporary French writers the most extraordinary.

For the next campaign, a new and far abler opponent was pitted against Marlborough in Marshal Villars. Like all of his kind, however, he trusted to fortified lines, and had thrown up new ones of unusual strength, famous as the lines of La Bassée, from the Scarpe at Douay to the Lys. Marlborough as usual turned these lines into one horn of a dilemma, for he knew that Villars could not hold them in force without denuding the garrisons. Feinting as if to attack the lines he beguiled Villars into withdrawing the bulk of the garrison from Tournay, and then by a single night's march, before Villars or indeed his own army had the least suspicion of his intentions, invested that city beyond hope of relief. After the fall of Tournay (for all fortresses fell before Marlborough) the Duke moved back before the lines at Douay, but only to make one of his extraordinary swift marches fifty miles to eastward, and pass another chain of lines on the Trouille, near Mons, without the loss of a man. Villars hurried after him, but too late to prevent the investment of Mons. His approach to the town was shut off by a natural barrier of forest, with two passages through it, one to north, famous by the name of Jemappes, and one to south, yet more famous under the name of Malplaquet. Across the latter passage he entrenched himself, and here he was attacked and driven back by the Allies after a very stubborn and bloody action. The battle was not fought, as Marlborough had wished, two days before it actually took place, and the great slaughter of the Allies and the consequent incompleteness of the victory was due to direct disobedience

of his orders. Whether Dutch Deputies or Eugene were to blame for the postponement of the action is unknown, but it is certain that Malplaquet was least of all Marlborough's actions the actual work of Marlborough.

But now the Duke's enemies at home, after eight years of incessant intriguing, were within measurable distance of accomplishing the overthrow of his political power; and the great Captain, knowing that the slightest failure would destroy all the work of the past six years, was bound to act with extreme caution. Villars had withdrawn from La Bassée to another series of defensive lines, and the Duke therefore contented himself with the siege and capture of Bethune, and of Aire and St. Venant on the upper Lys for the campaign of 1710, with the object of increasing facilities for joint action with an expedition by sea, which should land at Calais or Abbeville, in the following year.

By 1711, however, his political power was gone, and he went with a heavy heart to face certain new and quite exceptionally formidable lines which Villars had drawn from the coast of Picardy, along the Canche, Scarpe and Sensée, to Bouchain, thence onward by the Scheldt to Valenciennes, and ultimately to the Meuse at Namur. Marlborough was sent into the field weaker by five of his best British battalions; and very early in the campaign the withdrawal of Eugene's army left him actually inferior in strength to Villars.[1] He was therefore driven to stratagem to gain his passage over the lines.

The inundation which formed one of the chief defences of the lines on the Sensée between Arras and Bouchain could be traversed only by two causeways, one of them at

[1] *i. e.* with about 70,000 men against 80,000 French.

Arleux and one half-a-mile below it at Aubigny, each defended by a strong fort. Knowing that though he could take the fort at Arleux and demolish it at any time, yet Villars would certainly retake and rebuild it as soon as his back was turned, Marlborough resolved that Villars should demolish it himself. He therefore first captured the fort, and then proceeded to increase and strengthen it considerably, leaving a large detachment at Douay to cover the work. This detachment was, by accident or design, surprised by Villars and suffered some loss; whereupon Marlborough for once manifested considerable temper, and reinforced it, as if to show how great was the importance that he attached to the work at Arleux. The new fortifications there being at last completed, he threw a weak garrison into them and moved the rest of the army away two marches westward. Villars likewise moved westward parallel to him, but first detached a force to recover Arleux. Marlborough sent Cadogan with reinforcements for the garrison. Cadogan, who had his cue, moved with singular deliberation, arrived too late to save it, and returned with the news that Arleux had surrendered.

Villars, who, though a gallant soldier, was a great coxcomb and an insufferable braggart, was elated beyond measure, and Marlborough seemed to be unusually cast down. Throwing off his wonted serenity, he declared that he would be even with Villars yet, and would attack him at any cost where he lay. Then came the news that Villars had rased the whole fortifications of Arleux to the ground; and therewith the Duke's ill-temper increased. Villars next sent a detachment to make a diversion in Brabant, and this seemed to drive Marlborough distracted.

Vowing that he would stop the detachment at all costs he sent ten thousand men to Bethune, and the whole of his baggage and heavy artillery to Douay; and having thus weakened his already inferior force he repaired the roads that led to the enemy's lines and advanced one march nearer to them. Villars was in a transport of delight, withdrew every man to the threatened point of the entrenchments, and boasted that he had brought Marlborough to his *ne plus ultra*. Then the Duke drew still closer to the lines, set the whole of his cavalry to cut fascines, and rode forward with his generals to reconnoitre the French defences. He was now quite cool and collected, and gave his directions loudly, so that all the spies kept about him by Villars might hear. "Your brigade, General, will attack at this point, with such a brigade in support," and so forth. The generals listened with dismay; the instructions were perfectly clear, but they were those of a madman. They retired gloomily enough, except Cadogan, who galloped off by himself unnoticed; and the men, knowing as well as the officers that the enterprise was desperate and hopeless, gave themselves up for lost and filled the camp with lamentations that Corporal John had lost his wits.

So passed the afternoon in camp, no one knowing that Cadogan was even then galloping at the top of his speed to Douay to warn the garrison to be ready to march that evening. Just before sundown a column of the allied cavalry trotted round the French left, attracting every French eye to the westward. Then as the drums rolled out tattoo, the order ran down the line of the allied army to strike tents and march in an hour. At nine o'clock the whole army faced to the left and strode away eastward in

dead silence under the broad light of the full moon. At dawn fifteen miles were passed and the Scarpe was reached. Just beyond the river news to this purport ran down the marching columns—"General Cadogan crossed the causeway at Arleux at 3 o'clock and is in possession of the enemy's lines. The Duke desires that the infantry will step out." Then Marlborough trotted on with fifty squadrons, and the infantry settled down to march with a will. Villars, finding how he had been tricked, galloped furiously with a handful of horse to save the lines. He found Marlborough before him, and paid for his mad behaviour by the capture of his escort, himself only narrowly escaping the same fate. The allied infantry meanwhile on one side of the Scarpe raced against the French horse on the other, and by five o'clock the whole of Marlborough's force was safe within the lines, having covered between thirty and forty miles in eighteen hours. Fully one-third of them dropped on the march, many never to rise again, but the bulk of them struggled in during the next three days to take part in the siege of Bouchain, which Marlborough with an inferior force captured actually under Villars' eyes, thus crowning the masterpiece of his last campaign.

I shall not speak of the triumph of Marlborough's enemies at home in the winter of 1711, of his disgrace and banishment, and of the shameful sacrifice of the fruit of his labours by the peace of Utrecht. It is a foul and unclean story, unfit for any but the baser sort of party-politician. Nor shall I refer to his restoration to the office of Captain-General on the accession of George I., for though he held the title he did not wield the power. To summarize his achievements in the field and his qualities as a general in

so small a space would be impossible, even if a civilian were qualified for the task. Enough has been said to show his unerring divination of an enemy's plans, the skill, the secrecy, and the marvellous rapidity of his movements, and the unfailing accuracy of his combinations. When it is remembered that many of his most important marches were executed by night, and always without a hitch, some faint idea may be gained of the perfection of his forethought and of the discipline of his troops.

Other points being less well-known may be more fitly dwelt on here. First may be noticed the great Duke's mastery of every detail of his profession. He no sooner became Commander-in-Chief and Master of the Ordnance than he issued a new musket to the troops, the bore being of sixteen bullets to the pound, whereas the French musket carried twenty-eight bullets to the pound. Next he finally established the system of dividing the battalion into small divisions, called platoons,[1] which was proved to be the most effective method of maintaining a continuous fire. The French fired by ranks, one rank firing while the rest reloaded. Above all he was most particular as to fire-discipline, and would make the whole army go through the platoon-exercise before him by signal. The result of this superiority in armament, system, and discipline was signally seen at Malplaquet, where the Royal Irish of England met the Royal Irish of France, and crushed them out of action after exchanging three volleys, and at Wynendale, where eight thousand of the Allies defeated twenty thousand French,

[1] Platoons were of course first instituted by Gustavus Adolphus, who, however, made the blunder of interlining them among his cavalry, a practice severely condemned by Napoleon.

pouring in their volleys by platoons as coolly as if on parade.

But Marlborough was even more fond of his cavalry; and here again he did signal service by insisting on shock-action instead of missile action. Rupert and Cromwell had set him the example, but missile action, or firing from the saddle, was not banished from the drill-books of Charles and James II., and was still practised by the French. It has been seen how he smashed the French cavalry at Blenheim and Ramillies, and it is worth noting that at the passage of the lines of the Geete in 1705, he caught up a few English regiments of horse at a critical moment, and dashing straight at a superior force of French, not only defeated them but captured eight guns. At Malplaquet again the sight of Marlborough leading a column of horse in support of an attack of infantry was sufficient to deter Villars from a counter-attack. As regards artillery it must be noted that he himself posted every battery of his army at Blenheim.

Next must be observed the surprising hold that he had of all ranks of his army. He had the highest opinion of the British soldier, and carried his prejudices for things English so far that he looked upon English horses as well as English men as superior to any other. He understood the Englishman too, recognizing that he must be well fed, and could not "live on nothing like the Germans;" and he worked him very hard, notably in the campaign of Blenheim, when the red-coats had to teach the world, as they did later in the time of Napoleon, that the French are not invincible. His British were for the most part the scum of the nation, obtained by very strange methods, as

the Recruiting Acts of Queen Anne can testify, and very difficult to keep from desertion when so obtained. Yet these men not only marched and fought beyond all praise, but actually became reformed characters, and left the army better men than they had entered it. There is no stain like that of Badajoz on the character of Marlborough's troops, nor, though they looked joyfully forward to the plunder of France, is it likely that there would have been had they marched, as they hoped to march, to Paris itself.

This is the most striking point in the comparison between Wellington and Marlborough. Both of the great dukes were the sternest and severest of disciplinarians, but Marlborough, though in some points his character falls far below Wellington's, exerted a far greater and higher influence on his men. He had the keenest distaste for licentiousness either in language or in action, and he contrived to instil a like distaste into his troops. His army did not swear terribly in Flanders, as King William's had sworn before it, but had a singularly high moral tone. Marlborough for all his invincible calmness and serenity was the gentlest, most sensitive, most humane of men. Though no man ever possessed a diviner measure of patience or a more superb control of temper and of language, yet his face, as his chaplain has told us, was of all faces the most tell-tale of trouble, anxiety, and worry. Wellington was known in the army by his title of Douro, but Marlborough was Corporal John, or still more affectionately the Old Corporal. What feats of marching and fighting he extracted from his army have already been recounted, but the full measure of his ascendency is not realized unless it be remembered that the drivers of the artillery, which surpassed itself in the march to the Danube

and to Blenheim, were not regular troops, but provided, together with the horses, by contract. But no man could resist the fascination of Marlborough. The whole population of the Hague, high and low, turned out to greet him when he returned safe after a report of his capture in 1702, weeping for joy and struggling to kiss his hand, his skirts, even his boots.

The officers again were devoted to him, for they knew that he would never leave them in the lurch. A captain in the Royal Irish has described his anxiety when his company was left for a time in a dangerous position, and how the Duke, "always watchful, always right," came up at the right moment and withdrew it. Yet Marlborough never spared his officers. Under the system of those days, the burden of providing recruits and still more remounts[1] fell very heavily on the officers, but the Duke would never let the State take the whole of it from their shoulders. He knew that unless expenses were kept down the country would abandon the war, and that then there would be no crushing of France and no peace in Europe. He knew that unless the British army paid more or less for itself the insane jealousy of the House of Commons would strike it out of existence. Thus when his political opponents, not in any spirit of purity but from sheer faction, proposed in 1712 the abolition of purchase, he pointed out that it would be most unfair to forbid officers disabled by work and wounds to keep themselves from starvation by sale of their commissions; and he prevailed. He knew that little was to be expected from British civilians for British soldiers, and he

[1] In 1704-5 there was a severe epidemic of horse sickness in both armies.

preferred, with his usual insight as a statesman, that the army should be maintained, even by the system of purchase than destroyed through the impatience of the Commons with a "non-effective vote."

In truth it is but half of Marlborough that we see in the General. When we remember that from 1702 to 1711 he was not only fighting some of the most masterly campaigns in history, but governing England and directing the diplomacy of Europe, that the only remedy in all troubles among the German princelets and the members of the Grand Alliance was to send for Marlborough, and that the remedy was never known to fail, then we approach nearer to some measurement of this great man's stature. Even if it were certain that the charge of political double-dealing and peculation brought against him could be maintained, we might still remember that if, as is constantly enjoined on us, it is wrong to turn from the poetry to the drunkenness of Burns, it is right to dwell rather on the virtues and services than the demerits of Marlborough. The attribute which Wellington judged to be most noteworthy in him was his strong, cool, common-sense, and this may well have struck a man whose own transcendent common-sense rose to the level of genius. It includes, too, all that was wanting in Napoleon, the perfect calmness and equanimity alike in triumph and in failure, the recognition without the temptation of the fortune of war, the total absence of the spirit of gambling, and the unfailing generosity to a vanquished opponent. So perfect was the balance of Marlborough's mind that nothing could turn his head. And yet, after all, the quality of all qualities that shines in him is patience—patience which, as he wrote to Godolphin,

"conquers all things." Such gifts, together with his extraordinary insight into the true heart of every matter, would have carried him to the top in any field of action, and would have kept him there had he served any sovereign but the stupidest woman in Europe. But his work was not wholly undone by the Peace of Utrecht, for he re-made the prestige which won for the British army the victories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and for the British nation the empire of the world.

PETERBOROUGH

1658—1735

PETERBOROUGH'S claim to distinction as one of Great Britain's military commanders, rests on his campaign in Spain on behalf of the Austrian claimant to the throne of that kingdom. The result of that campaign was small, it was of little profit to Great Britain, and it was carried on at the same time as Marlborough was winning his glorious victories in the Low Countries; and yet the most casual student of English history places Peterborough in the category of successful British generals.

The reason that fame has thus granted to one general what she has withheld from others not less deserving, is to be found in the attractive personality of the man. Born to great honours, it was only necessary for Mordaunt to conduct himself discreetly and show moderate intelligence, to ensure regular and honourable employment in the service of the State; various, however, as were his gifts, discretion was one which, on the testimony of friend and foe alike, was entirely lacking. Born probably in 1658, he was thirty years of age when the conduct of James II. had so alienated the Tories of England, that they were as anxious as the Whigs to substitute for him a system of government that would at any rate ensure the safety of the Protestant religion. He, having succeeded his father

Son Excellence Charles Comte de Peterborow et de Monmouth Vicomte
de Mordaunt d'Avelan d Baron de Mordaunt de Turvey et de Rygate, Gouverneur du Comté
de Northamton, Un des seigneurs du Conseil Privé de Sa Majesté Britanique, General et
Commandant en Chef de Ses Forces en Espagne Joint Amiral et Commandant en Chef de La
Flotte de S.M. et Son Ambassadeur Extra ordinaire en Espagne, et General de Sa Majesté
Catholique dans l'Année 1706
M. Dahl. pinx. J. Simon fec. Sold by E. Cooper at ye 3 Pidgeons in Peter-Boroughs

PETERBOROUGH.

as Lord Mordaunt in 1680, was a prominent Whig speaker in the House of Lords, and one of the most pressing of those who desired to see William of Orange succeed his father-in-law. He spent a considerable time at the Hague, and is believed to have influenced the drafting of William's proclamation; undoubtedly his opinion was asked and his advice in many cases taken. With the landing of William at Torbay on November 5, 1688, commences Mordaunt's military career in a responsible position. One of the invader's first acts was to sign a commission authorizing Mordaunt to levy a regiment of horse, and he was given the command of the advance-guard. This command was of the highest importance, as on its conduct depended the success of the expedition. As is well known, the choice of the west of England as a landing-place was unintentional. The grass was hardly green on the graves of the victims of Monmouth's abortive attempt three years previously, and Exeter and Bristol were believed to be strongly held for the King. It was of great importance to avert if possible the spilling of blood, and the wider the area that could be included in the sphere of William's operations, the greater the hope of success.

Mordaunt carried out his task with promptitude and judgment; three days after the landing, Exeter sulkily opened its gates to his summons. On the occupation of the town by the main body he pushed on, gained over the counties of Wilts and Dorset, and the road to London being now open, he pressed northwards, where he made himself very busy inspecting levies and organizing the country. In January 1689 we find him travelling along the Scottish border from east to west, and west to east, no

light task when the state of the roads and doubtful character of the inhabitants is taken into consideration.

William did not show himself ungrateful to his adviser and vanguard leader, he created Mordaunt Earl of Monmouth, a Privy Councillor, First Commissioner of the Treasury, and gave him a regiment of horse.

Mordaunt's life during the next ten or twelve years was eventful enough, but except for a short campaign in Holland, and the organization of the defences of the Channel Islands, his adventures were confined to Parliament. During the King's Irish campaign, he was a member of the advisory council to Queen Mary. In this capacity he was most unsparing in his criticisms of the command of the navy, and his remarks were more than justified by the disastrous result of the battle of Beachy Head.

His application for the command of the navy was, however, refused, and he shortly afterwards fell into disgrace with William, and was deprived of all his honours. No useful purpose would be served by going into the question of his behaviour in the celebrated Fenwick trial, it is enough to say that he was censured by the House, imprisoned in the Tower, and only released at the close of the session. An ordinary man would have been cast down by such misfortunes, but Mordaunt, now Earl of Peterborough, was still satisfied with himself and the world as he found it. He recognized the fact that so long as William lived all public employment was closed to him, but he stands almost alone among his contemporaries in never stooping to intrigue with the exiled royal family. The age was one of rampant political dishonesty and venality. Whole cabinet councils were in correspondence

with the Stuarts, and the holder of a dukedom would condescend for a comparatively trifling sum to assist in the intrigues of a fraudulent financier. Peterborough might be an uncertain friend, and was most certainly a dangerous enemy, but at any rate he pinned his faith on the results of the revolution, and never tried to be safe whichever side won.

The death of William and the accession of Anne caused a change in Peterborough's fortunes. Within a year of the Queen's accession, the dignity of Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire was restored to him, and in 1703 he was appointed Governor-General of Jamaica, and Commander-in-Chief of a joint naval and military expedition organized by the English and Dutch for the purpose of capturing some of the rich Spanish colonies in the West Indies. This expedition came to nothing, as the Dutch failed to provide their quota of troops, and Peterborough very sensibly declined to undertake with 3000 men a task for which 6000 were required.

The political state of Europe at this time soon gave Peterborough a new chance of active employment.

King Charles II. of Spain left no heir to his throne, and those nearest in blood to him were the descendants of his sister Maria Theresa by her marriage with Louis XIV., and after them those of his aunt by Leopold, Emperor of Austria.

There were grave objections to the eldest son of either of these families succeeding to the throne of Spain, as France or Austria combined with Spain, would have formed such a powerful state as to place the whole of Europe at the mercy of its ruler. Neither Louis XIV.

nor Leopold of Austria was, however, inclined to give up the prize, and each designated a younger son as heir, hoping thereby to set at rest the suspicions of the other European powers. Thus France's candidate was the Duc d'Anjou, and Austria's the Archduke Charles. By skilful diplomacy, Louis XIV. succeeded in gaining a complete ascendency over the mind of Charles II., and also in securing, in the interests of the Duc d'Anjou, all the most powerful men in Madrid, so when Charles II. died on November 1, 1700, it was found that he had made a will in which Philip, Duc d'Anjou, was named as heir. The inheritance was eagerly accepted, and within four months the new King entered Madrid where, on the whole, he made a good impression.

Events at this moment were not favourable to a sudden declaration of war by Austria, England, and Holland, who were bound by treaty to oppose a French candidature, and though William had lost no time in setting the machinery in motion that was to check the power of France, yet it was not until after his death that active hostilities could be assumed. The most important theatre of war was in the Low Countries, but William's plans also comprised an attack on Cadiz. A somewhat futile attempt was made in 1702 to carry out this portion of the plan of campaign, the only result being the capture of the treasure fleet off Vigo, after which the expedition returned to England.

The following year witnessed the reception of the Archduke Charles with royal honours by Queen Anne, and the celebrated Methuen Treaty with Portugal, by which that country became connected with England by the closest of

ties, mutual commercial interests. In 1704 10,000 British troops under Lord Galway were sent to assist the Portuguese, who had taken up arms on behalf of the Archduke, but the French, under Marshal Berwick, were everywhere successful, and Lisbon only escaped owing to the inefficiency of one of their divisional commanders. The one bright spot in the campaign, was the capture of Gibraltar, which, important as it has since been to this country, was then chiefly useful in drawing away the attention of the French from our Portuguese allies.

Thus the early years of the war of the Spanish Succession, showed little success for the Austrian cause in Spain, and in 1705, a fresh expedition was organized with Peterborough at its head. In the early part of the eighteenth century, previous military experience in subordinate situations, was not held indispensable for appointment to high command, but even at that time it was rare to select a man with so little military knowledge as that possessed by Peterborough. Beyond his command in the bloodless invasion of 1688, some fighting when a lad in Tangier, and a spectator's *rôle* in the Low Countries in 1691, he was as ignorant of war as any civilian in England, but he was at that moment on friendly terms with Marlborough, and Marlborough nominated him for the post. In truth, what it required was an energetic man with a talent for organization, gifted with tact and patience, in short, one who would endure fools gladly. Peterborough was energetic, he proved himself to be a good organizer, but he had no patience, and took a malignant pleasure in exposing the mental deficiencies of his associates.

The expeditionary force consisted of some 7000 men,

of whom two-thirds were British and one-third Dutch. The majority of the troops were raw levies, and Peterborough certainly showed discernment in exchanging some of them at the earliest possible date for seasoned troops. Thus at Lisbon he exchanged two battalions of foot for two regiments of dragoons who had seen service under Lord Galway, and at Gibraltar he made a further exchange of raw levies for troops that had been through the siege and were therefore seasoned and disciplined.

The expedition reached Lisbon July 1, 1705, and the Archduke Charles was persuaded to join in the new enterprise and exchange Portuguese for Spanish soil.

The next port touched at was Gibraltar, and here the plan of campaign was drafted. The situation in the Peninsula at this time, middle of July, was as follows. The Portuguese under General das Minas, and the British under Lord Galway, were on the Spanish frontier of Portugal —Gibraltar was held by the British, and it was reported that the inhabitants of Catalonia had raised a force of 10,000 well-armed men for the Archduke.

The Hispano-French forces were separated into two bodies, one of 5000 men under Velasco occupying Barcelona, the other under Marshal Berwick opposing Galway and das Minas on the Portuguese frontier. The Archduke Charles was joined at Gibraltar by the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who had been governor of Catalonia, where he was popular, and the result of the consultations held by the various commanders was that Barcelona should be attacked. The instructions given to Peterborough before sailing had been very general. He was enjoined to assist the Duke of Savoy to attack Barcelona and

Cadiz, with a rider to the effect that "the principal design of the expedition was to make a vigorous push in Spain."

The fleet sailed from Gibraltar on August 16, and anchored six days later in Altea Bay. Prompt measures were taken to encourage the country people to declare for Charles and with success; General Basset-y-Ramos, a Valencian, was made Governor of Denia, a small semi-fortified town, and given a garrison of 400 men. The Archduke was greeted with enthusiasm as Charles III., and the prospects of the Allies seemed favourable. A move was now made towards Barcelona, and on August 27 the fleet anchored off that town. The plan of attack settled at Gibraltar was continued in spite of some resistance on the part of Peterborough; the landing at Altea and the favourable reception of Charles III. in the province of Valentia had given him the idea of a more effective stroke. This was nothing less than to march straight from Denia to Madrid, and proclaim Charles III. king in the capital. The scheme was sound in its general conception. The distance was only 150 miles, and, thanks to the sea and the possession of Gibraltar, the Allies had two lines of retreat in case of failure. The hostile garrison of Barcelona was shut in by the armed Catalans, who, if of small value in the open field, were very effective in blocking roads and closing communications. The force under Berwick was in face of a strong allied force which would follow it up if it marched towards Madrid. Success depended on transport and supplies; if both were available in sufficient quantities there is no reason to doubt that the plan was practicable and worth some risk. Peterborough, however,

was unable to persuade the Archduke and his Council, and alone he could do nothing.

When Barcelona was reconnoitred, the difficulties of the undertaking became apparent; the 10,000 well-armed Catalans were non-existent; in their place were only 1500 ill-armed peasants, called Miquelets, and the town appeared to be strongly fortified and defended by a garrison of 5000 men, quite adequate for its defence and the maintenance of order among the inhabitants.

The exact date on which the troops disembarked is uncertain; probably on September 2, as a council of war was held "in the camp before Barcelona" on that date. Peterborough's instructions enjoined him to convene councils of war, and at this period of the campaign they were numerous; minutes of those held on August 16, 22, 25, 26, 28,[1] are in existence. From these, it appears that the professional soldiers were unanimous in objecting to the undertaking, the Dutch General Schratenbach's views on the question being particularly strong, in fact, he declined to hazard the troops of the States-General in the enterprise.

The following extract from the minutes of the first council of war, held on board her Majesty's ship the *Britannia*, off Barcelona, August 27, 1705,[2] gives a fair idea of the difficulties of the siege:—

"That the engineers, whose business it would be to manage this siege, are so sensible of this inconvenience (the boggy nature of the ground over which the approaches must be made), and the insuperable difficulties which would attend the regular approach, that they gave

[1] All old style.

[2] Cf. plan on p. 103.

up all thoughts of proceeding according to the usual methods, and forms of war; and if the town is to be attacked, propose it may be by erecting a battery of cannon at between six or seven hundred paces distant from the curtain in which they propose to make a breach, and when such a breach is made, to have it stormed.

"This project, which alone they think our little number of men can enable us to attempt, they confess will be liable to the following difficulties.

"That the men who are to give the assault must march to it uncovered about seven hundred paces, under the fire of three bastions, and of the covered way, which they confess cannot by such a battery be destroyed, no more than the two flanks through which this assault must be given: that the enemy will probably plant pallisadoes in the ditch, which we shall never come to see with our cannon; so that our men, to carry the town by storm, will be under a necessity of gaining the covered way, cutting down the pallisadoes, and mounting the breach at one time, under the fire already mentioned.

"For the working at this battery, carrying fascines for it, bringing up the cannon and ammunition, so great a number of workmen are necessary as cannot be spared by our little army, though no guard were to be mounted to support this battery."

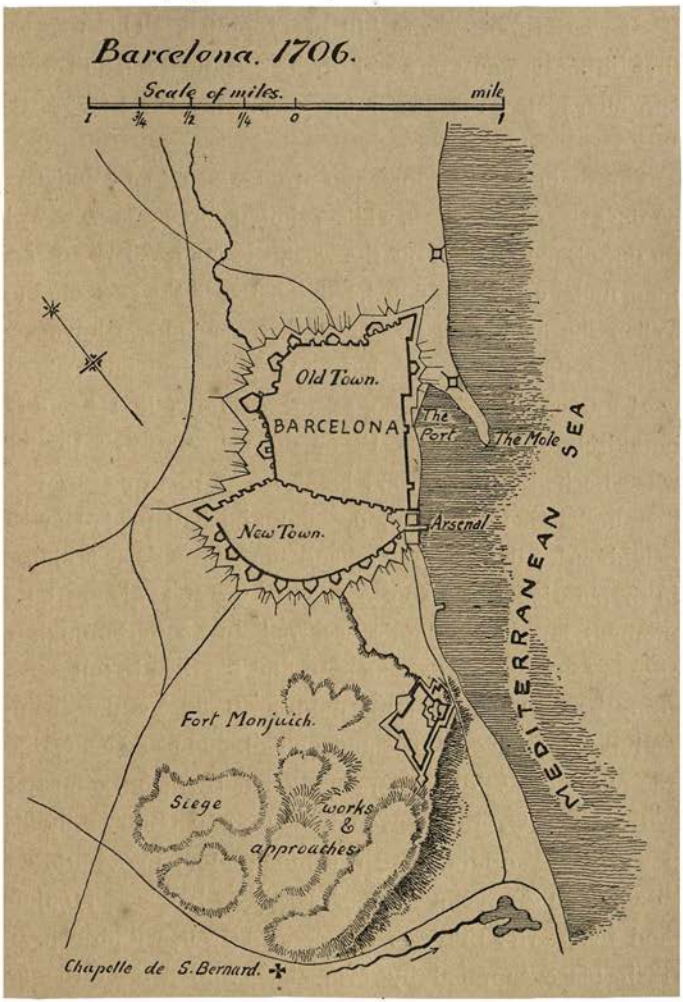
Nothing, however, could shake the determination of the King, advised by the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, to attack Barcelona, and in order to humour his wishes it was decided, with Peterborough's consent, to attempt the siege for eighteen days. Fifty-two guns were landed from the fleet, and assistance by seamen and marines was also

forthcoming. A battery was built and armed, and the siege dragged on in a languid manner for the period agreed upon. It may seem strange that the garrison, being almost equal in numbers to the besiegers, should have made no attempt to raise the siege by a sally in force, but the Miquelets, contemptible in the field, were useful as blockaders, and the Bourbon troops within the works were probably ill-informed as to events outside; however, on September 24, to the great indignation of the King and his advisers, it was decided to abandon the attack, and the heavy guns were sent on board the ships again.

On the same afternoon a force of 1400 men was paraded for the purpose of moving on Tarragona, and indeed were marched off in that direction about 6 p.m.

On reference to the map of Barcelona, it will be noticed that, in addition to the regular *enceinte* on the Vauban system, the town was provided on the south-west with an advanced work. This work crowned the hill of Monjuich, some 700 feet high, and a little over a mile distant from the walls of the town. The natural strength of this position was great, and it had been supplemented by art so that it might reasonably be considered as impregnable to the armies of that day. If it was to be taken it must be by artifice, and such was Peterborough's object when he initiated the march on Tarragona. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt must have been astonished when the English Earl called at his quarters after dark on the 13th, and informed him that "he had at last resolved upon an attempt against the enemy, and that now, if he pleased, he might judge of their behaviour, and judge whether his

officers and soldiers had deserved that character which he had so liberally given them;" on this the Prince called



for his horse, and the two generals caught up the column at 10 o'clock some ten miles on their road. The direction

of the march was now changed, and two hours before dawn the little column of 1200 foot and 200 horse found itself at the foot of the hill of Monjuich. This was the first intimation any one had of their destination, and while the men rested the officers were allotted their respective tasks.

The main attack, some 300 strong, was to be delivered against the east bastion, while a similar force was to assault an unfinished bastion on the west, the main reserve of 500 men, under a Dutch colonel, being between the two columns. When the assailants approached, the defenders advanced to meet them, and attackers and defenders entered the works together. As soon as the columns had been re-organized, Peterborough threw up a breastwork to hold what he had already won; he also sent to bring up 1000 men under General Stanhope, whom he had posted in the neighbourhood as a reserve, and generally busied himself in preparations for a continuance of the struggle. At this moment, however, a panic occurred, and Peterborough returned from a reconnaissance to find his men in full retreat from the works, 200 of his men captured by the enemy, and the Prince of Darmstadt killed. He at once rallied the retreating soldiers, personally led them back into the entrenchments, and recovered the ground temporarily lost. Part of the original plan contemplated, in addition to Stanhope's reserve, a post of 200 men between Monjuich and the town; these men were, however, withdrawn and their place supplied by Miquelets, who fled at the first shot; so that the enemy was able to send a small reinforcement into the threatened fort. The loss of the 200 men taken prisoners during the panic was a blessing in disguise,

for they were sent to Barcelona, and cross-questioned, when on the road, by the commander of reinforcements to the number of 3000; he, hearing that Lord Peterborough and the Prince were both with the attack, concluded that the whole allied army must be before him, and ordered a retreat, the Miquelets closed on his rear, captured five guns, and effectually severed communications between Monjuich and the town.

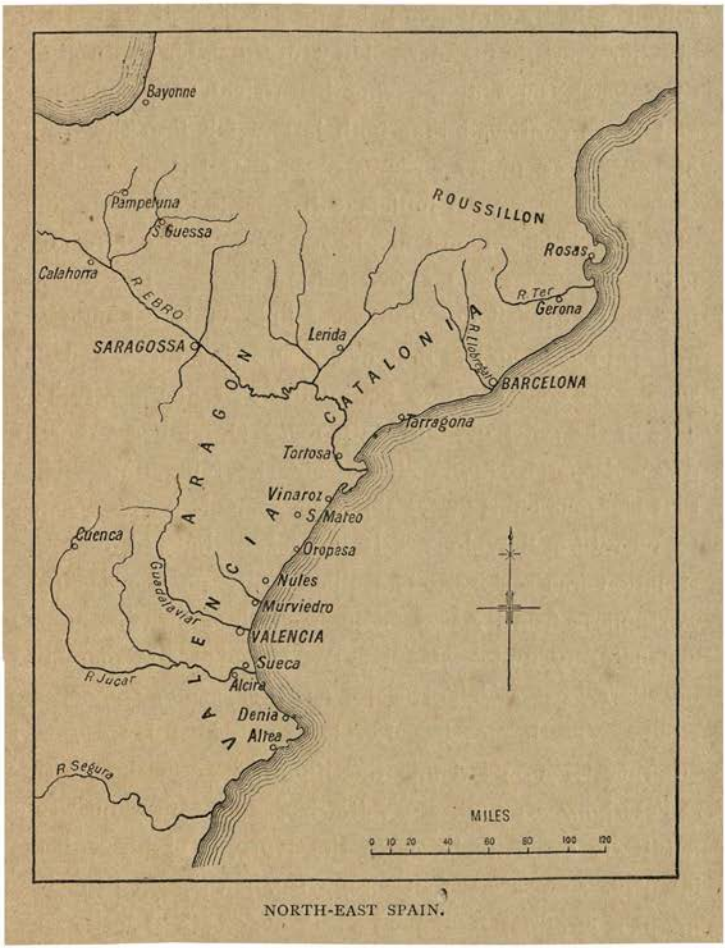
The success gained so far was not thrown away by subsequent apathy, the fleet co-operated heartily with the army, and guns were brought up to Monjuich for the purpose of breaching the citadel, which still held out, and on the fourth day, September 28, a well-directed mortar-shell blew up the magazine, and with it the commandant and the greater part of one of the bastions; the fort was then rushed, and the garrison made prisoners of war. The approaches were now pushed on against the west side of the town, batteries were mounted, on October 14 a practicable breach was made, and, on October 20, a capitulation was signed, by which the Governor agreed that if no relief came in four days, he would surrender the town, retaining his men, arms, and certain munitions of war, which were to be transported to Rosas. The conditions of this capitulation could not be carried out, as the inhabitants declared against the Governor, and on October 21, Peterborough was obliged to occupy the town in order to prevent a massacre of the supporters of the French King. The capture of Barcelona justified the expedition to Catalonia. No sooner was the city taken than the Allies enlisted some 3000 of Velasco's troops, and formed them into three battalions, while the number of Miquelets,

was greatly increased. The King also set about gaining the affections of his new people, especially by great devotion to the rites of the Catholic Church.

Unfortunately, however, he was not happy in his choice of advisers; he was surrounded by Germans, and there is a consensus of opinion that they were of moderate capacity, and doubtful probity. No efforts were made to clothe, arm, and feed the numerous deserters from the French side, and in a few months the addition to the forces gained from this source had disappeared, and either rejoined their former colours or dispersed over the country.

Meanwhile, the fall of Barcelona had much encouraged the Catalans and their neighbours in Valencia. General Basset-y-Ramos, who had been left in Denia, raised the whole country against the French, and by December marched against Valencia, which he occupied without opposition. In Catalonia, Lerida, Tortosa, San Matteo and other strongholds either declared for Charles, or opened their gates without resistance. The last-named town was of considerable importance, as it commanded the main pass on the line of communication between the towns of Valencia and Barcelona; it was held by a small detachment of dragoons under Colonel Jones, detached from the garrison of Tortosa. Peterborough had, ever since the fall of Barcelona, been anxious to push on and hold Valencia, and when the news of the advance of a Hispano-French force under General las Torres, so much alarmed Charles that he authorized an advance across the Ebro, Peterborough made the most of this permission. Charles's authorization was dated December 10, 1705, and was written under the impression that the force with las

Torres was insignificant in numbers, and closely beset by the country people. Peterborough reached Tortosa on December 27, and found the 1000 men of the enemy to



NORTH-EAST SPAIN.

be in reality 6000, that this force was strong in cavalry and well equipped, and that the inhabitants were apathetic. On the allied side there were only 1100 British infantry, and

200 badly-mounted cavalry; moreover, the San Matteo garrison was weak and unable to make a protracted defence. The problem before Peterborough was one that could be solved only by stratagem, and he set himself to work in his characteristic manner. He wrote a letter in duplicate to Colonel Jones, announcing his arrival with 6000 men, and he so contrived that both letters fell into the hands of las Torres, under circumstances that left no doubt of their genuineness. A judicious distribution of troops completed the illusion, and nearly 7000 men fled before 1500, leaving baggage and stores behind them. The pursuit had to be carried out with great judgment, just sufficient ardour to keep up the pretence of superior forces, and not such close contact as to betray the real weakness. The date of the relief of San Matteo was December 30; next day a despatch was received from the King, announcing that vigorous efforts were about to be made by the French to recapture Barcelona. It must be admitted that the situation was serious. The allied army on the Spanish-Portuguese frontier had fallen back, thus releasing an excellent army under Marshal Tessé, which was marching on Barcelona *viâ* Tortosa. Another army, some 4000 strong, was threatening Lerida, and a third force was entering Catalonia from Roussillon.

Peterborough took the following steps: first he wrote a bitterly sarcastic letter to the King, next he sent his infantry, somewhat foot-sore, to Vinaroz, whence they might if required be moved on Barcelona, and lastly continued with such cavalry as he had, some 150 in number, to pursue las Torres into Valencia. He was too late to prevent the capture of a small town named Villa Real, the

inhabitants of which were treated with great brutality, but he dispersed the rear-guard of the enemy, and with his worn-out escort took Nules, and obtained there 200 horses. This frightened poor las Torres so thoroughly that further pursuit was unnecessary to ensure his rapid retirement. The great need in a campaign of this nature was mounted men, and as the country possessed a good supply of horses, Peterborough remounted all his English and Spanish dragoons, and turned Lord Barrymore's regiment of foot into cavalry. This regiment, some 400 strong, had been sent to Vinaroz with the other troops after the relief of San Matteo; it was now ordered to Oropesa, and the officers provided with cavalry commissions, and the whole 400 mounted on horses procured from the neighbourhood.

He now made Castillon his head-quarters, and by February had some 3000 men under his orders, of which about one-third were cavalry. Las Torres had been relieved of command, and the Duke of los Arcos was sent in his place at the head of 10,000 men to recover Valencia. Peterborough's first objective was the town of Murviedo, which was held by a cavalry force under the command of an Irishman of good family named Mahoney, while the main body under los Arcos were further south, in the direction of Valencia. Mahoney was persuaded not to deliver Murviedo over to the horrors of an attack, and agreed to retire from it and rejoin his command. The whole transaction was a most mysterious one, and has not been made easier to unravel by the explanations of those writers who are supposed to have been in Peterborough's confidence. This much, however, is certain, that Mahoney's arrangement was considered suspicious, both

by his superiors and subordinates; that this suspicion of treachery caused the retreat to degenerate into a rout, and that the Irishman was sent to Madrid to answer for his conduct. Mahoney cleared himself, but the Allies entered the town of Valencia without a blow being struck, and los Arcos was in turn disgraced. How far Peterborough was implicated in a dishonourable attempt to ruin a gallant soldier, whose only possession was his honour, is doubtful; he certainly did not deny it himself, but, on the other hand, his whimsical character was by no means averse from receiving credit for discreditable actions that he had not performed. Though Valencia was thus occupied without resistance, the campaign in this part of the theatre of war was by no means finished, as los Arcos' 7000 men, now again under las Torres, were in close proximity to the town; a battering train from Alicante was expected, besides 4000 more men from Castile. An allied detachment captured the battering train, another eluded las Torres' force, surprised the Castilians, and brought 600 prisoners into Valencia. An endeavour to cut off the supplies of the town by seizing the passages over the Xucar was anticipated, and when the enemy arrived at the river the important points were already held. The only expedition that was a failure was one in which Spanish levies were included, these fell into a panic and gravely compromised the safety of the commander and his whole force.

The French, however, had not been idle, and as the fall of Barcelona had first enabled Charles to get a footing in Spain, so the recovery of that town was considered of most importance in the interest of the Bourbon king. Accord-

ingly, an army of 20,000 men under Marshal Tessé advanced from Saragossa against the capital of Catalonia, while a smaller force from Roussillon, under the Duke de Noailles, prepared to join them under its walls; these forces arrived before Barcelona early in April, and at the same time a fleet under the Count of Toulouse anchored off the port. Thus the city was invested by sea and land.

While these French movements were impending, Peterborough devised a plan, daring indeed, but possessing the elements of success. This was submitted to Charles in a letter dated March 13, 1796, in which it was proposed that his Majesty should embark in a small fleet prepared for the purpose, land in Portugal, place himself at the head of the 25,000 troops on the frontier of that kingdom and move straight on Madrid, there being no more than 5000 men in arms on that side of Spain. The Earl undertook on his part to maintain himself in Catalonia and Valencia, and perhaps open a way to Madrid. Charles, however, who had refused the chance of marching on Madrid the previous year, preferred to remain on the east coast, and trusted for safety in the intercession of the Saints. Peterborough, finding his advice was not to be taken, and that the investment of Barcelona was imminent, hurried north with his whole force, now under 3000 strong. He was able to throw 200 British troops into Monjuich, and proceeded to carry on a guerilla warfare against the French. In this he was ably assisted by the Catalans, and besides causing diversions by his constant attacks, he passed small reinforcements, both of men and material, through the investing lines. The city was but ill-prepared to stand a siege, the King and

his German advisers had not even repaired the breach made in the previous October, and nothing but the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, and the prospect of relief by the British fleet, made any defence possible. This fleet carried reinforcements, and what was required quite as much, stores and money, but though it sailed from England early in March, it did not, in spite of most urgent appeals from the Allies, leave Gibraltar till April 2. More appeals were received at Altea on the 7th, but it was not until April 27, that it arrived at Barcelona. Meanwhile the siege had been vigorously pushed; Monjuich, bravely defended by a detachment of guards, was only carried after an obstinate defence, in which the Commander, Lord Donegal, lost his life; but by the beginning of May the breaches of the *enceinte* were practicable, and an assault could hardly have failed. Fortune here favoured the Allies, as Tessé put off the attack, until the arrival of the British fleet relieved the place on the side of the sea, and added considerably to the number of the defenders. The Count of Toulouse received news of the approach of Sir John Leake in time to escape an engagement. This was a bitter blow to Peterborough, who was most anxious to keep a portion of the fleet in reserve, and so tempt the Count into an engagement. The means taken to bring off this coup were original, and form one of the best-known incidents of our hero's career. His commission gave him supreme command of the fleet when on board, so to carry out his plan he cruised for two successive nights in a felucca, hoping to intercept a ship. The second attempt was successful, and when day broke on the 8th, Peterborough's flag flew from the *Leopard*, and the fleet was

under his orders, but it was too late to ruin the French fleet. The reinforcements thrown into the town left the balance of power still considerably on the side of Marshal de Tessé, but the utmost use had been made of the 2000 regulars brought from Valencia, together with the Miquelets under Cifuentes, and the French commander found himself entirely cut off from Madrid and Saragossa, as the passes were all closed, and indeed his only base was France. The later conduct of the siege had been cautious, and now a retreat appeared the only prudent course; so that May 1 found the besiegers in full retreat, and with them the young King. The heavy baggage was left behind, as also the sick and wounded. The latter were especially confided by the French marshal to the care of the Earl of Peterborough.

The situation was now most favourable for the Allies, a moderate force could bar the passes of the Pyrenees, while the presence and co-operation of the fleet rendered easy a transfer of the forces to Valencia.

On May 18 a council of war assembled at Barcelona, and decided unanimously "that, considering the present circumstances of affairs, it would be best to carry on the operations in the Kingdom of Valencia, where we should not only enjoy the advantage of the assistance of the fleet, which would save great expenses, and troubles, which the army would be liable to in a march to Arragon; there being no other body in Spain that could embarrass the speedy conquest of that Kingdom, but that small one of the Count de las Torres; routing this, the Kingdom of Valencia would be free. Murcia would submit, and the most convenient way would be open to proceed with the

army towards the capital of Madrid, besides the advantages gotten by inclining towards the Portuguese army being able to resist any force the French can make, in order to hinder the entire conquest of the Continent of Spain."

In pursuance of this plan Peterborough sailed for Valencia and arrived there early in June. His first care was to utilize the resources of the country, more especially as regards horses; he again raised a dragoon regiment from the infantry, and in three weeks' time had accumulated train and supplies sufficient to equip a movable column under General Windham. This column was sent against Requena and Cuenca, two towns on the road to Madrid. While the country was being cleared in this direction Madrid itself was occupied by the Portuguese and English under das Minas and Galway. Berwick, whose force had been reduced to 5000 men, could not oppose the advance of an army out-numbering him, as it did, in the proportion of four to one, but the slowness of the advance had enabled all official records and the machinery of government to be removed. Still, the prospects of the Austrian Archduke were certainly in a flourishing condition at the end of June 1706; as, in addition to the seizure of the capital, Saragossa and the whole of Arragon declared for him, and Carthagena was taken by the English fleet.

The date of the entry of the English and Portuguese into Madrid was June 26; on July 6, a courier passed through Valencia with letters from das Minas and Galway for King Charles. As two couriers had previously passed without any intelligence for Lord Peterborough, a certificate was obtained from this messenger to the effect that he had left Madrid on June 29, and had no letters for

the Earl of Peterborough from either das Minas or Galway. This was the commencement of a series of misunderstandings. Peterborough wrote on June 30, July 1, 5, 6, and 10 to King Charles, urging upon him the necessity of entering Valencia and pushing on to Madrid. In reply to four of these letters Charles wrote as follows:—". . . . You tell me the dispositions you have made to accompany my person, and moreover offer me to come in person to concert the rest, which might contribute to our good success; for all of which I am very much obliged to you, but, being upon the road to Arragon, and engaged to pursue my march that way, I consider that the journey you must make to Saragossa to meet me would be too long and difficult; and since the fleet is expected each moment, I conceive your presence very necessary where you are, to direct that important affair of the Duke of Savoy, upon which I have so fully expressed myself in some of my former letters."

The causes that led to the alterations in Charles's plans are somewhat obscure, but Cifuentes, the Guerilla leader, seems to have taken a leading part in the negotiations at Saragossa, and there is no doubt Charles hoped to obtain there a subsidy which would render him independent of Peterborough. So pleased was he with his prospects in Arragon, that he allowed a most injudicious letter to be written to "the peasants of Saragossa," in which it was stated "that his Majesty the more readily decided on travelling by the way of Arragon, being satisfied that the services offered were free and voluntary, not like those of the *Catalans* and *Valencians*, out of any fear or compulsion." This change of plans came as a great blow to the English

commander in Valencia, who was fully alive to the whole danger of the plan, and concealed but badly the indifference he felt regarding the future conduct of the campaign. The allusion in Charles's letter to the important affair of the Duke of Savoy requires some explanation. The Duke of Savoy was opposing the French in Northern Italy, and it had always been an open question whether our fleet and the troops under Peterborough in Catalonia would not have been better employed in assisting him to enter France from the South-East than in supporting the Austrians in North-Western Spain. This project had always been before Peterborough's mind, and during his stay in Spain he corresponded regularly with the Duke. The relief of Barcelona, and subsequent retreat of the French from Spain, caused the British Government and Peterborough himself to consider that the situation in that country was sufficiently favourable to permit of a reduction in the forces engaged there.

The Duke of Savoy personally asked for Peterborough's services, and the moment was opportune, as the French were pressing him hard in Turin. Events, however, in Spain marched so rapidly and so unfavourably, that for the moment even Charles, little as he cared for Peterborough's company, was not willing to lose his assistance.

The circumstances under which the Allies occupied Madrid were unfortunate, as the force was largely composed of Portuguese, who were most unpopular in Spain. The result was that the whole of Southern Spain rose, men and money were at once forthcoming, Berwick found himself at the head of 25,000 men, and on August 4, in place of a triumphal entry by King Charles into Madrid, the town

was occupied by Berwick's cavalry. The condition of the country was such that das Minas and Galway found their retreat on Portugal cut off, and resolved to advance towards Valencia and effect a junction with Peterborough. Charles's journey through Arragon was gravely affected by these events, and he was obliged to ask for help from Valencia. Peterborough, acting with great energy and promptitude, marched with 400 dragoons to meet him, and on August 6 the King and his *entourage* arrived at the head-quarters of the allied British and Portuguese forces at Guadalajara. The garrisons in Valencia and on the borders of Castile were maintained by Peterborough, who has been blamed for not bringing substantial reinforcements with him to Guadalajara, but considering the ease with which Berwick had already turned Galway and das Minas out of Madrid, and cut them off from their base in Portugal, ordinary prudence surely counselled holding the country between Castile and the sea. Whether this might have been done with fewer troops is a question that, at this distance of time, is not easy to answer.

There was certainly no great inducement for Peterborough to weaken his hold on a country where he was well known and popular, in order to strengthen the heterogeneous collection of troops at Guadalajara, especially as there was no prospect of the question of command being settled satisfactorily. The situation was extraordinary; das Minas had command of his own Portuguese troops, and had been allowed by Lord Galway to command the united army both in Portugal and after it had crossed the frontier. Lord Galway had a British commission drawn up in wide terms, and sufficient to justify him in taking command of

any operations carried out in Spain. The Dutch Field-Marshal, de Noyelles, had command of his Dutch troops, and also, by Charles's orders, of the Spanish troops. Lastly, Peterborough was commander-in-chief by land and sea of the Catalonian expedition. Two days after Charles's arrival at the allied head-quarters, Peterborough proposed that de Noyelles should keep his Dutch troops and Galway take all the English troops, das Minas retain his Portuguese army, and that he should command the Spanish troops. Thus Charles would have under his orders four bodies of troops, each commanded by a general of equal rank, and receiving orders from the King alone.

This scheme was not accepted, and the project of an Italian expedition was brought forward next day in a council of war, of which the members, das Minas, Galway, de Noyelles, Stanhope, the Portuguese Ambassador, and Charles's confidant, Lichtenstein, unanimously agreed that Queen Anne's wishes regarding the expedition to the Duke of Savoy should be obeyed. On August 10 Charles authorized the raising of £100,000 in Genoa.

Peterborough left head-quarters with an escort of eighty of the Royal Dragoons, which was certainly none too strong, as the country was now in a very dangerous state; indeed, a party of convalescents had been murdered on the road to Valencia, and Peterborough's own baggage under escort had been plundered as it was proceeding to meet him. He was fortunate, however, in recovering his papers, as Marshal Berwick returned them to him unopened.

Nearly a month elapsed before Peterborough embarked for Italy, which he did on September 4, having missed a chance of taking the Balearic Isles. This enterprise had

been suggested by Charles, after the relief of Barcelona, but events in Spain had prevented it; orders had been sent from home to Admiral Leake directing him to despatch nine vessels to the West Indies, and Peterborough, considering that the force available, after they had been detached, was too small to encourage any hopes of success, declined the command, which was undertaken by Leake, and brought to a happy conclusion. Meanwhile Peterborough, on his way to Catalonia to collect troops for Turin, heard that the Duke of Savoy had gained a complete victory over the French, and that there was no need for him to bring any reinforcements. He accordingly reached Genoa alone, raised the £100,000 he had been commissioned to obtain, and had an interview with the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene at Pavia. There he discussed a plan of campaign against the French, according to which the South-East of France was to be invaded from Spain and Italy, with the support of a covering English fleet. The authorship of this plan was claimed by Peterborough, who admitted that Prince Eugene had assisted in framing it, but others ascribe it to Marlborough, who certainly approved of it. Be this as it may, Prince Eugene at this time formed a favourable opinion of Peterborough's military judgment.

Peterborough returned to the court at Valencia on January 10, 1707, and was received with the welcome due to one who brought with him 100,000 badly-needed pistoles; and it is some justification for his quarrel with his colleagues and the advisers of the King, that they squabbled just as much among themselves when he was away. His active military career was now at an end, his commissions

had been revoked, and he was ordered to return home and account for the sums of money that he had received. He, however, continued to take part in the councils of war, and Lord Galway was most anxious to resign the command in his favour, but ministers at home were much out of conceit with him, and the visit to the Duke and Prince Eugene at Pavia, together with the bills of £100,000 on the British Treasury, were two actions which they could not forgive, and he was again summoned to return.

Although not in a position of any responsibility, yet his advice at the council held on January 15 was so sound, and was so soon justified by events, that it is worth noting. It was to avoid general engagements, and to act as far as possible on the defensive in Arragon and Valencia, trusting to fresh errors on the part of the French which would alienate the sympathies of the Castilians, and to the effect of diversions from the Italians on the provinces of Roussillon and Provence. This was vehemently opposed by General Stanhope, and Peterborough finally left Spain on March 14,[1] and proceeded to travel leisurely home to meet such attacks as might be made on his conduct.

The route chosen was somewhat circuitous. He first proceeded to visit the Duke of Genoa in Italy, and again endeavoured to interest him in a combined attack on Toulon, but as it was known that he was without credentials from home, and indeed under a cloud, the Duke paid but little attention to his plans. The next visit was to Vienna, where he appears to have made a very favourable impression on the Emperor; at Leipsic he saw his brilliant namesake, Charles of Sweden, and

[1] Probably new style.

overcoming all difficulties thrown in his way, played with him one of his favourite *rôles*, that of an amateur envoy. Moving now westward towards England, he spent ten days in camp with Marlborough, gave that General a very full account of his grievances, and endeavoured to enlist his sympathies. The relations between these two men had been subject to many vicissitudes, sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly, they were for the future to be entirely antagonistic; but at this moment Marlborough appears to have treated Peterborough with courtesy, while writing home to complain bitterly of his loquacity and the length of his stay. At last Peterborough landed in England on August 20, 1707. His leisurely journey home was politic, as it gave time for the public to judge of his conduct of the operations and the quality of his advice. It will be remembered that his last act in Spain had been to record his opinion in favour of acting on the defensive, and against taking the offensive in Castile. Events amply justified his judgment, as on April 14, the decisive battle of Almanza was fought, in which the English General, Berwick, commanding the French, routed the English under the French Huguenot, Lord Galway, capturing all their cannon and 120 standards. The first intimation of the points on which Peterborough was desired to explain his conduct, was when he asked for an audience of the Queen. The audience was refused until he gave an explanation of the three following points: "First, why he did not in the preceding campaign march to Madrid with the army under his command; secondly, why he did not fulfil his instructions, in advancing to the King of Spain the supplies entrusted to his disposition;

and thirdly, why he retired to Italy without arms and borrowed large sums of money on disadvantageous terms?" As it seemed as though no formal inquiry into his conduct would be made for some time, Peterborough handed over his papers, which had been carefully kept, to his physician, Dr. Freind, a man of high character, who published in 1707 "An account of the Earl of Peterborough's conduct in Spain, etc." The official papers published in this work are valuable, as Dr. Freind swore before the House of Lords that the extracts from official documents therein quoted were true. The inquiry into the conduct of the war in Spain was not seriously taken up until January 1711, or four years after Peterborough had ceased to hold any command in that country, and when it commenced, the issue was purely political.

Marlborough and the Whigs having sided with Galway, Harley and the Tories supported Peterborough, and at this date the Tories were in power, and the Duke of Marlborough was not only in disgrace with the Queen, but also with the British public. The result was that the conduct of the war by the late ministers was condemned, and that a resolution was carried by sixty-eight to forty-eight votes, to the effect "that the Earl of Peterborough performed many great and eminent services, and had his opinion in the Council of War at Valencia been followed, it might very probably have prevented the subsequent misfortunes." A vote of thanks to Peterborough was carried unanimously. These votes were purely political, and were prompted quite as much by dislike of Marlborough as by approval of Peterborough.

The remainder of Peterborough's long life was un-

eventful; he remained in favour during Anne's reign, and was entrusted with diplomatic missions to foreign courts, but with very restricted powers. On Anne's death he fell into disgrace, and though always before the public, held no further office of state. The place and manner of his death were characteristic of the man. At seventy-seven years of age he was operated on for stone, and shortly afterwards undertook, before the wound was healed, a journey to Lisbon, where he died on October 25, 1735.

Of late years some trouble has been taken to prove that all Peterborough's military success was due to the designs of others. But Peterborough's contemporaries generally accepted him as the hero of the taking of Barcelona, of its relief, and of the occupation of Valencia. In every action mentioned in these pages he, and he alone, was responsible, and upon him failure would have been visited, if failure there had been; it is therefore only just to grant him the credit of victory.

The troops under his command were never numerous enough to enable one to judge how far Peterborough was able to handle masses in the field, but quite enough is known to prove that he had great intuition, and a perfect knowledge of the working of his opponent's mind.

The taking of Monjuich was a model of calculated rashness, the dismantling of the siege battery, and the orders for withdrawal were admirably devised to lull the suspicions of troops holding a strong post, and the disposition of the troops was excellent, especially of the reserve under Stanhope, who was entirely ignorant of the purpose for which it was destined. The campaign in Valencia, against las

Torres and los Arcos, showed extraordinary knowledge of the country, and of the enemy. Although maps were probably rare, and those faulty, yet Peterborough's little flying columns invariably found their way to the right point, and at the right time. His "Intelligence" was wonderful. It is said that he depended for it greatly on priests and ladies, but information thus acquired requires very careful sifting, and no man knew this better than he. It is much more probable that "The few *English* Dragoons well chosen, and some sober subalterns well instructed, together with the people of the country," were the agents on which he relied. His method of dealing with his spies was based on thoroughly sound principles. He paid them well, but never employed any one without getting the whole family into his possession as hostages for good faith. His conduct during the siege of Barcelona by the French was blamed by many, but he contributed far more to the relief of the town by intercepting de Tessé's communications, than if he had increased the garrison by his force of 2000 men. Where he appears to have failed was in the operations after Tessé's withdrawal, and when the British and Portuguese entered Madrid. His delay in Valencia was injudicious, and can only be accounted for by the strained relations between himself and Charles, and the anomalous position he and his command would have occupied in the allied camp. It was in such situations as this that the weakness of his character appeared. Had Marlborough been in his place, Charles would have carried out his least wish, and at the same time imagined that he and his German advisers were the initiators. Marlborough again would have had no difficulty in reconciling the conflict-

ing interests of the various generals. But it should be noted, that the difficulty of Peterborough's task was immensely increased by the inadequate resources placed at his disposal. The main cause of dispute between the Austrian court and the English General was the disposal of the money sent from England. Had Peterborough been able to keep the court well supplied with funds, he would have been far more acceptable, and his advice more readily received. But as matters stood, Peterborough was obliged to take the lion's share of the remittances for the payment of his men, and the doles he gave to Lichtenstein and his colleagues were a constant cause of complaint. Indeed, relations between the Austrians and himself were so strained as to leave ministers at home no option but to recall him.

A British general operating on the Continent must, from the nature of the case, have to deal with allies, and this fact necessitates great patience and diplomatic skill, together with perfect command of temper.

It was in this respect that Peterborough failed. He was quick in the field, and his two plans for entering Madrid were bold and yet sound. Rashness, indeed, was not one of his faults; he declined the first command he was offered because he considered 3000 men too few for an expedition against the West Indies. He refused, again, to proceed against the Balearic Isles, when the fleet had been reduced. Anxious as he was in 1705 and 1706 to push on to Madrid, he was equally strenuous in his resistance to the scheme of doing so in 1707. He was by no means wanting in administrative power; his rule was welcome both in Valencia and Catalonia, and his employment of mounted infantry—

dragoons as they were then called—showed a ready appreciation of the necessities of the situation, and prompt utilization of the resources of the country.

Finally, for eighteen months he waged a successful war in the Peninsula, and after he left it defeat after defeat was the portion of his successors.

WOLFE.

WOLFE

1727—1759

JAMES WOLFE was born on January 2, 1727, at the Vicarage of Westerham, a quiet little country town of Kent near the border of Surrey.

In the previous year his father, Colonel Wolfe, who had served under Marlborough, had settled at Westerham. He was then about forty years of age, and had just married the beautiful Miss Thompson, of Marsden, in Yorkshire. She was a very charming person, and a very high-principled one, and to her careful training both her sons owed much of that noble character which they bore in after life. It was only for a short time that they lived at the Vicarage, for they soon changed to another house within a stone's throw, remarkable for its quaint gables, in sight of the church in which the boy was baptized. Here they lived for twelve years, and here James Wolfe grew from infancy to boyhood. On the other side of the village is Squerries Court, which belonged to the Warde family, with whom Mrs. Wolfe was very intimate.

At Westerham young Wolfe and his brother went regularly to a school kept by a Mr. Lawrence. In the year 1738, Colonel Wolfe gave up the house at Westerham and removed to Greenwich, and there his two sons attended the school of the Rev. J. T. Swinden, an excellent teacher,

who secured the life-long affection of both his pupils. There was at this school at the same time John Jervis, the future Lord St. Vincent.

In October 1739, war was declared by England against Spain. During the progress of the contest, Portobello was captured by Admiral Vernon, and the news was received in Great Britain with a burst of exultation. Wolfe's father had been appointed Colonel of a new regiment of marines, one of six which had just been raised, and which was quartered in a large camp recently formed at Blackheath. Ten thousand troops were at this time gathered in the Isle of Wight for an expedition against Cartagena, on the Spanish main, and Colonel Wolfe was appointed Adjutant-General to this force. This appointment of his father stirred up the martial spirit of young Wolfe to such a point, that he importuned him earnestly to take him with him on the expedition, and at last, in spite of his anxious mother's protest, he succeeded, and joined his father as a volunteer at the camp of Newport in the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Wolfe upbraided the young fellow with want of love for her in leaving her in this way, but he replied to her letter from the camp in the Isle of Wight—"I am very sorry, dear mamma, that you doubt my love, which I am sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother. I will certainly write to you by every ship I meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, I would do it out of love, with pleasure. But pray, dear mamma, if you love me, do not give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day I shall ever see." But

the brave boy was taken so ill in camp that he had to be sent home to his mother—and to school!

For two years he remained there, and during this period much of his time was spent in visits to his friends at Squerries Court. It was during the Christmas holidays of 1741–42 that his ardent wishes were gratified, and that he received, as he was playing in the garden there, with two of his companions (John and George Warde), his commission as a second lieutenant in his father's regiment of marines. But it would appear that he never actually joined that corps, and in the course of a few months he became an ensign in the 12th (now the Suffolk Regiment), and carried the regimental colour in a march-past before George II., on Blackheath, of the British force destined for active service against France.

At this time Wolfe was about fifteen years of age, and therefore not yet full grown. His shoulders were narrow, his limbs long and awkward. He was tall for his age (he ultimately grew to over six feet), his forehead and chin were receding, his nose pointed and slightly turned up, and he had then very decidedly red hair.

From Blackheath his regiment marched straight to Deptford, where after a week's detention it embarked with the rest of the force destined for active service on the Continent. But his hope of seeing immediate field service was not gratified. War was carried on in a very leisurely fashion in those days. His corps landed at Ostend, and proceeded at once to Bruges, from whence it moved to Ghent, the point upon which the English regiments were to concentrate. Ghent was at that time a dull town, and its lower classes were not well disposed towards their English

visitors; but with the upper classes this was far from being the case, and they were, to use Wolfe's own words, "immensely civil" to him, in spite of his then limited knowledge of French, the language of society. Here he was joined by his younger brother Edward, who had just obtained a commission through the influence of his father, who had now become Inspector-General of Marines.

In February 1743, young Wolfe's regiment quitted Ghent to march into Germany, and underwent considerable hardships on the road. Hardy as James Wolfe was, even he was terribly worn out during the march, and more for his brother's health than his own, he purchased a horse, on which they used to ride alternately. By the end of June they were in camp at Aschaffenburg, and close to the enemy. They had suffered much on the last forty miles of the march, and from the wasted state of the country had great difficulty in obtaining food, indeed, had to live on bread and water only. The two armies were now face to face with one another, and separated only by the river Main.

At this time King George II. joined the army, and assumed the command, this being the last occasion that an English sovereign appeared in the field. The King was accompanied by his son, the Duke of Cumberland, and his Minister, Lord Carteret.

The position was critical. The French had thrown 30,000 men across the river, and this force was placed with one flank resting on the river, the other on a wood. They had a strong position here, holding the village of Dettingen, which intervened between the wood and the river, and were drawn up in five lines, two of foot and

three of horse. But instead of awaiting the attack of the British force, Grammont, who commanded the French, advanced from his position to meet his opponents.

The French horse were in front, and charged the English infantry, pistol in hand. Firing their pistols they drew their swords, and went straight in on the infantry, but half their number went down before the cool and deadly fire of the English. Twice this was repeated, with the same result. "The third and last attack," writes Wolfe, "was made by the foot on both sides. We advanced towards one another, our men in high spirits, and very impatient for fighting, being elated with beating the French horse. The major and I, for we had neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel, before they came near were employed in begging and ordering the men not to fire at too great a distance, but to keep it till the enemy should come near us; but to little purpose. The whole fired when they thought they could reach them, which had like to have ruined us. We did very little execution with it. So soon as the French saw we presented they all fell down, and when we had fired they got up and marched to us in tolerable good order, and gave us a brisk fire which put us into some disorder, and made us give way a little, particularly ours and two or three more regiments who were in the hottest of it. However we soon rallied again, and attacked them with great fury, which gained us a complete victory, and forced the enemy to retire in great haste."

This is an excellent account to have been written by young Wolfe. At this time he was acting adjutant to his regiment, but for his conduct in the fight was made

the permanent adjutant, and promoted to a lieutenancy, and he was only then a lad of sixteen!

Next morning, the victorious army advanced to Hanau, where it was joined by reinforcements, and the French immediately after evacuated Germany. The English army crossed the Rhine a little below Mayence on a bridge of boats, and moved to Worms, where it lay until the autumn, when it dispersed into winter quarters. The 5th Division, in which Wolfe's regiment was, went to Ostend, which it reached at the end of November, and where it spent a dreary winter looking out upon the cold grey sea.

Wolfe, as adjutant, could obtain no leave, but his brother was able to join the home circle for a time. Campaigning had taught Wolfe what its requirements really were, and during the winter he prepared for the next campaign by procuring a good cart and tent for his brother and himself.

That he was very far from insensible to the charms of the fair sex, the following extract from a letter to his brother shows very clearly—"Doubtless you love the company of the fair sex. If you should happen to go where Miss Seabourg is, pray don't fall in love with her. I can't give her up. Remember I am your rival. I am also in some pain about Miss W. Admire anywhere else and welcome (except the widow Bright). Miss Patterson is yours if you like her, and so is the little staring girl in the Chapel with £20,000!" Not bad this for a youth of his age.

This year, 1744, the English army lay inactive in the Low Countries. The French force under Saxe had returned in great strength. Louis XV. was with them,

and town after town in Flanders fell into their hands. Meanwhile Wolfe was fortunate enough to get promoted to a company in Barrel's (now the 4th, the King's Own) regiment. He was now but seventeen. A contrast to the system of promotion now-a-days!

In the winter of 1744–45 Wolfe's brother Edward, who was of a frail constitution, was at Ghent in a different regiment, and was there taken ill, and died before James could reach him. This was a very heavy blow to James, who was much attached to him. He was obliged to spend the winter in Ghent with his (Barrel's) regiment.

After the battle of Fontenoy the regiment was ordered to relieve one of those that had been roughly handled in that engagement, and on May 21 joined the army on the plains of Lessines. The tide of war had now set in favour of the French, who took Tournay, surprised Ghent, and then took Ostend.

In 1745 the Jacobite rebellion broke out in Scotland, and the whole British force in Flanders was at once withdrawn to meet it. Prince Charles Edward landed on the coast of Inverness-shire on July 25, with only some half-dozen followers. Loyalty to the old race was still strong amongst the Highland clans; they rallied swiftly to his standard, and at the battle of Prestonpans utterly defeated the Government forces under Cope. General Wade was at Newcastle at the head of the regular troops which the Government had assembled to arrest the Prince's progress, and with him was Barrel's regiment and James Wolfe, who had been appointed Brigade-Major. Here, too, was the regiment of Wolfe's father, who was now employed in command of a division.

For the next two months Wolfe lay with his regiment at Newcastle, whilst Prince Charles made his celebrated advance into England in which he reached Derby, but unable to do more in face of the forces about to close upon him, had to return to Scotland. On January 16, 1746, the English pursuing force, now commanded by Hawley, had reached Falkirk, and Prince Charles's force was at Stirling, making vain attempts to reduce the castle without effective artillery.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, Prince Charles, by a forced march, was able to review his army on the field of Bannockburn. He had now about 8000 men with him. The English amounted to about the same number, and were nearly taken by surprise at his unexpected appearance. Both forces rapidly formed in order of battle. The English were in two lines, with the cavalry on the left and three regiments of infantry in reserve. They were all veteran regiments just returned from Flanders. It was a miserable day, and the cold half-frozen rain beat pitilessly in the faces of the shivering men.

The action began by Hawley launching his whole force of Dragoons against the Highland army. They were about a thousand strong, but it was observed at the time that there was not much dash in their advance. The Highlanders reserved their fire until the Dragoons were within twenty paces of them, and then delivered it with such terrific effect that it threw them into unutterable confusion and back upon the right of their own infantry, whose ranks they much disturbed. A regiment of the Dragoons, that of Cobham, better in hand, rode down between the armies and drew upon itself the fire of the Highland line, and a

portion of them, closing up their ranks, rode knee to knee over the front line of the Highlanders. These fought with desperation, using their claymores with deadly effect, and often trying to dismount the Dragoons by pulling them off their horses. The cavalry gave way before this, and the Highlanders, now out of hand, rushed down right upon the closed ranks of the English infantry. These, partly blinded by a storm of wind and rain coming right on their faces, received them with a feeble volley, and then the whole of the front line and part of the second broke. The battle had lasted but twenty minutes, and the still unbroken part of the second line, where Wolfe himself was, standing firm, prevented any rout and covered the retreat. During the night Hawley abandoned his camp and cannon and fell back upon Edinburgh, Prince Charles following him to Falkirk, and resuming the siege of Stirling Castle.

The Duke of Cumberland was now appointed commander of the royal forces in Scotland, and arrived in Edinburgh on January 30, 1746. He at once set to work, transacted all his business with the civic authorities and the Generals and Staff, and the very next morning was in full pursuit of Prince Charles's army. The weather was frightful, the roads were ankle-deep, and all the bridges had been destroyed, so that he was only able to enter Perth four days after Prince Charles had left. Here he halted for a fortnight, until he was joined by 5000 Hessians, who had landed at Edinburgh. He left the Hessians to garrison Perth, and resumed his march northwards, ships with supplies moving up the coast parallel with his troops. Prince Charles meanwhile was moving northwards in two divisions on Inverness. The Duke, encumbered with his

artillery and heavy baggage, was unable to follow, and halted at Aberdeen, where he decided to remain until the spring. Wolfe, who during these stirring operations had been acting as a brigade-major, was now fully employed at Aberdeen in superintending the drill and training of the troops there, and preparing them for the decisive campaign about to ensue.

At this time Prince Charles's force was getting short of provisions, as the supplies sent to him from France were almost all seized by the English cruisers, and the country in which he found himself was amidst the hills and barren. The days were lengthening and the country drying up, so the royal army took the field, and leaving Aberdeen marched upon Inverness. It crossed the Spey unopposed, and on April 14 came into touch with the Prince's outposts. These fell back at once on Inverness, and the Duke of Cumberland's army halted at Nairn.

On the morning of April 15 Prince Charles marched out from Inverness and took post on Drummossie Moor, near Culloden House, where he prepared to give battle to the English army.

The English force was about 10,000 strong, that of Prince Charles considerably less. Wolfe's regiment formed the left of the English line. There were considerable intervals between the battalions of the first line. The battalions of the second line were placed in rear of these intervals, in each of which there were two guns. The right of the English rested on Culloden House, its left upon a long stone wall. The ground was heavy with the rain which had fallen during the early morning.

The Highland army, commanded by Lord George

Murray, was also formed in two lines. The front line was composed entirely of the Highland clans. In the second line were the Ogilvies and Gordons and all the French and Irish who were in the Prince's service.

As the battle of Falkirk had shown that, when at close quarters, the Highland soldier could turn with his target the bayonet of the Englishman and so expose him to the stroke of the claymore, the Duke of Cumberland had ordered that each soldier, instead of striking with his bayonet at the man opposite him, was to strike at the man on his right so as to pierce him on his unprotected side. But it is doubtful if many instances of fighting at such close quarters really took place.

The Highlanders opened the fight with their artillery. Their guns were badly served, and the English replied with much accuracy and caused them heavy loss. After standing there for about half-an-hour the Highlanders could endure it no longer, and the MacIntoshes burst from their ranks and rushed down upon the English infantry, and were followed in this by all the clans. The grape shot tore through them, and the English infantry, reserving their fire till they were close upon them, delivered it with a fatal effect. Still they swept on, and in the centre broke through the first line of the English. On the Highland right, opposite which Wolfe was, the attack was most severe, but Wolfe's men stood firm and beat it back. On the left the Macdonalds charged close up to the English bayonets, but then turned and fled, indignant at having been placed on the left, instead of on the right, of their line. The English Dragoons rode out and threatened the flank of the clansmen, who were seized by panic and fled

in wild disorder. To show how severe the struggle had been, it is sufficient to mention that Wolfe's regiment lost, out of a total of about three hundred, one hundred and twenty officers and men.

Prince Charles was forced from the field by his staff and never met his troops again. In a very touching farewell message he told them, now that his cause was lost, to save themselves as best they could.

The pursuit by the English was not undertaken at once, so that the Prince's men got a considerable start. About half of the fugitives fled over the moor towards Inverness, the other half crossed the river Nairn and gained the hills, where they got shelter. But those making for Inverness were soon overtaken by the Dragoons, and then followed a cold-blooded butchery of wounded prisoners and most disgraceful treatment of women, who were turned out naked into the snow to die. Wolfe, to his credit, refused to take part in these barbarities.

The English army at once occupied Inverness. It was then a very poor town, and there was only one house in it where any important personage could be entertained. Prince Charles had been in it quite recently, and the Duke of Cumberland also put up in it. The old Jacobite lady who occupied it remarked in her broad Scotch speech, "I have had twa kings' bairns living wi' me in my time, and to tell the truth, I wish I may never hae anither."

In 1747 Wolfe was present at the battle of Lauffeld in the Netherlands, but he has left no account himself of his experiences then, though we know that he was slightly wounded. His regiment (the 12th) returned home in the winter, and getting leave, he spent nearly all his time with

his parents in London. He was just twenty-one, and he now met Miss Lawson, the daughter of Sir William Lawson of Issell, a Maid-of-Honour to the Princess of Wales. This young lady, to whom he became deeply attached, did not return his affection, and his unrequited passion long left its sad impression.

In 1748 the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle ended the long contest of seven years in Europe, leaving matters just as they were at the beginning of it. Wolfe, who was devoted to his profession, now hoped to see as much as he could of the great cities of Europe, and so to enlarge his mind, and he felt much irritation when leave for this purpose was refused him. Meanwhile his mother was very anxious that he should "marry money," and one lady with £30,000 was pointed out to him. But the fair Maid-of-Honour to the Princess of Wales was still dominant in his heart.

Early in 1749 he was appointed Major in the 20th Regiment (now Lancashire Fusiliers), and ordered to join it at Stirling. His lieutenant-colonel being almost immediately after made Governor of Nova Scotia, he came at once into the command of it. His work in Scotland was of a most monotonous kind, mainly road-making and guarding the Highland frontier. His regiment was soon ordered to Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. He found there a professor of mathematics with whom he worked hard, and he made many friends in the town. Having obtained leave of absence he went to Ireland. He says of Dublin that "it was a prodigious city crowded with large-limbed people and handsome women."

He remained, however, but a short time there, and, after

a brief stay in London crossed the Channel and went to Paris. For five years, from 1752 till 1757, he spent his time in garrison duty in England and Scotland, except for the six months in Paris, which he seems to have enjoyed very much.

In 1757 he was appointed Quartermaster-General in Ireland, but resigned that appointment after a short time. In the same year he went with the expedition which was sent against Rochfort, and though the enterprise proved a failure, it came soon to be known that had his advice been listened to the result would in all probability have been very different.

But we must now turn our attention and change the scene to the Northern Continent of America. There, thirteen small and nearly independent British colonies were scattered along what is now the coast of the United States. In Canada the French were firmly established, and held the two strong fortresses of Louisburg and Quebec. The former is on the south-east coast of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, the latter on the magnificent river St. Lawrence, of which it was the key, as it entirely commanded the navigation.

The design of the great statesman Pitt for the campaign of 1758 in North America, was to capture Fort Duquesne and Ticonderoga beyond the Alleghanies; to seize the forts held by the French on Lakes George and Champlain, and thus obtain the command of the best inland route from the British colonies; and lastly, most important of all, to obtain possession of Louisburg, with its noble harbour and strong fortifications commanding the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The town was situated upon

one of the promontories which guard the entrance of the harbour.

Wolfe was appointed one of the brigadier-generals, and with the troops destined for this great operation (about 11,000 in number), embarked at Portsmouth on February 19, but in its progress down the Channel the fleet was driven to take refuge in Plymouth harbour. General Amherst, who was to command in chief, was to follow. For nearly three months the unfortunate soldiers were detained on board ship waiting for fine weather. During this period two French fleets were detained by the English fleets, one in Toulon with troops for America, the other at Rochfort with troops to reinforce Canada.

It was not until May 10 that Wolfe and the British fleet of forty sail reached Halifax. Here it had to wait until May 28, when Amherst arrived. Then it put out to sea and bore away for Louisburg. On June 2, after a very stormy passage, it reached its destination, but not until the 8th did the weather moderate sufficiently for a landing to be possible. Wolfe was a bad sailor and suffered terribly from sea-sickness. Admiral Boscawen, in opposition to the opinion of all but one old captain, determined to attack. The point for landing was finally fixed at Freshwater Cove, four miles west of the town. Wolfe's brigade was to attempt the landing, and if successful to cover the landing of the rest of the force.

At dawn the guns of the fleet opened upon the shore, and the boats pulled in rapidly for the breakers. The force consisted of twelve companies of Grenadiers taken from the different regiments, a picked battalion of light infantry, a company of New England Rangers, and

Fraser's battalion of Highlanders (now Seaforth Highlanders).

As the boats approached the cove, the shore batteries opened upon them with so deadly a fire that Wolfe gave the signal to sheer off. But the signal flag was cut in two by a round shot, and was not seen, or was disregarded by three of the boats which were under the shelter of a projecting cliff. These pulled in at once to the shore on the left of the cove, and the men rushing through the surf landed. Wolfe seeing they were there sheltered by the cliff at once determined to support them, and brought the Grenadiers and Highlanders over the slippery rocks to their aid. Here, having got them together, he rushed at and took the nearest French battery. This left the beach open for Amherst and the rest of the troops to land, and as soon as they were ready they moved against the entrenched heights on which the French were formed. These were at once carried, and the pursuit of the French through the forest continued as far as the open ground commanded by the guns of Louisburg, where the halt was sounded.

Some days were now consumed by the English in landing their stores and cannon. Just out of cannon shot from the town there ran a small stream between low wooded hills to the sea. In this valley, out of sight from the French, the English camp was established. The harbour of Louisburg lay on the farther side of the town, and its entrance was divided by an island on which was a powerful battery. Wolfe was now sent with 1200 men to occupy the point at the mouth of the harbour next to the English, and to destroy the battery on the island.

Within the harbour lay eleven French line-of-battle ships, mounting 514 guns. On June 26 the island battery was silenced. So alarmed was the French admiral at this, that he sank half his ships in the narrowest part of the entrance, so as to block it. Wolfe now turned his attention to pushing on his batteries from the land side against the town, a movement which was met by the French concentrating their heaviest fire upon them. One of the English works was now so far advanced on the side next to the sea that the French determined at all hazards to destroy it, and sallied out on July 9 in the dead of night with 1000 picked troops against it. Wolfe at the head of his Grenadiers was well on the alert, and though the work was at first carried by the French it was soon retaken at the point of the bayonet. This was the hardest bit of fighting during the whole siege. A short time after, Wolfe made a dash forward, and driving in the French outposts, opened a new parallel within two hundred yards of the walls. On July 21 a shell set fire to the French battleship *Célèbre* which drifted, when in full blaze, into the *Entreprenant* and the *Capricieux*, and set them both on fire. They all three drifted ashore and were consumed. A large wooden barrack in the citadel was at this time set on fire by a shell and burnt down.

Only two French line-of-battle ships now remained afloat in the harbour. Six hundred English sailors rowed in in their boats under the fire of the town batteries, and boarded and carried them both. One stuck fast in mud and was burnt, the other was brought out safely by its captors.

The last hour of Louisburg had now come. The whole town was knocked to pieces by the English cannon and

the throwing in of 1200 shells. Only four French guns were able to return the fire of the besiegers. On July 26 the last of these was silenced, and there were breaches in the ramparts which lay open to assault.

Sadly the French General Dracour realized that no further defence was possible, and with bitter regret he had to send an officer with a flag of truce to ask for terms. The only answer given by Amherst was that the garrison must surrender unconditionally, and this was at last, with a sore heart, agreed to by Dracour.

At eight o'clock on the following morning the English army marched into Louisburg, the French garrison laid down their arms, and the British flag was hoisted over the half-ruined town.

There was joy in England over the capture of Louisburg, which was the first great victory which our troops had won in America, and the news was opportune, for it followed a few days after the accounts of a serious check to our arms between Lakes George and Champlain, inflicted at Ticonderoga by the brave and accomplished French General Montcalm upon General Abercromby. At Ticonderoga had fallen that most gallant and rising officer Lord Howe, of whom Wolfe wrote that he was "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army."

Wolfe was now anxious to return to England to recruit his shattered health, but he was ordered, with three regiments and a fleet of ships under Sir C. Hardy, to waste with fire and sword the French settlements on the Lower St. Lawrence. This was speedily done, but it was painful and uncongenial work to him.

Frontenac (now Kingston), on the north shore of Lake Ontario, was one of the most important French posts. It had just fallen to Bradstreet with a force of 3000 colonials, and thus New France was cut in two. Wolfe was delighted at this, and he now learned that Fort Duquesne, a very important post, had also been carried by a provincial force of Highlanders under Forbes. Fort Duquesne stands on the point of land where the Alleghany and the Monongahela rivers join to form the Ohio, and where the flourishing manufacturing city of Pittsburg is now situated. This closed the campaign, and Wolfe, who was most anxious to return to England and recruit his shattered health, and believed that Pitt had been aware of and approved his intention, left Louisburg early in October, and landed at Portsmouth November 1. He had lately been appointed Colonel of the 67th (now 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment), and proceeded at once to take up his new command at Salisbury, but getting leave went to visit his parents at Blackheath. Here he learned for the first time that Pitt had intended that he should have remained in America. He at once wrote to that minister, and said that he was quite ready to go back, particularly if there was any chance of operations on the St. Lawrence.

It seems he had been desirous of going to Germany, but he assured Pitt that he was quite at liberty to dispose of his "slight carcase" as he pleased, and that, though he was suffering much from a painful complaint, he would "much rather die than decline any service that offered." There spoke the noble spirit of the man.

He was taking the waters at Bath when he was sent for to London to receive the command of the great expedi-

tion which it had been decided was to be sent against Quebec in the spring.

Before Christmas Day he returned to Bath, and there took place the most romantic episode in the great soldier's life. He had met Miss Lowther, the sister of Sir James Lowther, the first Lord Lonsdale, before he embarked for Louisburg, but at that time it seemed to have been only a passing acquaintance. Now, however, when he again met her at Bath, he seems to have at once fallen a victim to her charms, and though we have no details in regard to this attachment, there seems no doubt that an engagement took place, and it is certain that Wolfe, until the day of his death, wore her miniature round his neck.

He was given little time to enjoy his happiness, for in six weeks he was to embark for Quebec, and during that short interval, was necessarily almost entirely occupied in the organization of the force he was to command. He was particularly anxious to take out with him, as his Quartermaster-general, Carleton (afterwards Sir Guy), but the King was much opposed to this, owing to some remarks that Carleton had made not flattering to the Hanoverian troops; but at last, owing to the intervention of the Prime Minister, Wolfe got his man. There is an amusing story related of him at this time. One of the King's ministers, could not understand him at all, and told the King that Wolfe was mad. "Mad is he?" replied the monarch, "then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

Pitt was satisfied, from the result of the last campaign, that the French dominions in North America were now within the grasp of a vigorous attack from our forces

upon the strongholds of Ticonderoga, Montreal, and Niagara. These points gained, and a union of the forces employed against them effected, and strong reinforcements from England received, the capital operation against the siege of Quebec could be undertaken. With its fall the dominion of France in Canada would be destroyed and the complete supremacy of England insured.

Wolfe was in communication with Mr. Pitt in regard to his position in command of the active force which was to be under his orders in Canada. It was decided that he was to hold the temporary rank of Major-General, and his three brigadiers, Monckton, Murray and Townshend, were to hold theirs in the same way. Wolfe was a poor man, and was a good deal embarrassed as to his expenses in his new command. He was only entitled to £2 a day, an amount wholly inadequate. The Secretary at War, Lord Barrington, to whom he stated his position, and disclosed his want of means frankly, took up his case warmly, and procured for him a special grant of £500.

It is interesting to know what Wolfe's own view of his position now was, and it is well explained in a letter of his to his uncle. He says, "I am to act a greater part in this business than I wished or desired. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man. What happens afterwards is of no great consequence." These words are very characteristic of Wolfe's character, his great

modesty, his thorough devotion to duty, and his entire unselfishness.

The plan of campaign as finally arranged by Wolfe with Pitt is well explained by Wright in his excellent life of Wolfe.

"The fort at Niagara being, since the reduction of Fort Duquesne, the chief western defence of the French territory, Brigadier Prideaux, with a few regiments of regulars, supported by a large body of provincials and a number of friendly Indians under Sir William Johnston, were to reduce it. The force was then to embark on Lake Ontario, descend the St. Lawrence, take Montreal, and join the main army under General Amherst. In the meantime the Commander-in-Chief, at the head of 12,000 men, was to invest and destroy the central forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, cross Lake Champlain, and proceed by way of the Richelieu river to its confluence with the St. Lawrence, where, being joined by Prideaux's detachment, the combined army was to reinforce the naval and military armaments under Saunders and Wolfe. Upon the junction of all these forces, and not until then, was it hoped that Quebec might be subdued."

It was thus intended to attack the French simultaneously on three sides. Amherst, who commanded the army which had done so little under Abercromby, was to wait in the province of New York until the coming on of the mild weather would permit him to advance on Ticonderoga, and, on capturing it and Crown Point, he was to move on northwards. Johnston was to seize Niagara, and then descend by Ontario and the St. Lawrence on Montreal, where he was to be joined by

Prideaux, and reinforce the troops coming out from England for the final attack on the great object of the campaign, Quebec.

In Quebec the French General Montcalm, the worthy rival of Wolfe, had concentrated the bulk of his forces, amounting to nearly 15,000 men, but of these not more than 5000 were regulars.

The force now gathering at Louisburg, which was to be commanded by Wolfe, was intended to have been 12,000 strong, but owing to the counter-ordering of two battalions at the last moment, it was actually only about 9000. The fleet destined to carry the troops from England to the St. Lawrence was divided into two squadrons. The one with which Wolfe embarked was commanded by Admiral Saunders and was to make for Louisburg, but when it reached that place the harbour was found to be still frozen, and it had to proceed to Halifax, where it was joined by all the ships carrying the troops from the American continent who were to take part in the expedition. A fortnight later the harbour of Louisburg was open, and both fleet and army were concentrated there. Wolfe was in the highest spirits. He felt that he had got a force under his orders upon which he could thoroughly rely.

Admiral Saunders was to convey to the decisive point on the St. Lawrence the troops destined for the attack upon Quebec. By June 1 the troops for this great enterprise sailed out of the harbour of Louisburg. On the 7th they were off the coast of Newfoundland, still white with snow; on the 11th they passed the gloomy heights of Gaspe; on the 18th they anchored off the Isles of Bic and Barnaby, where they met the *Richmond* frigate,

which had Wolfe on board. On the 20th they doubled the point of Tadousac, where the deep and strong currents of the Saguenay drove back several of the transports, but on the next day the first Canadian settlement on the great stream of the St. Lawrence was sighted. By the 26th the whole fleet was anchored on the southern shore of the Isle of Orleans, within sight of Quebec, and early on the morning of the 27th the army disembarked there in a cove under the church of St. Laurent.

Hardly had it disembarked when a terrific storm of wind and rain broke over the river, driving the transports from their moorings and casting many of them ashore. But though very severe it was fortunately of short duration.

The sight which now met Wolfe was not an encouraging one. On the summit of Cape Diamond, crowned by the citadel of Quebec, waved the flag of France, and on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, stretching from the river St. Charles to the deep chasm of the Montmorenci ravine, a distance of eight miles, covered by a succession of strong earthworks, lay the French army under Montcalm.

Above the city of Quebec, in the angle between the rivers St. Charles and St. Lawrence, lay the only approach by land to the strong fortress along the high narrow ridge called the Plains of Abraham, which separated these two rivers. In order to enable the fortress to communicate at all times with ease with Montcalm's troops in the lines of Beauport, a bridge protected by *têtes-de-pont* at each end was thrown across the St. Charles. The position thus seemed one of almost unapproachable strength.

Beneath the guns of the fortress a fleet of fire-ships had, without the knowledge of the English, been prepared by

the French, and on the night after Wolfe's landing, they were launched against the English. It was from the Point of Orleans that they were first seen by the English sentries. Almost as soon as they were discovered sheets of flame burst from them, followed by shot and shell from their broadside guns. They were bearing down straight upon the English fleet, but fortunately they had been fired too soon, and the English sailors dashing out in their boats, as soon as the guns had been discharged, took them with admirable gallantry in tow on to the shore, where they burned out harmlessly.

Wolfe now issued his first address to the Canadian people. "We have," he said, "a powerful armament. We are sent by the English King to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion or industrious peasants. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you, but if you remain neutral we proffer you safety in person and property and freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst with a large army assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation has been guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek no revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amidst the horrors of war. England in her strength will befriend you; France in her weakness leaves you to your fate."

This address, however, had little effect, and Wolfe at this time was much dispirited, though he never allowed others to see it. He had carefully reconnoitred the French defences, and with half the force to attack which they had to

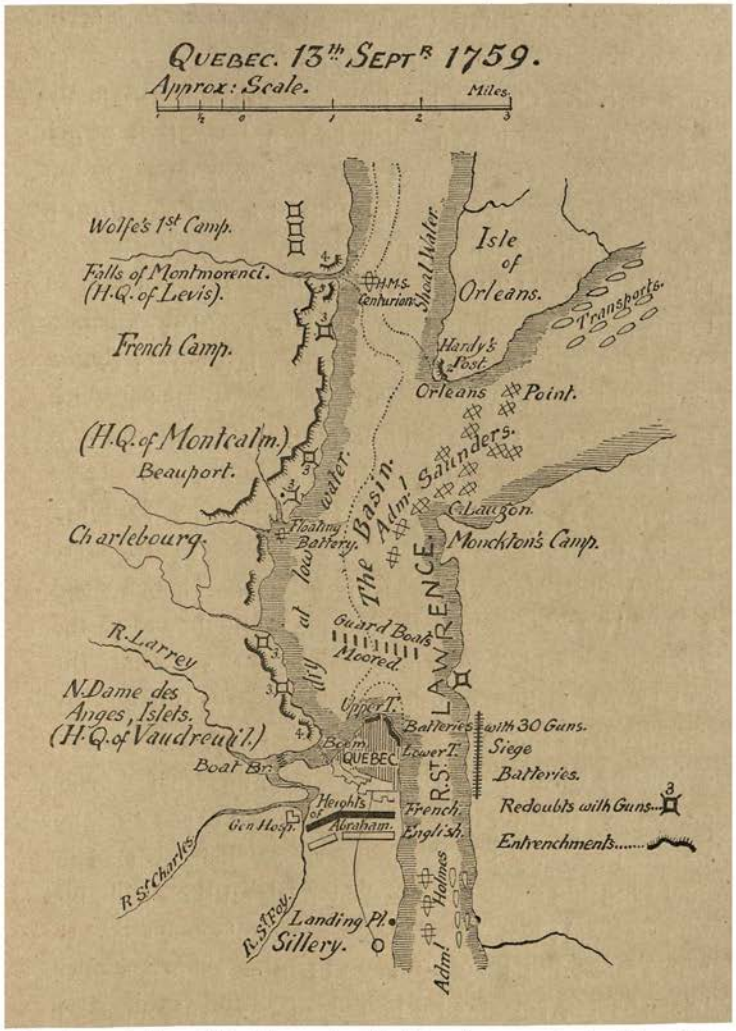
defend, his task seemed impossible. He had little hope of any external aid, as Amherst, who had captured Ticonderoga, was so far distant that assistance could not be looked for from him.

It was now near the end of June, so that, in the climate of Canada, he had but three months in which to take Quebec. But short as this time was, he set himself resolutely (although almost hopelessly) at work to do it.

His troops were all encamped in the Isle of Orleans in the mid stream of the St. Lawrence. Opposite Quebec, on the southern bank of the river, where it is less than a mile in breadth, rose the heights of Point Levy, which were occupied in strength by the French. Wolfe saw at a glance that, could he gain possession of these, he would be able to open fire with effect from his guns upon the lower part of Quebec. This had not escaped the vigilant eye of Montcalm, and he wished to plant on Point Levy a good force of men and guns, and thus gain the command of the entrance to the river above Quebec and prevent the English from shelling the town. But this was opposed by Vaudreuil, the Governor-General of Canada, who held that guns could not, at the distance, do any real damage. The result showed that Montcalm was right.

On the afternoon of June 29 Wolfe determined to seize Point Levy. Monckton's brigade was entrusted with this duty. Towards nightfall part of Monckton's men were landed at the village of Beaumont, and the remainder followed in the morning. The night was bitterly cold. The whole force advanced along the river road upon the village of Point Levy. There they were met by the Canadian rifle-

men, who fought well from the shelter of the houses. Monckton himself led his Grenadiers against the village in



front, and the 78th, Frazer's Highlanders, rushed with wild cheers and drawn broadswords upon its rear. It was soon

carried, and its defenders all driven to take refuge in their boats, in which they escaped to Quebec.

The following day Wolfe made a close examination through his glass of Montcalm's position on the other side of the river. Quebec lay just opposite him, within easy reach of the position on which he had determined to plant his batteries. He began at once to throw up approaches. The French from their floating batteries fired heavily at his working parties, though with little effect, and the fire from Quebec itself did little more execution. He soon managed to get forty cannon and mortars into position and nearly ready to open fire on Quebec, which lay within effective range, and he had Monckton's brigade encamped close in to support them. It was evident to the French that unless they could capture and spike these guns the end was near at hand. A force of about 1500 men, partly soldiers partly citizens, came forward as volunteers to attempt the capture and dismantling of these guns. Their offer was accepted by Montcalm. During the night they crossed the St. Lawrence high up, out of reach of the English ships, and in the darkness pushed their way silently down the right bank of the river towards Point Levy. The English, exhausted with their trench work, were unprepared for such an attack. But the French were not equal to the disciplined silence necessary for the enterprise. Their own advance guard hearing some noise rushed back on their main body, who received them with a volley. A panic now seized their whole force, and they retreated in utter confusion to their boats, having sustained a loss of some seventy men killed and wounded. It requires high discipline to make a successful night attack.

On July 12 Wolfe's batteries on Point Levy opened fire upon Quebec, and for weeks continued to pour upon the town a hail of shot and shell, which did much damage and set fire to many of the houses. This was regarded by the English colonists as only a fair return for the unfeeling and cruel way in which the war had been carried on by the French Canadians against the soldiers and settlers of the British. But it soon became clear to Wolfe that this alone would never reduce the place.

As already explained, the French lines on the left bank of the St. Lawrence extended down the river from where the St. Charles falls into it, close to the town, to the point where the deep and impassable ravine of the Montmorenci joins it at right angles. This space was called the Beauport shore. Wolfe determined to complete his semi-blockade of the fortress by throwing a force across the St. Lawrence to occupy a position on the left bank of the Montmorenci ravine where it joins the St. Lawrence, and he hoped by pushing up the left bank to find a point where he could cross over, and so take the French defensive works in rear.

To distract the attention of his opponent he formed a brigade at Point Levy on heights in view of Quebec, and marched it up the right bank of the river to a point some miles above the town, whilst the light vessels of the fleet, approaching as close as they could, opened fire on the French lines between the St. Charles river and the Montmorenci ravine. Under cover of this false attack Wolfe, with a large portion of his army, crossed from the Island of Orleans the two miles of water which lay between it and the Falls of Montmorenci, and landed his men just below

the mouth of the torrent on its left bank, where he at once set to work to entrench himself.

The Montmorenci is a continuous torrent from its distant source in the Lac des Neiges until it throws itself into the St. Lawrence. Wolfe got his men up the steep side of the plateau until he reached the summit, some two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. From here the river throws itself at one plunge into the St. Lawrence. Montcalm's left and Wolfe's right were now within musket-shot of each other, but between them lay the huge gulf into which the torrent rushes.

On July 18 some English ships, under cover of a heavy cannonade from Point Levy, faced the fire of the batteries of Quebec and pushed past them into the upper river. There they found that the left bank rose almost perpendicularly from the stream, and seemed to leave no point from which an ascent could be made. Wolfe ordered them to push on for sixteen miles to Point aux Trembles, where many of the leading French families from Quebec had taken refuge. These were taken prisoners, very well treated, and then sent back to Quebec. It is related of Wolfe that he entertained them at dinner, where they had a most merry party together, and chaffed them much at their General not coming out from the shelter of his fortifications to meet him as he had hoped and expected he would have done.

On July 27 the French sent down a large fire-raft, composed of several schooners linked together, in hopes of burning or driving ashore the English fleet and transports. But the sailors were on the look-out for it, and with the utmost coolness took the raft in tow, and left it on the beach to burn itself out.

The short Canadian summer was nearly over, and no news in regard to Amherst (the titular Commander-in-Chief in Canada) had reached Wolfe, who thus came to see that if Quebec was to be taken he must take it with his own force.

It was evident that nothing would move Montcalm from his magnificent position in the lines of Beauport. Wolfe therefore determined to try if he could not by a great effort force his way through them. It seemed a hopeless task, but there was nothing else to be done.

About a mile west of the Montmorenci the Beauport ridge recedes from the shore and leaves a short space about a couple of hundred yards in width. On this strip, and close to high-water mark, lay a redoubt, the only outwork the French had established below the heights. Here Wolfe determined to make his attempt. On July 31 the attack was made. It was divided into two columns. General Townshend with 2000 men from Wolfe's camp at Montmorenci was to ford the river below the Falls and to advance along the strand. Wolfe himself with a similar force, gathered from Point Levy and the Isle of Orleans, was to cross the river and land upon the mud flats which were laid bare at low tide. Admiral Saunders with a frigate was to cover the landing.

At ten o'clock in the morning Wolfe embarked from Point Levy with the 15th, 78th, and part of the 60th or Royal Americans (now King's Royal Rifle Corps), and all the Grenadier companies of Monckton's brigade. Crossing to the Point of Orleans they took on board all that remained of the Grenadiers. A great battery of forty guns had been established on the English side of the Mont-

morenci, and the *Centurion* of sixty-four guns had floated up with the tide to within range of the eastern batteries on the Beauport shore. These all opened fire with the utmost vigour, and under cover of it Wolfe with his small fleet floated out along the Beauport shore, while Townshend's brigade was ready on the left bank of the Montmorenci to support it when the decisive moment came.

Meanwhile on the French side, from Montmorenci to the St. Charles river and from that to the ramparts of Quebec, all was in readiness in the French lines. Two of the English armed transports, one of which had Wolfe on board, moved on towards the shore and grounded under the fire of the French batteries. Wolfe now saw that the advanced redoubt on the French shore which he had been bent on occupying was completely commanded by the ridge behind, and would be under the fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry. He therefore did not attempt to land, but kept moving in his ships up and down to keep the French in uncertainty as to where his blow would fall. During this time the road on the heights above the shore from Montmorenci to Quebec was crowded with French troops marching to and fro. About two o'clock Montcalm began to move one of his divisions round the back of the Montmorenci Falls, intending to cross the river and fall upon the English rear. Wolfe detected this at once and immediately ordered the 48th (now 1st Northampton Regiment), which had been left at Point Levy, to march up the river and get above Quebec. This was checkmate to Montcalm's plan, and as soon as it was detected he ordered the column intended for Montmorenci to counter-march and hurry back to Quebec.

It seemed now as if all movements for the day were at an end. On both sides the guns were silent and the forces stood inactive. Heavy clouds gathered on the hills, and the rumbling of distant thunder was heard. Wolfe at this moment thought he saw confusion in the French lines, and he gave the signal for the English batteries and ships to open fire. When this had gone on for some time, a red ensign (the signal to advance) was run up on Wolfe's transport. Immediately the boats, crowded with troops, pulled hard for the shore.

The French batteries instantly opened on them, and many of the boats got upon ledges of rock. The boat with Wolfe on board dashed forward, and having found a clear channel led the way. The attack was to be directed upon the outwork already mentioned, near the Montmorenci end of the French lines. As the first party of troops, about 1000 in number, got on shore they formed in columns on the beach, and instantly, without waiting for the word, rushed forward in great disorder towards 14,000 French, lying behind strong entrenchments. They were swept down by a terrific fire, and the remnant fell back to the beach, where the rest of the troops had been spectators of this premature attack, after which a second attempt was out of the question, for only the troops not yet engaged would have been available. A heavy storm of wind and rain accompanied the repulse, and was followed by a burst of sunshine, during which hundreds of Indians swept down to scalp the dead and wounded. The 78th Highlanders now advanced to carry them off, and the French, with a true soldier-like generosity, stopped the fire of their batteries until this was effected.

Wolfe was deeply hurt at this disaster, and at the proof it gave of the indiscipline of his men. He expressed this in a manifesto in these terms—"The check which the Grenadiers met with yesterday will, it is hoped, be a lesson to them for all time to come. Such impetuous, irregular and unsoldierlike proceedings destroy all order, make it impossible for their comrades to form any disposition for an attack, and put it out of the General's power to execute his plan. The Grenadiers could not suppose that they alone could beat the French army, and therefore it was necessary that the corps under Brigadiers Monckton and Townshend should have time to join, that the attack might be general. The very first fire of the enemy would be sufficient to repulse men who had lost all sense of order and discipline." He privately said that "despair had taken possession of his soul," and that he looked upon himself as a ruined man. But he never allowed this to be seen, nor did it impair his bodily energy, for he now, by moving constantly from one point to another up and down the river, kept the French ceaselessly alarmed and their troops in motion.

At this time Admiral Holmes, with two-and-twenty British ships, had passed up the river to above Quebec, and Wolfe had ordered him to take on board at Point Levy 1200 men under the command of Brigadier Murray. To meet this danger Montcalm directed 1500 men under Bougainville, to follow the English fleet up the left bank of the river. Murray twice attempted to land, but was on each occasion repulsed by the French. A third attempt at the village of Dechambault succeeded. Some stores of provisions and cloth were taken, and also a few prisoners

and letters, which last disclosed to Wolfe that Amherst had taken Crown Point on Lake Champlain, and that Niagara had fallen to Johnston.

Meanwhile, a heavy bombardment of shot and shell was being poured upon Quebec, so that nearly the whole of the lower town was, during the early part of August, reduced to ruins. Wolfe had issued a proclamation calling upon the peasantry to submit, and where this was not complied with, the torch was rather ruthlessly applied to their barns and farmhouses, so that, as far as the eye could reach from the battlements of Quebec and the heights of Point Levy to Cape Tourmente and the Isle aux Coudres, columns of smoke were seen ascending. Numbers of captives now brought in were treated with great kindness, and the English soldiers frequently shared their rations and tobacco with them.

Sickness and disease had now broken out in the British camp to such an extent that by the middle of August nearly 1000 men out of the small force were in hospital. At this very time Montcalm had been obliged to detach Levis with 1500 men to Montreal, as Amherst was, at last, slowly moving northwards, and Lake Ontario was already in English hands.

On August 20 Wolfe was down with fever and lying, racked with pain and worn out with anxiety, in the farm house at Montmorenci where his head-quarters were. Time was slipping by, the days were rapidly drawing in, and the bitter northern winter, when all military movements would become impossible, was close at hand. There was one day when he was dangerously ill, and intense was then the anxiety throughout the English lines. For

five days he was perfectly helpless and unfit for any work, but great indeed was the joy of the army when on August 25 the medical bulletin announced that he had got the turn and was decidedly better. By September 1 the attack he was suffering from was over, and though very weak and pulled down, he was able again to move out amongst the troops.

To understand the plan which he now adopted we must consider the position of Quebec and the ground on which it stands. Quebec is perched upon the extremity of a high and rocky ridge which is bounded on the south and east by the St. Lawrence and partly on the north by the river St. Charles. This high ridge runs westward along the north bank of the river for about eight miles towards Cape Rouge, and falls from the tableland on its summit in a practically sheer precipice of two or three hundred feet in height. There was only one narrow break, or ravine, in this cliff at which it was possible for troops to gain the summit from the side of the St. Lawrence. This was at the place called the Anse du Foulon. Wolfe had already seen this, and he finally fixed upon it for his point of attack.

It seemed a desperate enterprise to embark upon, for independently of what appeared the almost insuperable difficulty of gaining the summit of the ridge, Wolfe knew that Montcalm could meet him there with double the numbers that he could bring against him. But it was really his only chance. Once established on the top of the ridge, he would interpose between Montcalm in Quebec and the ground up the river from which he drew his supply of provisions and also cut him off from the French army acting against General Amherst in Canada.

Wolfe had lost since he arrived before Quebec over 1000 men, and had still about 500 sick in hospital and on detachment at the Point of Orleans and the Point of Levy, so that he had little more than 4000 left for the decisive blow he was about to strike.

On September 3 the camp at Montmorenci was abandoned and its garrison withdrawn. This had become known at Quebec, and Montcalm sent 2000 men to march round behind the cataract and fall upon the retiring troops. The British under Monckton, at Point Levy, caught sight of the movement and checkmated it by a counter demonstration against the Beauport lines, so that the English were able to embark with all their sick and wounded and to land them unmolested at Point Levy.

Wolfe determined to embark the whole of his attacking force on board the ships which he already had above the city and to keep them there until the exact point on which he was to land them was determined on. He assembled the whole force disposable for his great undertaking at Point Levy on September 4, and by the 6th had them all ready for the advance which was then to begin. Leaving the 48th Regiment to remain behind until sent for, Wolfe marched the whole remainder of his force up the right bank of the St. Lawrence till it crossed the shallow stream of the Etchemin at the point where it falls into the St. Lawrence. Here he found all the boats of the fleet lying in readiness for his force to embark. This they did immediately, and Admiral Holmes, who was in command, as soon as they were all on board, sailed up the river with them as far as Cape Rouge, eight miles above Quebec.

On the night of the 5th Wolfe had again been taken very

ill. He told the doctor plainly that he knew that to cure him was impossible, but he begged him to patch him up enough to get through the enterprise he was now carrying out. After that he said nothing was of consequence. The doctor did this, and Wolfe was able to embark on the evening of the 6th.

At Cape Rouge the French General Bougainville was stationed in a position strongly entrenched. From there to Quebec the apparently inaccessible cliff seemed to constitute a perfect defence. Wolfe in a boat with an armed escort went up and down the river between Cape Rouge and Quebec and selected his point of attack. This was at the Anse du Foulon, where there is a break in the cliff and a zig-zag path winds its difficult way up the steep face of the rock. Some tents at the top of the path showed that there was an outpost of the enemy there. Meanwhile Admiral Saunders and the troops below Quebec, at Point Levy, were making constant feigned attacks, supported by artillery, to induce the French to believe that the real attack was to be made on the Beauport lines below the city. On the 11th, the whole of these troops were put on board the British ships in the river, and Wolfe issued the following, his last orders, to his men. "A vigorous blow struck at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada. The first body which gets on shore shall at once attack any post in front of them and hold it till the main army come up. The battalions are to form as rapidly as possible and to charge whatever presents itself. Officers and men will remember what their country expects of them."

On the 12th two deserters came in from Bougainville's camp at Cape Rouge. They brought the intelligence that

a convoy of provisions was to be sent down the river that night to Quebec. This was a great point in Wolfe's favour, for by getting quietly ahead of the convoy, of which the sentries on top of the cliff were sure to be warned, he might pass his own boats off as part of it. He was fortunate in the weather, for it was a moonlight night, a point of vital consequence to the execution of his plan. At sundown Admiral Saunders, with his fleet and floating batteries, crossed the St. Lawrence and closed in upon the Beauport lines whilst the heavy guns on Point Levy opened upon the lower town, now much ruined. Wolfe's troops were lying on board their boats at Cape Rouge, eight miles above Quebec.

Wolfe himself was on board the *Sutherland* and his old school-fellow John Jervis, the future admiral, was there with him. We now come to a touching anecdote of the great soldier. He sent for Jervis and told him that he did not expect to survive the next day's fight, and taking from his neck a miniature of Miss Lowther, gave it to him, saying that in the event of his death, he wished that he would deliver it himself to her. Orders had been sent to Colonel Burton at Point Levy to march his men up the right bank of the St. Lawrence till he came opposite the Anse du Foulon, and there take up his position. Counting the first and second divisions and Burton's reserve on the right bank Wolfe had at his disposal for the expected fight a total force of 4500 men.

On the night of the 12th, the tide having begun to ebb, Wolfe joined the troops at Cape Rouge, of whom some 1600 men were embarked in boats, about an equal number being left in the frigates and smaller vessels of the fleet.

Colonel Burton with the 48th Regiment was on the right bank as a reserve ready to come across when wanted. About two o'clock the whole flotilla began stealthily to drift down beneath the shadow of the cliffs.

At this supreme moment Wolfe repeated aloud to his officers these beautiful lines of Gray—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As the leading boats were drifting down close to the Anse du Foulon a sentry from the top of the cliff challenged them in French, *Qui vive?* Fortunately there was a Highland officer on board who was a good French scholar and replied, *La France.* The suspicious Frenchman then asked, *A quel régiment?* The Highlander readily answered, *De la Reine*, and as the convoy of provisions was at this time expected by the French to pass, this reply was accepted as satisfactory. But soon another sentry close to the water's edge challenged them again. The Highland officer again was equal to the occasion and replied readily, "Provision boats, don't make a noise, the English will hear us." This reply was accepted and the boats passed on, and soon came abreast of the Anse du Foulon. No sentry challenged them there.

To Colonel Howe, an old companion of Wolfe's, had been committed the dangerous and important post of leading the van with a detachment of Highlanders and light infantry. The leading boats had been carried by the current past the proper landing-place. But this proved to be of little consequence, as the narrow track

which led up the cliff was found to be blocked by obstructions carefully placed. Howe and his volunteers on leaping ashore just as the day began to break threw themselves on the face of the cliff and soon scrambled up to the top, whilst those who followed under Wolfe in person, set to work to remove the obstructions which had been placed upon the path. On the summit was encamped only a small detachment of French which was speedily overpowered, and Wolfe with his 1600 men established themselves there. Meanwhile the ships and transports from the opposite side of the river were coming over rapidly with the second brigade, some of whom were already beginning to form on the beach, while Burton, who was still on the right bank, was prepared to follow at a moment's notice with 1200 men.

It was now daylight with a light rain and a murky sky, and as no French troops were in sight Wolfe had time to look over the ground and to make his dispositions quietly. His position was critical. In front were the ramparts of Quebec with its strong garrison commanded by Montcalm. It was certain to be largely reinforced for the coming fight from the French troops in the Beauport lines and by the banks of the St. Charles, which must have amounted to between 9000 and 10,000 men, while Bougainville with 2000 more was strongly entrenched some eight miles in his rear at Mont Rouge. Wolfe grasped the situation at once. A few light infantry were dispatched to seize two small batteries on the edge of the cliff at Samos and Sillery. This was quickly and easily done. Two companies of the 58th Regiment (now 2nd Northampton) were left to hold the landing-place. Before six

o'clock in the morning the British were well up on the Plains of Abraham and deploying rapidly upon them facing Quebec, at about a mile distant from its ramparts.

Montcalm had passed the night at his own head-quarters on the Beauport side, and was much perplexed by the threatening attitude of the British fleet below Quebec, which was doing its best to make him believe that the danger lay there. He had never doubted that Bougainville with his 2000 men at Mont Rouge was perfectly able to maintain the position on the top of the cliffs which ran from Quebec to Mont Rouge, and which seemed practically inassailable by any force from below when intelligently held by those above. He had been utterly taken aback when about six o'clock in the morning he heard from some Canadians, who came in with news, that the British were actually established on the Plains of Abraham in front of the city. He could not at first believe it, but to make sure got on his horse and rode out to see for himself. Then to his utter amazement he descried through the mist a thin red line coming swiftly over the plain, while a distant rattle of musketry seemed to accompany its advance. There was no room for doubt, and he sent at once a staff-officer to bring up with all speed as many men as could be spared from the Beauport lines. But Vaudreuil, who commanded there, had already got wind of the landing, and acting upon his own responsibility, had set the right wing in motion, so that it was now hastening up to the plateau over the bridge of boats which spanned the St. Charles. All was hurry and excitement within the French lines, both in the city and amongst the troops outside of it. Montcalm, in the face of some

opposition of the Council of War, determined to bring on the battle at once. Orders had been immediately sent to Bougainville at Cape Rouge, eight miles distant, to bring up his troops to Quebec so as to threaten the English rear, and it seems difficult to understand why Montcalm did not wait until he knew that they were on their way. Bougainville had in fact already sent forward from Mont Rouge a body of infantry with about three hundred horse, to threaten the rear of Wolfe's army and check his advance on Quebec. But Townshend with the 60th, who was detached to meet them, extended and quickly drove them back. Wolfe's right wing rested on the edge of the cliffs overhanging the St. Lawrence. It consisted of the 35th (now 1st Royal Sussex Regiment), and the Louisburg Grenadiers composed of the Grenadier companies of various regiments then in Canada, and the 28th (now 1st Gloucestershire Regiment). The centre was composed of the 43rd (now 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry) and 47th (now 1st Loyal North Lancashire), the left of the 78th and 58th. These formed the first division. But as they did not extend far enough to reach to the woody slopes which fell down into the river St. Charles, Wolfe filled up the gap with the 15th (now 1st East Yorkshire Regiment), and two battalions of the 60th from the second division. The 48th Regiment formed the reserve. Two field-guns had been with much difficulty dragged up the Anse du Foulon. This was the only artillery Wolfe had. On both sides of the field of battle were thick woods which were held by riflemen, and in these woods sharp skirmishing with the French immediately began.

By nine o'clock the French under Montcalm's command

had formed their line of battle. In it were many of the most famous regiments of old France, Béarn, Guienne, and Rousillon, La Sarre and Languedoc, while on the flanks were placed the colonial troops and the militia. All the troops that could be spared from the lines of Beauport had been brought up, and the total French force on the ground must have been about 7500 men.

The strictest orders had been given by Wolfe to his men that they were to reserve their fire, and with a magnificent discipline, they stood with arms at the shoulder under the hostile fire.

While the French were advancing Wolfe was shot through the wrist, but hastily binding up the wound with his handkerchief he passed down the ranks, calling to his men to be steady and reserve their fire.

On came the French right gallantly, but it was not until the English had received the rolling fire of the whole front rank of the hostile infantry, and until they were so close that in the glare of battle they could distinguish even the whites of their opponents' eyes, that the command to fire rang out. In those days the battle formation was three deep, and terrible indeed was that discharge. Before it the French were pressing on in perfect order; when it was over nothing remained in the English front but huge gaps in the French ranks, interspersed by groups of struggling, shrieking, dying men.

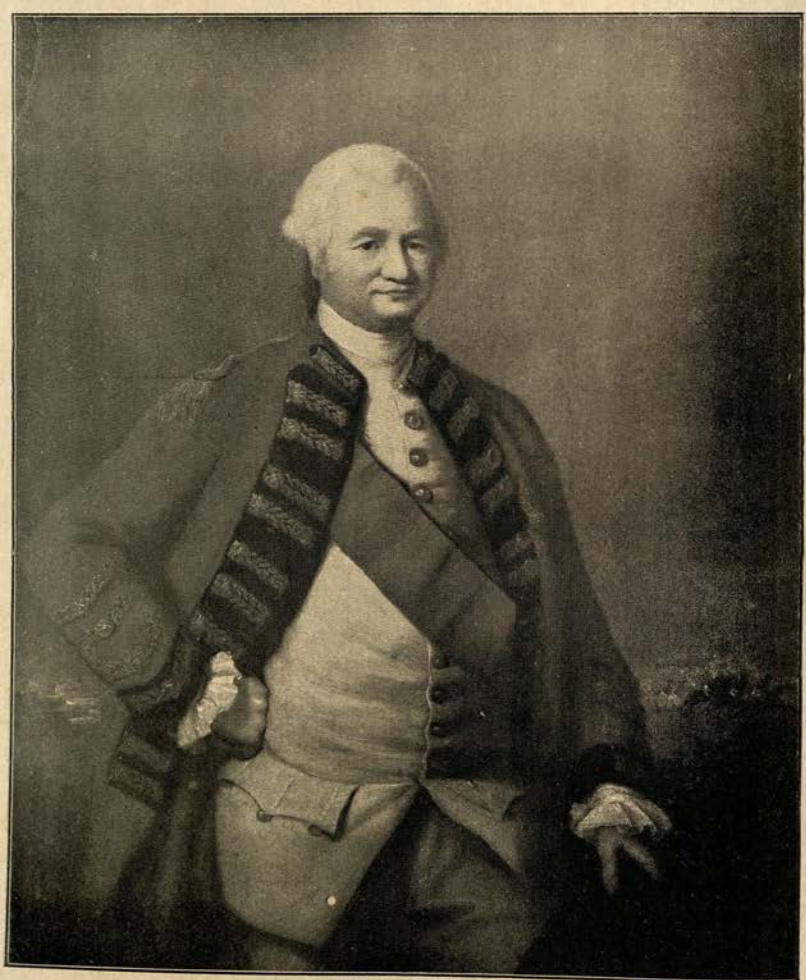
In vain Montcalm endeavoured to rally his broken ranks. The panic amongst his troops was too great. The English soldiers stood calm and reloaded. Then Wolfe, springing to the front, sword in hand, ordered the whole

line to advance. Delivering a withering volley the British rushed on with the bayonet, Wolfe himself leading. The French could not await the shock. They broke and fled, and soon the whole plain was covered with a mass of fugitives making for the outworks of Quebec.

The only resistance still going on came from some regiments of militia, who, having got into the brushwood coverts on either side of the combatants, maintained a galling fire. Wolfe was now again struck, the bullet passing through his groin, but he paid no heed to it and still pressed on sword in hand. But another ball hit him in the side and passed through his lungs. He staggered forward, struggling to keep on his feet, and said to Lieutenant Browne of the Grenadiers, who was close at hand, "Support me that my gallant fellows may not see me fall." But it was all in vain, before Browne could reach him he sank down upon the earth. A volunteer, Mr. Henderson, and a private soldier saw him fall and were almost immediately assisted by an officer of artillery, and these three at once began to carry him to the rear. Before they had gone many paces he asked to be laid upon the ground. As soon as this was done they rushed to send for a surgeon, but he whispered with his failing voice, "It is needless, it is all over with me," and sank into a stupor. Shortly after one of those about him said, "They run, see how they run." This seemed to arouse him, for he suddenly murmured, "Who run?" An attendant who heard him said, "The enemy, sir." "Go, one of you," he said, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's Regiment down to the St. Charles river and cut off the

retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." Then turning on his side in a faint voice he whispered, "God be praised. I now die in peace."

In a few minutes, without any apparent suffering, his spirit passed away, and the toil-worn frame of the gallant soldier sank to its rest.



CLIVE.

CLIVE

1725—1774

AT the beginning of the eighteenth century the greater part of India acknowledged the Mogul Emperor as Padishah, or Lord Paramount. The military force and the administrative intelligence which have distinguished the founders of more than one great line of Moslem chiefs, had enabled Akbar and his successors to acquire a pre-eminence which was, during one or two brief periods, beneficial to the mass of their subjects. But with Aurangzeb was exhausted the energy of the ruling house, and the spell of their prestige. He died in 1707, and left his empire a prey to all the symptoms of decline. The descendants of the Mahratta robber chief Sivaji, the toleration of whose raids had marked the waning energies of the supreme power, had become so strong that the Peishwa at the head of the Mahratta confederacy controlled the most formidable military force in the Peninsula. The Viceroys whom the Moguls had appointed Governors-General of great provinces, were establishing themselves as independent rulers, among them the Subahdar or Viceroy of the Deccan, who took the title of Nizam, and the Nawab or Governor of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa.

The degeneracy of government showed itself not merely in the paralysis of the suzerain power. Administration had become synonymous with corruption, authority was

sought as the road to wealth, luxury, and debauchery, and the means of its acquisition were intrigue, bribery, and murder. The duties of government had been forgotten, and this oblivion was accompanied, as it must ever be, by a decay of the nerve and fibre of the ruling class. Where government no longer does its work, and the upper class has lost its character, there is always room for conquest, which destroys and clears away the fetid growths of corruption and establishes a fresh government able to fulfil its functions.

The revival of order and of character in India was to come, not from Islam, which by the close of the seventeenth century had everywhere exhausted its power for good, but from Europe, which by that time had passed out of the religious into the political stage of development. The new energy was to enter India, not from the sterile plateau of Central Asia, but from the great high road of civilization, the ocean. The same zeal which had impelled the faithful servants of the prophet to subdue the idolaters of India, had planted the Ottoman Turks upon the ancient routes to the East, and compelled the traders of the West to leave the narrow waters of the Mediterranean, and to explore with sail and compass the paths of the endless sea. The great Portuguese explorers led the way. During the sixteenth century they had set up establishments on the Indian coasts and claimed a monopoly of the trade of the Eastern ocean. But before the close of that century the power of Portugal had been absorbed in that of Spain, where the descendants of Charles V. had degenerated as fast as those of Akbar. After the Portuguese came the Dutch, but the eighteenth century was the period of their decline, and that of the struggle for the mastery at sea between the English and

the French. These, like their predecessors, and side by side with them, had their trading stations on the Indian coasts, the English at Surat (1612) and at Bombay (1668) on the west coast, at Fort St. David (Cuddalore) and at Fort St. George (Madras, 1639) on the east coast, and at Calcutta (1686) in the delta of the Ganges, the French at Mahé on the west coast, at Pondicherry (1674) on the east coast, and at Chandernagore on the Hooghly (1688). All these places were trading factories, held under grants from the Mogul overlords or their deputies. There was usually at each station a fort armed with cannon, containing the warehouses and the residences of the Europeans, and defended by a few European soldiers and a few half-caste or native mercenaries. Outside the fort would be the native town. The English had the best of the trade, while the French appear to have been more successful in cultivating sympathy with the natives and their rulers. The war of the Austrian Succession involved the English and French settlements in hostilities, in which from the nature of the case it was inevitable that in the long run success must come to whichever nation should establish its superiority at sea. The maritime struggle of the eighteenth century brought with it the constantly growing ascendency of the British navy, of which the necessary consequence was the prosperity of the British factories in India and the decline of their French rivals. That the advantage thus gained by the English over the French led, in the course of time, to the substitution of a British for a Mogul overlord of all India, was due to the degeneracy already described, which accompanied at once as cause and as effect the collapse of the Mogul Empire. The first conflict between English and

French involved the French in a quarrel with a local Indian magnate, leading to a battle in which the French forces were victorious. This victory revealed the superiority of European against native armies and foreshadowed the future of India, which was bound to fall to the first European nation that should have the opportunity to strike for it. The French statesman, Dupleix, saw the opportunity and tried to avail himself of it, but he was not a soldier, his officers were unequal to the tasks which his plans involved, and his government, engaged in the naval struggle against England, afforded him a fitful and inadequate support. The rival English cause found its champion in Clive, who in the first conflict at the beginning of his career, had the opportunity of an independent command. His judgment, coolness, and courage, in a short campaign, completely turned in favour of the English the balance of military success and of the influence that depends upon it. The result was that Dupleix, discredited by failure, was recalled by his government in disgrace, while Clive, recognized as a national hero, was sent out again to India with increased authority. Events took him to Bengal, where by applying Dupleix's system of intrigue, and supporting it with a boldness in action all his own, he secured for his countrymen the authority of government over Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, and where in a third period of service he established a military and administrative system that rendered possible the future further development of the British power. His work as a statesman and an administrator is part of the general history of India and of England. The subject of this essay is his work as a commander in the field, which laid the foundations of his political greatness.

The English factory of Madras had no official connection with the English factories on the west coast and in Bengal, except that all alike were managed by servants of the same company, and that the Governor of each received his instructions from the same Board of Directors at home. Writers, factors, and merchants were paid ten, twenty, and forty pounds a year each besides board and lodging; the Governor had £300 or £400 a year, and all alike were permitted to eke out these wretched salaries by trading on their own account, and apparently also by accepting the presents or *douceurs* which formed an essential part of all transactions between Orientals. The Company's business was trade; its servants were not expected to meddle in politics, and it was no part of their tradition to interfere in the affairs of the Mogul Empire. Madras lay within the province of the Carnatic, of which the Governor or Nawab was in theory appointed by and subordinate to the Subahdar of the Deccan, himself the deputy of the Padishah. The Governor of Madras paid his dues to the Nawab, and had as little thought of interfering in native politics as an English merchant living at Hamburg in 1866 would have thought of taking part in the quarrel between Prussia and Hanover. The French were less successful as traders, and the Governor of Pondicherry, having authority over the distant stations at Chandernagore and at Mahé, felt himself a political personage, and was disposed to look rather to diplomatic intrigue for the extension of his influence, than to the prosy operations of commerce for the increase of the profits of his Company.

In 1741 Dupleix, who had been Intendant at Chandernagore, was appointed President of the Council of Pondi-

cherry, and Commandant of the French possessions in India. A good administrator, he set in order the finances of his settlement, and spent a large sum out of his private fortune upon the restoration and completion of the fort. He adopted the manners and style of an Eastern potentate, and entered into all the intrigues of the native princes of the various neighbouring courts. In 1744 he was informed by his directors that France was about to go to war with England, but that, as the English fleet in Indian waters might arrive sooner or prove stronger than the French, he was to negotiate with the Governor of Madras that the war should not extend to the two settlements. But Morse, the Governor of Madras, having been instructed to expect a strong squadron, which was to destroy the French commerce, could not agree to this proposal. Dupleix then appealed to the Nawab, and induced him to issue a declaration that he would not permit any breach of the peace between the English and French in the Carnatic. The English fleet arrived first, but confined its operations to the sea, so that nothing was attempted against Pondicherry. In the summer of 1746 a French squadron from the Mauritius, under La Bourdonnais, arrived off the coast. There was a naval engagement (July 6 and 7), after which the English Commodore Peyton retired to Trincomalee, leaving La Bourdonnais in temporary command of the sea. After a delay of two months, caused by disagreement between Dupleix and La Bourdonnais, the French fleet appeared off Madras, a battalion of European troops was landed, and Morse summoned to surrender. He had no means of resisting a bombardment, and apparently not enough soldiers for defence. The Nawab declined to interfere. On September

21, 1746, Madras surrendered, upon condition that the town should be ransomed, and the Company's servants until ransomed should be prisoners of war. Dupleix refused to ratify these terms, being determined to destroy Madras. La Bourdonnais indignant, then left the coast. The Nawab ordered Dupleix to give up the town to his agents. Dupleix politely declined, whereupon the Nawab sent his son with 10,000 men to eject the French. But the French held their ground, and a small force sent by Dupleix from Pondicherry, under the command of a Swiss officer named Paradis, to raise the siege, attacked and dispersed the Nawab's army at St. Thomé (November 4, 1746). This was the battle which created the French prestige in India.

Dupleix's next effort was to reduce the English settlement at Fort St. David, but in the absence of a naval force able to co-operate he was unable to achieve success.[1] Three attempts were made against Fort St. David. Early in 1748 a first-rate British officer, Major Stringer Lawrence, arrived to take command and beat off Dupleix's third attack, made in June that year. In August, Admiral Boscawen, with a fleet of thirty ships and from 2000 to 3000 troops, reached the coast. Boscawen attacked Pondicherry by sea and land, but after a two months' siege abandoned the attempt and left the coast. Soon afterwards (1749) news reached India of the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, by which the two nations had agreed upon a mutual restitution of the conquests made during the war. Madras was accordingly restored to the English.

[1] In February 1747 a small French squadron was on the coast, but retired before the arrival in March of an English squadron from the Hooghly, which in turn was drawn off by another French squadron.

In June 1748 the Subahdar of the Deccan Nizam-ul-mulk died, having nominated as his successor his grandson Muzaffar Jang, but Muzaffar was away while his disinherited uncle Nazir Jang was on the spot. Nazir seized the treasury and proclaimed himself Subahdar. Muzaffar turned for help to the Mahratta court, where he made the acquaintance of a political prisoner, Chanda Sahib, a prince who had a distant claim to the office of Nawab of the Carnatic. The two princes entered into correspondence with Dupleix, to whom their proposals gave a brilliant opening for the extension of his influence. If he could assist the one to establish himself as Subahdar and the other to become Nawab, he would through them control the greater part of Southern India. Dupleix therefore entered into the plot, paid seven lakhs of rupees to the Mahrattas as ransom for Chanda Sahib and sent him a force of 400 Europeans and 2000 Sepoys. Chanda Sahib brought into the field 6000 men and Muzaffar Jang 30,000. With these forces combined, the two pretenders advanced through the Eastern Ghauts towards Arcot the capital of the Carnatic. They were met by the reigning Nawab, who was regarded by the English as the legitimate ruler in virtue of his appointment by the late Nizam. In the battle of Ambur (August 3, 1749) the pretenders were victorious. The legitimate Nawab was killed, and his younger son Mohammed Ali, who escaped, took refuge in Trichinopoly. The pretenders instead of pursuing him lay down to besiege Tanjore, but withdrew on the appearance of Nazir Jang with a large army. Soon afterwards Nazir Jang was assassinated. The two pretenders were recognized, and Dupleix was everywhere triumphant. Muzaffar Jang

returned towards Aurangabad, the capital of the Deccan, accompanied by a guard of French troops and French Sepoys commanded by Bussy, one of Dupleix's officers, and when soon afterwards the Subahdar Muzaffar was killed, Bussy without difficulty set up in his place as Subahdar another prince of the same family. Thus the French influence became supreme in the Deccan. Dupleix had installed his own man Chanda Sahib as Nawab of the Carnatic, and nothing remained except to capture Trichinopoly and Mohammed Ali, whom the English still recognized as the legitimate Nawab.

In March 1751 Chanda Sahib with his own army and a French contingent set out to besiege Trichinopoly. By this time, however, there was a strong English Governor, Saunders, at Fort St. David. He sent a small English contingent to assist in the defence of Trichinopoly, and prepared a further force to watch the progress of the enemy advancing for its capture. The observing detachment allowed itself to be badly beaten at Volconda (July 19, 1751), after which it retreated to Trichinopoly. A young English officer, who had been acting as commissary to this column, and was indignant at what he thought the incompetence with which it was handled, had occasion after the defeat at Volconda to return to Fort St. David and make his report to Mr. Saunders the Governor. The name of this officer was Robert Clive.

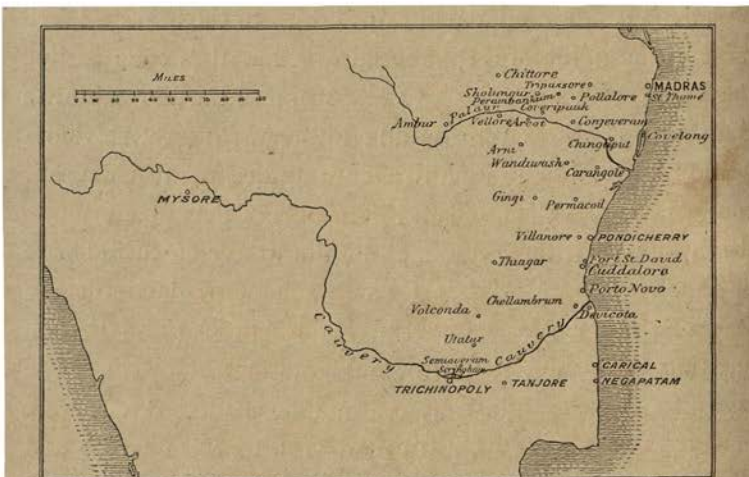
Robert Clive was born at Styche, near Market Drayton, September 29, 1725, the eldest of twelve children of a country lawyer. When three years old he was sent to live at Hope Hall, near Manchester, with his mother's sister, Mrs. Bayley. His first school was at Lostocke, in Cheshire,

his next at Market Drayton, and then, after a short time at Merchant Taylors, he went to a private school in Hertfordshire. The record of his boyhood is one of insubordination, fights, and escapades. In 1743 he received a nomination as writer in the East India Company's service and set sail for Madras. The ship stayed nine months at Rio de Janeiro, where Clive picked up a little Portuguese, and reached its destination towards the close of 1744. The young writer was poor, and without friends in the settlement, and being of a proud and independent disposition led for some time a retired and solitary life. He resented with great spirit, but without putting himself in the wrong, more than one attempt to snub him. The Board in reporting home one of these quarrels completely exculpated Clive, and added, "he is generally esteemed a very quiet person and in no way guilty of disturbances." But his high spirits were accompanied by fits of extreme depression, and it is said that he escaped suicide only because the pistol which he twice pointed at his head both times missed fire. Governor Morse gave him access to his library and he was for some time a constant reader. On the capture of Madras (1746), Clive was one of those who escaped to Fort St. David, and in 1747 he received permission to exchange his writership for an ensign's commission in the Company's military service. The commander at this time was Major Stringer Lawrence, under whose eye Clive first faced the enemy. Clive also served during the abortive siege of Pondicherry, where he distinguished himself in the repulse of a sortie, and in 1749, during an expedition against Devicota, Lawrence gave him command of the storming party, "where," says Lawrence, "he behaved in courage and judg-

ment much beyond what could have been expected from his years." On his return to Fort St. David he was appointed commissary of the forces, but fell ill and was sent for a sea-trip in the Bay of Bengal. Early in 1751 he had to equip the force sent to aid the garrison of Trichinopoly, and then to accompany the second force sent there, which was defeated at Volconda. Upon its defeat and retreat to Trichinopoly Clive left it and returned to Fort St. David. He was then sent to accompany for three days' march a third detachment convoying provisions to the besieged fort. After this, in July 1751, he received a captain's commission. Lawrence had gone home to Europe, and the new captain's first duty was to march a small reinforcement from Devicota to Trichinopoly and then to return and report to Governor Saunders upon the state and prospects of that place.

Clive had little confidence in the officer entrusted with the defence, and proposed to Saunders to draw off the besiegers by a diversion. Chanda Sahib and the French had concentrated their forces before Trichinopoly. The northern part of the Carnatic and its capital Arcot were denuded of troops. Clive's plan was to seize Arcot and thereby to compel the besiegers of Trichinopoly, if not to raise the siege, at least to detach from it a large part of their force. The project had the approval of Saunders and the Board and its execution was entrusted to Clive, who set off at once to Madras, and started from there (September 6) with 200 English soldiers, 300 Sepoys, and three guns. Of his eight officers four were civilians and only two had been under fire. He reached Arcot, sixty-nine miles distant, on the fifth day, having marched the day before through a violent storm. The place was surprised and the garrison

bolted, so that Clive found himself in possession of the fort without having lost a man, while the population of Arcot, 100,000 souls, looked on in amazed inaction. Arcot is 180 miles from Trichinopoly, and Clive could expect a breathing space before Chanda Sahib and the French could be upon him. He made the most of the time, repairing and supplementing the fortifications and dealing offensive counter-strokes against the enemy in his neighbourhood. During the first week he twice marched out and attacked the



CARNATIC

escaped garrison in their camp. He had sent for two 18-pounders from Madras, and while he again marched out twenty-seven miles to meet them and bring them in safe, the handful of men left in the fort of Arcot repulsed an attack. Chanda Sahib sent 3000 Sepoys and 150 Frenchmen to reinforce the army which his son Rezza Sahib was collecting near Arcot. By these forces, after Clive had had three weeks' respite, the fort was invested. Clive promptly

made a sortie, in which the French gunners were driven from their guns, so that the respect of the natives of both sides for Clive and the English was increased. After that for seven weeks the fort was steadily battered by the enemy. A breach had by that time been made, and on November 25 the assault was delivered. It lasted for an hour, was beaten off, and next day the besiegers had disappeared. The cause of this disappearance lay outside Arcot. The conflict between Chanda Sahib aided by Dupleix, and Mohammed Ali supported by the English, was watched by most of the potentates of Southern India, in particular by the Raja of Mysore and by the Mahratta general, Morari Rao, both of whom were waiting to see which way the wind would blow. The seizure of Arcot revealed an unsuspected energy in the English, and its determined defence confirmed the favourable impression. The Mahratta chief decided to be on Clive's side, and the approach of his force had induced Rezza Sahib, first to attempt the storm in order to settle the question before the Mahratta could interfere, and when that failed, to abandon the siege.

Rezza Sahib halted his army at Arni. After an interval Clive, having received reinforcements from Madras and having been joined by 1000 Mahratta horsemen, marched out to attack Rezza Sahib in the field. When close to the enemy, whose numbers were more than double his own, Clive, seeing a favourable position, halted, his front covered by a rice-swamp, his right in a village and his left in a small wood. Rezza Sahib moved forward to attack. His cavalry threatened both of Clive's wings, while his infantry tried to storm the front of the position along a causeway leading across the swamp. Clive swept the causeway with

his guns, and when the advancing column, led by the French, had been driven back with heavy loss, pushed a column of British troops along the causeway to attack the enemy's centre where their guns were posted. This charge succeeded, and the enemy finding his centre broken retreated in disorder. Clive pursued and the enemy's army dispersed. Clive then marched to Conjeveram, captured a fortified pagoda at that place, and returned by Madras to Fort St. David.

Meanwhile Dupleix pressed the siege of Trichinopoly, and raised the French contingent with Chanda Sahib's besieging army to a force of 900 Frenchmen and 2000 French-trained Sepoys. Saunders and Clive were intent upon the relief of the place, and Dupleix to prevent it arranged in turn his own diversion in the north. He induced Rezza Sahib to raise a fresh army, as the nucleus of which he sent him 400 Frenchmen. With this force in the middle of January Rezza Sahib set out to raid the districts near Madras. Clive was charged with the counter-stroke. He withdrew the greater part of the garrison of Arcot, and uniting this party with a small party just landed at Madras from Bengal, formed a force of 380 Englishmen, 1300 Sepoys, and six guns, with which he moved out to attack the marauders. Rezza Sahib immediately set out for Arcot which, now that the garrison had been reduced, he hoped to take by assault. Clive lost a couple of days pursuing on the wrong track, but then set out by forced marches for Arcot. The same evening (February 23-24, 1752) he marched his force right into an ambuscade which had been judiciously prepared for him at Coveripauk by the French officers. Their guns were posted in a grove forming a

natural redoubt on the right, their infantry in a dry water-course on the left of the road by which he was moving. The first sign of their presence was the fire opened upon the head of his marching column. He was fairly caught and ought to have been beaten, but he promptly disposed his little force for defence, communicating to his men something of his own astounding coolness, and held his ground for several hours. By degrees he discovered that the French battery in the grove was the key to the position. Accordingly he sent a reconnaissance to examine the way round it, and when he learned that it was unguarded in rear, told off more than half of his British contingent to turn it. He set out himself with the turning party, but finding that his departure unsteadied his force which was holding the road, he returned to that point and entrusted the detached party to Lieutenant Keene. That officer judiciously reconnoitred before striking his blow and came upon the French rear completely unobserved, so that his first volley startled them; they ran from the guns and in a few minutes were all prisoners. Thereupon the enemy's native troops ran. Clive halted until dawn, which revealed that he had won a decisive battle. There had been more Frenchmen than Englishmen on the ground, more native infantry with the French than with the English, and the enemy had 2500 cavalry while Clive had had none. The result of the victory coming after Clive's previous actions was to take from the French the prestige they had reaped from the success of Paradis at St. Thomé, and to transfer it greatly enhanced to the English. On his return march to the coast, Clive razed to the ground the monument erected by Dupleix on the site of a projected town, which was to have

been called Dupleix-Futtehabad, "The City of the Victories of Dupleix."

In his brief exercise of independent command Clive had revealed the qualities of a great commander. The numbers of troops engaged and the losses inflicted hardly raise these actions above the rank of skirmishes, yet Clive's conduct recalls the words of Napoleon, that "the divine part of the genius of war comprises all that flows from moral considerations, from the character, the ability, and the interests of the adversary, from opinion, and from the temper of the private soldier, who is strong and victorious, weak and defeated, according as he believes himself to be the one or the other."

When the young conqueror returned to Fort St. David (March 1752) his career as a general was for the time at an end, for his friend and superior officer, Lawrence, came back from England and resumed the command. Clive once more took his place as a subordinate, and proved by the brilliant assistance which he rendered to his chief that his recent exploits had not shaken his sense of duty. Towards the close of March Lawrence, accompanied by Clive, set out for the relief of Trichinopoly. Law, the French officer who was directing the investment, offered a feeble resistance to the relieving column, which effected its junction with the garrison without much difficulty. After the junction Lawrence had the superior force of Europeans and Sepoys, while the native army of Chanda Sahib was fairly balanced by the Mahratta and Mysore allies of Mohammed Ali.

Trichinopoly lies on the south bank of the Cauvery, a large river which some distance above the town forks

into two branches, eventually becoming the northern and southern streams of an extensive delta. The tongue of land which separates them is pierced a few miles lower down by a cross channel, so that the portion opposite the town forms a long narrow island called Seringham. Into this island Law withdrew his forces. Clive thereupon at his own suggestion was sent round, with 400 English, 700 Sepoys, and a contingent of allied cavalry, to the north bank to drive back any French reinforcements, and eventually shut up the enemy in the island. Before Clive had secured all the posts on the north bank which he thought it essential to hold, he learned that a small French force was approaching from the north as a relief or reinforcement to Law. He marched off to intercept this party, which retreated to Utatur, and Clive then returned to the village of Semiaveram near to the main route from the island. His European troops were quartered in two pagodas a few hundred yards apart; his Sepoys in the intervening space; he and his officers were in a caravanserai behind the smaller pagoda. The same night Law sent across a party of 80 Europeans and 700 Sepoys to seize Semiaveram, to which place he did not know that Clive had returned. Half the Europeans were British deserters, chosen because in the dark they would not when challenged reveal, by replying with a foreign accent, the side to which they belonged. The party crossed by an unguarded passage. Clive's sentries were deceived by the statement of the deserters that they were bringing reinforcements from Lawrence. Clive himself was awakened by a volley fired into the caravanserai which killed the sentry standing beside him. To quell what he thought a disturbance

in his camp, he immediately went to turn out his men quartered in the pagoda close by, and then came back to the Sepoys who were firing and whom he supposed to be his own troops, and ordered them to cease fire. His order was not obeyed and he received a sword-cut. Next moment he found himself in presence of a group of Frenchmen who called upon him to surrender. He instantly replied that it was for them to surrender, for they were surrounded by his troops drawn up to attack them. Three of the Frenchmen surrendered on the spot, the rest ran off to find an officer and ask for orders. Clive went to the other pagoda and turned out his men. When he came back the French Sepoys had made off, and the French troops and deserters had thrown themselves into the first pagoda. Clive sent the Mahratta cavalry to chase the French Sepoys, and waited where he was with his infantry till daylight. The French party then began to move out of the pagoda, but were driven back into it by a volley. Clive went forward to offer the French commander terms. He was weak from his wound but was held up by two of his sergeants. One of the deserters fired a shot which missed Clive but killed both the sergeants. The French then surrendered. This night adventure is a picture in miniature of the warfare of the time in the Carnatic. All the features are characteristic—the crowd of native troops easily scared and ready to run like sheep; the handful of rough, undisciplined, but brave Europeans; and in the foreground the commanding figure of Clive, always bold, always cool, never at a loss.

A few weeks later Clive was able to close the last exit from the island, thus completing its investment, and

then to march off and defeat the small French relieving force, which surrendered to him at Volconda. Soon afterwards Law with the whole force, French and native, in the island of Seringham surrendered to Lawrence. Chanda Sahib, who attempted to escape before the capitulation, fell into the hands of Lawrence's native allies, who quarrelled over the possession of their prisoner and settled the dispute by murdering him.

Clive was in bad health and had been wounded. He went back to Madras intending to return to Europe, but it was thought necessary to reduce the forts at Covelong and Chingliput, and as Lawrence remained in the south, Clive took charge of the operation. He had but a handful of raw recruits, who in the first brushes with the enemy ran away as soon as they came under fire, but he made men of them and took the forts. Soon afterwards Clive married Margaret Maskelyne, the sister of the companion of his escape to Fort St. David in 1746, and in March 1753 he sailed with his bride for England.

The brilliant services of Lawrence and of Clive had saved the English cause in the Carnatic, but they were not decisive. The French were far from crushed. The disaster before Trichinopoly by no means exhausted the resources of Dupleix. Though beaten in the field he was still a power in the land. The Nizam of the Deccan was his nominee, the creature of his Lieutenant Bussy. In the winter of 1751-52 the Nizam had ceded to the French a great tract of country lying to the north of Madras, now known as the Northern Sirkars, stretching along 600 miles of sea-board and including the fort of Masulipatam. Chanda Sahib had been appointed Nawab of the Carnatic

on the understanding that the real ruler was to be Dupleix, and after his death Dupleix himself was formally appointed, though the absence of confirmation from the court at Delhi, and the maintenance by the English of Mohammed Ali, reduced the title to no more than a claim. At any rate there is some basis for the view of modern French historical geographers who hold that in the time of Dupleix there was a French empire in India,[1] consisting of the direct possession of the Carnatic, except Madras, and of the Northern Sirkars, as well as of a sphere of influence co-extensive with the Deccan, that is, with the greater part of India south of the Nerbudda.

After the departure of Clive, the military contest was continued to the close of 1753, when Lawrence crowned a brilliant campaign by a final victory at Trichinopoly. The French Company at home failed to understand the diplomatic successes of their representative, and saw only his military failures and the financial deficit. The English East India Company, too, was tired of hostilities carried on during peace under the veil of assistance to native princes, and it was agreed between London and Paris that there should be a settlement. Dupleix was ordered to negotiate. He insisted however on being recognized by the English at Madras as Nawab of the Carnatic, a condition which was impossible for them to accept, whereupon his directors, impatient, superseded him, and in January 1755 a treaty was signed at Pondicherry by which both sides agreed to renounce all native dignities and to abandon all interference with native powers, while the French were to relinquish all possessions they had acquired in excess

See map, p. 455.

of those belonging to the English. The treaty, however, though it prolonged the suspension of the conflict, was hardly carried out. Bussy remained in the Deccan, and the French continued in possession of the Northern Sirkars.

When Clive reached home, he found himself at the age of twenty-seven a famous man. The Directors of the East India Company banquetted him and presented him with a diamond-hilted sword, which, however, he accepted only on condition that a similar gift should be bestowed upon Lawrence. He had brought home a small fortune, and was in a position to clear of encumbrances his father's estate. It was now his ambition to make a political career at home, and in the election of 1754 he was returned in the Sandwich interest for the Cornish borough of St. Michaels. There was a petition against the return, and though the committee decided in favour of Clive, the question was settled by a vote of the House, and as the Government used its majority against him, he was unseated. He had spent money freely, and was living as a rich man. The end of his fortune was beginning to be visible, and he determined to return to the East.

At this time, the dispute between the French and the English, arising out of the French claims to the Ohio valley, was passing out of the stage in which a diplomatic settlement was possible. The year 1754 is that of Washington's abortive expedition against Fort Duquesne. In view of the prospect of war, Clive's application for employment was welcome to the East India Company, whose Directors obtained for him a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the King's army, and appointed him Governor of Fort St. David. He was instructed to proceed in the first

instance to Bombay, and there to organize an attack upon the French in the Deccan.

Upon his arrival at Bombay in November 1755, he found that an expedition into the Deccan was precluded by the terms of the treaty of Pondicherry. The Government of Bombay took advantage of his presence, especially as he had brought with him troops from England, and of that of a squadron under Admiral Watson, to arrange for an attack upon the pirate chief Angria, the head of a clan of rovers, who had established a formidable power in the coast district to the north of Goa. Angria's great stronghold was at a fort called Gheria, commanding the harbour of Viziadrug. The place was blockaded on the land side by the Mahratta allies of the English. Clive and Watson appeared before it in February 1756, landed troops, bombarded the fort from the ships, and divided the plunder, about £120,000, among the officers and men of the two services. There was a dispute about the shares, in which Clive and Watson were equally determined in maintaining the rights of the army and navy respectively, and equally generous as regards their personal interests. The fleet then proceeded to the east coast, reaching Fort St. David in the middle of May.

In the Carnatic the treaty of Pondicherry had failed to allay the disputes between the French and the English. Bussy still exercised a controlling influence in the Deccan, and the English were intent upon supplanting him, and upon the expulsion of the French from the Northern Sirkars. Their plans were upset by the news of a disaster in Bengal.

The richest district which had owned allegiance to the

Mogul emperors was the Subah or Vice-Royalty, comprising the three provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. Early in the century a strong Viceroy had made himself practically independent, by acquiring for himself, not merely the executive authority with the title of Nawab, but also the office of Diwan, or finance minister, a post which in the Mogul system was usually distinct from that of the Executive Governor. The extensive powers of this Nawab became hereditary, and passed after some time into the hands of a clever usurper, Ali Verdi Khan, whose chief difficulty had been to resist or prevent the inroads of the Mahrattas from Nagpore, which had caused the English to surround their settlement at Calcutta with a bank and a trench known as the Mahratta ditch. About 1750 the Nawab bought off the Mahrattas, by ceding to them the greater part of Orissa, and in 1756 he died, and left as his successor his grand-nephew, Suraj-ud-Dowla, a profligate and vindictive youth of nineteen. Some trifling dispute embittered Suraj-ud-Dowla against the English, and in the summer of 1756 he seized the English residents at Cossim Bazar, and marched with a large army from his capital Murshedabad to Calcutta, which was poorly defended and eventually taken. One hundred and forty-six English prisoners were crushed for the night into a small room called the Black Hole, from which next morning only twenty-three came out alive. The news that Suraj-ud-Dowla was marching against Calcutta reached Madras on July 15, and three days later Major Kilpatrick, with 250 European troops, sailed for Bengal, where they landed at Fulta at the beginning of August, and were joined by the refugees from Calcutta, among

them Mr. Drake the Governor, whose retreat to the ships during the Nawab's attack on the town and fort had been by no means creditable. On August 5 the English at Madras heard of the fall of Calcutta and of the outrage of the Black Hole. The authorities with great spirit resolved, at the risk of weakening themselves in their impending conflict with the French, to send the strongest possible force to the relief of their countrymen in Bengal. Admiral Watson agreed to take his squadron, and a military force of 900 Europeans and 1500 Sepoys was put under the command of Clive, who was instructed, while acknowledging Mr. Drake's authority in civil and commercial business, to retain complete military and political control of the expedition and to take charge of the funds for its supply. There was no supreme authority in Madras, so that the plan and the preparations alike involved negotiations.

It was October 10 before the fleet sailed. The weather was bad and the entrance to the Hooghly difficult. Not until the middle of December did the expedition reach Fulta, where the emaciated survivors of Kilpatrick's force and of the refugees were picked up. A day or two later operations began by an attack on the Fort of Budge-Budge. At Watson's suggestion, though against his own judgment, Clive landed the bulk of his force a few miles below the fort, and marched by a circuitous route to a point on the road from Budge-Budge to Calcutta. Here he was surprised by a superior force of the enemy. His never-failing coolness enabled him to keep his men in hand, to show a firm front, and to make a counter attack, whereupon the enemy retired. Meanwhile the fleet bombarded

the fort, which, as the enemy was evacuating it, was entered by a drunken sailor, followed first by some of his comrades, and then by the party told off for the storm. The fleet pushed on to Calcutta, followed by the troops. No serious resistance was made, but the arrangements for the occupation led to a dispute between Clive and Watson over the right to appoint a commandant of the fort. It was compromised by the keys being entrusted to Drake, the restored Governor. A week later, a small naval and military force was sent up the river to the town of Hooghly, which was taken.

The Nawab set out from Murshedabad with a large army to recover Calcutta. Clive entrenched his force close to the river, about a mile above the town. On February 3 the Nawab's army passed this position, and occupied the outskirts of Calcutta. During the night, Clive persuaded the Admiral to lend him 600 sailors, and in the early morning set out with about 1300 Europeans and 600 Sepoys, intending to seize first the enemy's guns, and then the Nawab himself. The plan was frustrated by a dense Bengal fog in which the column lost its way. The Nawab's army occupied the north-east corner of Calcutta, within and without the Mahratta ditch. In the fog Clive forced his way through that portion of the enemy's force which lay outside the ditch, and continued his march parallel with the ditch, until he reached a road leading through the town to the fort, where he arrived about noon, having lost 174 men killed and wounded. His column had repulsed two cavalry charges and silenced a battery which had tried to put a stop to its march, but the troops reached the fort with a sense of

confusion and failure. Clive, however, rightly divined that the enemy's loss had been greater than his own, and opened negotiations with the Nawab in the high tone of a victor. The Nawab was very much frightened, retreated, and a few days later signed a treaty, by which, while he renewed and increased the privileges of the English, he promised to restore his share of the plunder of Calcutta.

More dangerous perhaps than the Nawab were the French at Chandernagore, for it was known in Calcutta that war between France and England had begun, and M. Law, who had fought against Clive at Trichinopoly, was now in Bengal, with a party of French troops, for the assistance of the Nawab against the English. For some weeks the English authorities were paralyzed by divided councils. Drake and his committee of three had the authority of their appointment by the Company. Clive had the powers given him by the Madras authorities, together with the military command. Watson having the highest rank, and that in the King's service, considered himself the representative of the King's government, and of rights and interests greater than the Company's. Early in March an official notification of the war with France, and the arrival of three men-of-war in the Hooghly, decided Watson in favour of an attack upon the French settlement. This put an end to the difficulties, and the Nawab's prohibition of any such attack was ignored. Clive and Watson with their joint forces invested Chandernagore, which after a gallant defence surrendered on March 24.

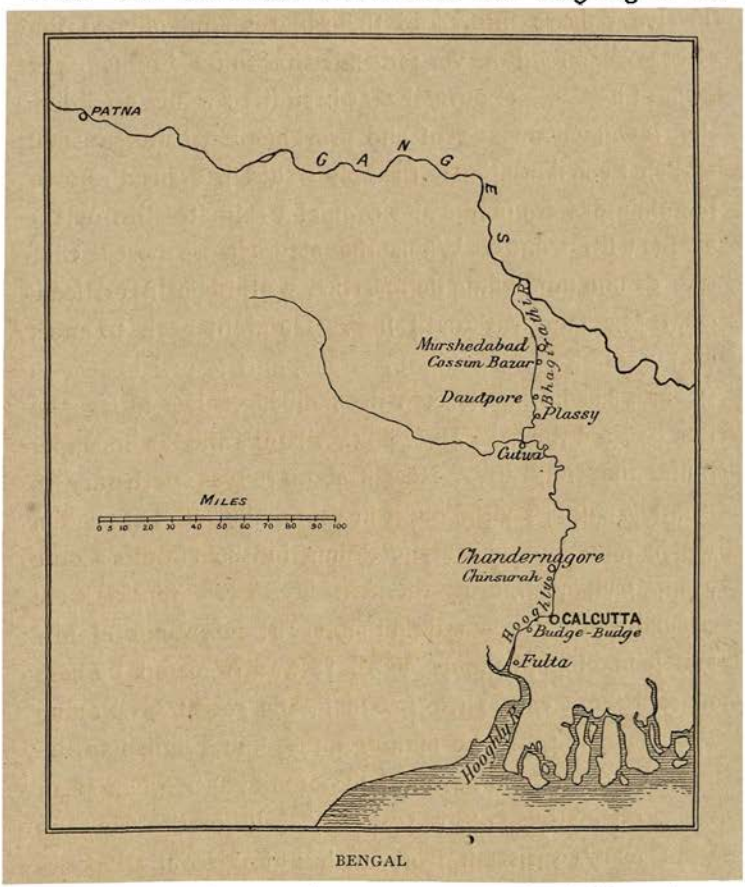
There had been no stand-up fight with Suraj-ud-Dowla, and in spite of the treaty, it was clear that his animosity to the English was undiminished, and that there was no

limit to his duplicity. The successor of an usurper, he was an incapable debauchee, and beyond measure cruel and oppressive to his subjects. His own chief officers plotted for his deposition, and made overtures to the English authorities for the support of their plans. Clive and the Council were not slow to perceive the advantage which they would gain from helping a revolution, which would probably take place whether they interfered or not. Their support, if the plot succeeded, would make the new Nawab their ally if not their dependent. After protracted negotiations, in which Clive took a leading part, it was decided that the new Nawab should be Mir Jafar Khan, the commander-in-chief of Suraj-ud-Dowla's army. He was to be supported in the overthrow of his master by the two officials next in importance to himself, and by the great native banking-houses of Murshedabad, and in return for the support of the English was to pay 10,000,000 rupees to the Company, and to distribute further millions among the English officials and officers who were privy to the plot. Until all was ready, the Nawab's suspicions were to be allayed by unlimited assurances of good-will and fidelity. Among the native agents in the negotiations was a banker named Omichund, who, at the critical moment, threatened to betray everything to Suraj-ud-Dowla unless he were promised an enormous sum of money, according to some accounts as much as 2,000,000 sterling, the promise to be guaranteed by its insertion in the contract or treaty between the English officials and Mir Jafar. The Council at Calcutta proceeded to consider "how to deceive Omichund, and prevent the disclosure of the whole project," and adopted a method

suggested by Clive. Two copies of the treaty were written out, one of which contained, and the other omitted, the stipulation upon which Omichund insisted, it being understood that the original and only valid treaty was the one without this clause. Both were duly signed, and when Watson refused to put his name to the bogus paper, the Admiral's signature was forged by Clive's orders. Omichund, when his agent had seen the treaty, was satisfied, but of course it was only the bogus that had been shown. The Nawab's commanders now urged him to destroy the pestilent English, the English adopted a more hostile tone towards him, and while he marched south from Murshedabad, Clive marched north from Chandernagore to meet him.

Clive's road ran for eighty or ninety miles along the right bank of the river Hooghly, which is called in its upper course the Bagirathi. Near Cutwa it was necessary to cross the river and follow a road up the left bank. On June 17 Clive was near the crossing and sent Major Coote to seize Cutwa. During the next day or two, reports were received which threw a doubt upon the intentions of Mir Jafar and his colleagues in the Nawab's camp. These men were traitors to their master; they might be playing a double game and be simply luring the English to destruction. Clive's force consisted of about 1000 European and 2000 native troops and ten field-guns. He was several marches distant from his base and from all possibility of support. If he should once cross the river, defeat must be disastrous, for there would be no road by which he could retreat. The Nawab's force was estimated at 35,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry, and forty guns. If its

commanders did their duty, there was every probability that Clive's small army would be destroyed, after which the English would certainly be expelled from Bengal. These were the issues which Clive was weighing in his



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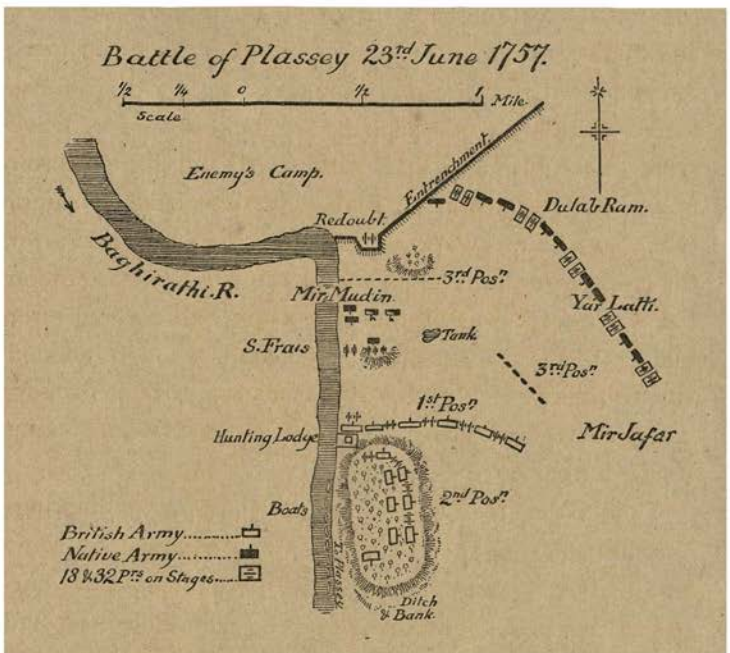
mind, when on June 21 he called a Council of War, where he put the question, "Whether under existing circumstances, and without other assistance, it would be prudent to cross the river and come to action with the Nawab,

or whether they should fortify themselves at Cutwa, and wait till the monsoon was over, when the Mahrattas or some other country power might be induced to join them."

Clive first gave his own opinion in favour of waiting. Twelve officers expressed the same view. Major Eyre Coote expressed a very decided opinion in favour of prompt action. He urged that hesitation would annihilate the moral advantage of the previous English successes, and that considerations of supply would prevent the force remaining where it was and compel a retreat. Six officers voted with Coote. When the Council was over, Clive spent some time alone deliberating with himself. A letter from Mir Jafar reassured him. He went back to camp, told Coote he was going to attack, and issued orders for the crossing of the river in the morning. Next afternoon the whole force was on the other bank, and an hour after midnight, after a fifteen miles' march through flooded country, halted for the night in the mango grove of Plassey, where they could hear the drums in the Nawab's camp a mile further on.

Close to the grove, and on the river's bank, was a hunting-box belonging to the Nawab. It was occupied by some of Clive's men, and from here in the morning Clive surveyed the field. The mango grove, half-a-mile long and three hundred yards wide, had a good bank round it and formed a ready-made redoubt. A mile to the front was the Nawab's entrenchment, starting at right angles to the river, then bending back a little and stretching away for two or three miles inland. By the river, about half-way between the two camps, was a mound formed by the banks of a small tank or reservoir, and between that and the

Nawab's entrenchment was a smaller mound. Early in the morning the Nawab's army moved out. A handful of Frenchmen under St. Frais took position at the tank, with a picked force of 5000 horse and 7000 foot behind them by the river. The rest of the army, in three great divisions, came out of the entrenchment and made a great wheel to its right, its line being curved like a sickle and



threatening to enclose in its forward sweep Clive's small army. Each division had its share of heavy guns mounted on platforms, which were dragged by oxen in front and pushed by elephants behind. These three divisions were commanded by the three traitors, the one on the left nearest to Clive being Mir Jafar, but this until after the battle Clive could only guess. He drew up his force in

front of the grove at right angles to the river, with the left near the hunting-box. About six o'clock the enemy began a cannonade from all their artillery, to which Clive's artillery replied. After a couple of hours Clive, finding that some thirty of his men had been knocked over, moved back the bulk of his force into the shelter given by the natural redoubt of the grove. His own guns had probably done more execution than those of the enemy, but he seems to have been in doubt as to the part which the three traitor generals were playing. The backward movement was followed by a short advance of the enemy, and an increase of their fire, which however did little harm as the English were now protected. Shortly before noon Clive assembled his chief officers, and explained his decision to wait where he was till midnight, and then to move forward and attack the Nawab's camp. About noon there was a heavy shower of rain, after which the enemy's fire slackened because their powder was wet, and the English ceased fire because their plan was to wait. When the rain stopped, the enemy's horse near the river moved forward to charge, but they were received with an effective fire, and their leader, Mir Mudin, the only true man among the Nawab's generals, was killed. The charge came to nothing and the cavalry retired.

About this time Clive, satisfied with his plan and convinced that no dangerous attack was likely, lay down for a sleep in the hunting-box. About the same time Suraj-ud-Dowla, very much frightened by the news of Mir Mudin's death, sent for two of his other commanders in turn, and in the most abject fashion implored them to stand by him in his hour of need. The first, Mir Jafar promised to be true

and staunch, and immediately after the audience wrote a note to Clive telling him to push on at once, for now was his time.[1] The second told the Nawab that his army was giving way, that the English were pushing on, and that the battle-field was not a safe place. This completed Suraj-ud-Dowla's panic. He sent for his best dromedary, and with his body-guard of 2000 horse rode off as fast as he could to Murshedabad, leaving orders for his army to come back inside the entrenched line. The consequence was, that while Mir Jafar's division moved south to be nearer to the English, the bulk of the Nawab's army moved northwards away from them, leaving St. Frais with his Frenchmen alone on the mound. Thereupon Major Kilpatrick moved forward with two companies to attack St. Frais, and sent a messenger to awaken Clive. Clive came out very angry with Kilpatrick, but quickly took in the situation, and led on the two companies himself, sending back Kilpatrick for more. Meanwhile the English officers on the right, not understanding Mir Jafar's advance, threw out a party to check it, with the result that Mir Jafar moved slowly inland away from the English and away from the Nawab's army. On Clive's advance, St. Frais, seeing the retreat in his rear, fell back from his mound to the entrenchment. Clive pushed on, and opened fire with his guns against the Nawab's camp behind the entrenchment, and so soon as Mir Jafar's retreat convinced him that there was nothing to fear from that quarter, prepared to storm the point held by the French. But as the Nawab's army had continued its retreat, the French found themselves deserted, and had no reason to sacrifice themselves for

[1] This note did not reach Clive until the whole action was over.

nothing. They followed the fugitive army. It was about five o'clock, and the Nawab's army was in full flight when Clive received a message from Mir Jafar. He at once sent word that he would meet him next day at Daudpore, some miles further in the direction of Murshedabad, and immediately afterwards sent on Coote with a small force to pursue the retreating army. That night Clive's little army bivouacked at Daudpore. Major Coote was sent in pursuit of Law and his Frenchmen, and eventually drove them into Oudh.

In his diary of the campaign of 1792, written twenty years after the event, Goethe represents himself as having said to his comrades round the camp-fire on the evening of the cannonade of Valmy, "From here and from to-day begins a new epoch of history." Twenty years after Plassey, a man might well have imagined that he had said something of the same kind in the camp at Daudpore, on the night of June 23, 1757. Neither event is properly called a decisive battle. The fate of Europe was determined in 1792 by the Duke of Brunswick's refusal to attack the French. The fate of India was determined in 1757 by the treachery of the Nawab's generals, which made it impossible for his army to fight.

The day after the battle Mir Jafar was recognized by Clive as Subahdar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, and a few days later was installed at Murshedabad. The fugitive Suraj-ud-Dowla was arrested, imprisoned, and opportunely murdered by his native enemies. Clive and the other British members of the conspiracy received from Mir Jafar the large payments agreed upon together with very large money presents; the Company had all its privileges con-

firmed, and was presented with all the lands south of Calcutta subject to an annual rent. It soon became evident to both sides, that Mir Jafar not only owed his position to the English and in particular to Clive, but that without the help of the English and of Clive he could not retain it. It became evident, too, to the Company's officials at Calcutta, that to Clive they owed their restoration and exaltation. In June 1758 a new constitution, framed by the Company in London for the administration of their affairs in Bengal, reached Calcutta. The men on the spot had the good sense to set it aside, and to appoint Clive president of the settlement.

At this time the presence of Lally in Southern India renewed the difficulties of the English at Madras. Lally had landed at Pondicherry with large reinforcements in April 1758. He took Fort St. David, and during the winter of 1758-59 besieged Madras. To strengthen himself he had recalled Bussy from the Northern Sirkars, and Clive now played on a larger scale his old game of counter-stroke. He sent Colonel Forde, with 500 Europeans and 2000 Sepoys, to expel from the Northern Sirkars the French, who, after Bussy's recall, were commanded by Conflans. Forde made a good campaign, beat and drove out the French, and when the Nizam appeared on the scene, induced him to cede the Sirkars to the English.

Meanwhile, Mir Jafar was threatened on his northern frontier with an invasion undertaken by the Nawab of Oudh in support of a son of the Mogul emperor, who, against the authority of his father, laid claim to the throne of Suraj-ud-Dowla. Mir Jafar appealed to Clive, and Clive, in the spring of 1759, marched up with a small force, 450

Europeans and 2500 Sepoys, to Murshedabad and Patna. His appearance was enough. The Nawab of Oudh retired, and the Mogul pretender disappeared. Mir Jafar showed his gratitude by presenting to Clive, in perpetuity, the rent due from the Company for its lands south of Calcutta. This rent was the jaghir which the Directors afterwards tried to appropriate to the Company.

On his return to Calcutta in the autumn, Clive had to face a new danger in the shape of a Dutch invasion. The Dutch settlers at Chinsurah, north of Chandernagore, resented the special privileges which the English had extorted from Mir Jafar. A strong Dutch fleet entered the Hooghly, and the Dutch authorities intrigued with Mir Jafar, who chafed against the tight rein kept on him by the English. The Dutch sent in a formal demand for the redress of their grievances, of which the most important was that the English claimed a right to search every vessel passing up the Hooghly. Clive replied that in these matters the English were the agents of the Nawab, who was the agent of the Mogul Emperor. The Dutch Commander's retort was to seize such British vessels as he found at Fulta. This action relieved Clive of the responsibility of commencing hostilities against a nation with which Great Britain was at peace. Forde had just brought back his troops from the Northern Sirkars, and Clive resolved to settle with the Dutch before Mir Jafar could take their side. The Dutch, with seven men-of-war, sailed up the river and landed 1500 men (700 Europeans) near Calcutta, on the opposite bank of the river. Clive had already sent Forde across the river to deal with the Dutch troops, and now ordered Commodore Wilson, who had three East Indiamen, to fight the Dutch

fleet. Wilson in a two hours' fight completely defeated the seven Dutch ships, of which only one escaped, to be taken a few days after by British men-of-war at the mouth of the Hooghly. Forde marched north, and found himself between the Dutch column landed from the ships and the garrison of Chinsurah, which moved out to meet him. He easily defeated the garrison, and next day sent a note to Clive, asking whether with his 1200 men he should risk a battle with the Dutch 1500. Clive received the note at the whist-table, and wrote across it in pencil, "Dear Forde, Fight them immediately. I will send you the order in Council to-morrow." Next day, November 25, Forde at Biderra completely defeated the Dutch, of whom 320 were killed, 300 wounded, and about 600 taken prisoners.

After this it might well seem to Clive that the position of his countrymen in Bengal was secure. He had become immensely rich, and being only thirty-five years old, might think that his brilliant Indian career was but a beginning to be followed by greater achievements in a wider field. In 1760 he returned home, leaving Calcutta in February and reaching London about October. His wealth had not impaired his generosity, for he not only made a handsome provision for his parents, but settled on his old commander and comrade, Stringer Lawrence, an income of £500 a year. Pitt had called Clive a "heaven-born general," and the King had said of a young officer, who proposed to go to Germany to learn the art of war, "If he wants to learn the art of war let him go to Clive." But Clive was to find, as many a great man after him has found, that to the British public, India is a long way off; and that the importance of services rendered to this country, diminishes in the public

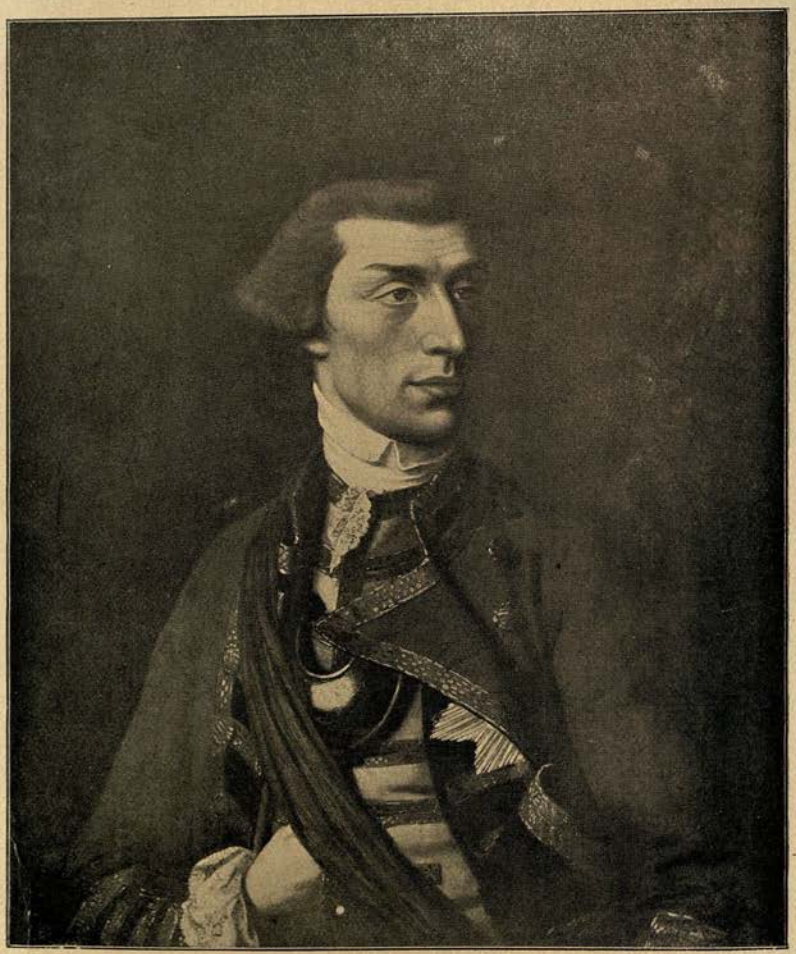
eye with the square of the distance. His reward for founding an Empire was an Irish peerage. He entered Parliament only to find himself a supporter of Pitt when Pitt was intrigued out of power. To the East India Company he had given grave offence by a despatch to Pitt (dated January 7, 1759), in which he had advocated the extension and consolidation of the English power in India, and had suggested for that purpose the transfer of authority from the East India Company to the Crown. Accordingly, he found on the Board of Directors a strong feeling against him, which was inflamed by the friends of all the incapables whom his strong hand at Calcutta had disturbed. He was for a time deprived of his jaghir. But the incapables whom he had left behind unconsciously worked in his favour. Having squeezed the last rupee out of Mir Jafar, the Council at Calcutta allowed themselves to be bribed into deposing that prince, and set up in his place his son-in-law, Mir Cassim, who soon afterwards raised a new army, and attempted to renew the exploit of Suraj-ud-Dowla and expel the English. Though he was defeated and crushed at Buxar by Hector Munro, the news of his advance sufficed to induce the East India Company to send out Clive again, this time as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Bengal. The appointment was made in March 1764.

In April 1765 Clive landed at Calcutta. By that time the fighting was over, and Clive's work as Governor-General was destined to be administrative and political rather than military. He found the Company's services disorganized and corrupt. With a firm hand he suppressed a mutiny among the officers of the Company's army, and restored

authority and discipline. He went as far as the Company would allow him in putting a stop to corrupt practices in the Civil Service. The Directors and the public at home were strongly prejudiced against the extension of the Company's territory and political authority. Clive therefore set his face against interference between the native powers outside the limits within which the Company had established its influence, comprising the provinces of Bengal, Behar, Orissa and the Northern Sirkars, together with Oudh, which had been conquered by Munro during his absence. His plan was to hold these provinces under grants from the Mogul Padishah, maintaining a puppet Nawab at Murshedabad, and another at Lucknow. But while he thus veiled the real authority of the Company from the eyes of the public at home, he increased it in regard to Bengal, Behar and Orissa, by compelling the Nawab, who was put on a fixed allowance, to cede to the Company the function of Diwan, or financial administrator.

In January 1767 Clive once more embarked for England. On his return, instead of honour and repose, he found censure and calumny awaiting him. His energetic purification of the Company's service had multiplied the number of his enemies, and for the next five years his energies were overtaxed, and his broken health shattered by an unflinching resistance to the attacks of his enemies. At length, in May 1773, a long parliamentary inquiry and debate upon his conduct ended in a vote which recorded that "he has rendered great and meritorious services to his country." He had won his last fight. But the effort had been too much for him, the fits of depression to which he had always been subject recurred, and in November 1774 he committed suicide.

It is the mark of a great man that he discovers in a world, which to his fellows seems confused and commonplace, a series of tasks to the performance of which his life is given. When afterwards the series is summed up, it seems to form a consecutive process marking the central or guiding line of some department of human action. For each of Clive's acts a counterpart may be found in similar exploits by one or other of his contemporaries, but the whole series has a unity and a continuity that reveal an idea and a purpose. The full scope of this idea and of this purpose was first made plain to the world when a later generation of his countrymen perceived that there had grown up a British Empire in India, and that he was its founder.



EYRE COOTE

COOTE[1]

1726—1783

ONE of the most distinguished soldiers of his time, Sir Eyre Coote, is conspicuous among the makers of British India. The victor of Wandewash and Porto Novo, the capable lieutenant of Clive and the trusted friend of Hastings, has had scant justice done to him in the pages of history. A wide interval of time divides the epochs of his most notable exploits. His great physical and mental powers were at their prime when he overcame the unfortunate Lally; enfeebled by age and wearied by disease, he relieved the devastated Carnatic from the greatest leader of native levies the British had ever encountered.

Little is known of his early life. The youngest son of a clergyman, he was born in the county of Limerick in 1726. His father, the Reverend Chidley Coote, was a direct descendant of Sir Charles Coote, who was made Provost-Marshal of Connaught by James I., and created the premier Irish baronet. Obtaining his commission at an early age, Eyre Coote served as an ensign in the 27th Regiment in the rebellion of 1745, and was present at the Battle of Falkirk.

Some years later he was gazetted to a captaincy in the 39th, a regiment which sailed for Madras in 1754, and thereby acquired the proud motto, "Primus in Indis."

[1] Coote's operations may be followed on the sketches of the Carnatic and of Bengal given in the life of Clive.

The news of the capture of Calcutta by Suraj-ud-Dowla, and of the barbarous treatment of the European captives, reached Fort St. George in August 1756. A deep feeling of anger and resentment rose in every mind; the deaths of their countrymen had to be revenged, and the treacherous ruler of Bengal punished.

The English and French military forces in the Carnatic were at this time nearly equal in numbers, and a renewal of hostilities might at any moment be expected. It was known, moreover, that a formidable expedition, avowedly destined for Pondicherry, was being prepared at Brest. Fortunately the English fleet held command of the sea, and it seemed possible that troops despatched to Bengal might fulfil their task and return to the Madras Presidency before the French reinforcements arrived. After a lengthy debate, the Madras Council decided that a well-equipped force of 900 Europeans and 1500 Sepoys, under the command of Colonel Clive, should be embarked forthwith, and be convoyed to the Ganges by the squadron of Admiral Watson. Three companies of the 39th Regiment formed part of the force, and of one of these Captain Coote was in command. Delayed by adverse winds, the expedition did not reach the mouth of the Hooghly till the close of the year.

The first object of attack was the fort of Budge-Budge. It was arranged that the men-of-war should cannonade it from the river, while the troops, making a detour by land, would cut off the retreat of the garrison. The Admiral's ship, out-sailing the others, anchored abreast of the fort, and by a heavy fire silenced its guns and effected a breach in the rampart. Clive, after a trying night march, was surprised

by a force from Calcutta, but, beating it off, encamped the following evening on the river-bank above the fort.

The troops were buried in slumber, when the stillness of the night was broken by loud shouts and musketry-fire. Some sailors in high spirits had strolled out in the moonlight to look at the fort. One of them, named Straghan, seeing the breach made by the ship's guns, could not resist the inclination to ascend it. On reaching the top, he found a party of the garrison sitting together smoking. Firing his pistol amongst them, he rushed forward, waving his cutlass and shouting, "The place is mine." The astounded guard endeavoured to seize him, but the sailor defended himself gallantly till his comrades came to his assistance. The nearest troops now rushed to join in the fray, and the surprised garrison fled in disorder. Taxed next morning by the Admiral with his drunken conduct, Straghan could only reply, "Why, to be sure, sir, it was I that took the fort, but I hope there was no harm in it." On being rebuked, and threatened with punishment, the unabashed sailor was heard to mutter, "Well, if I am flogged for this 'ere action, I will never take another fort for them by myself so long as I live."

The further advance up the river met with no resistance, and Calcutta once more fell into English hands. In the daring surprise of the Nawab's camp, and the consequent capture of the French settlement at Chandernagore, the King's troops especially distinguished themselves, and Coote, for his services, was promoted to the local rank of major. The British army of 3000 men, which had now to contend for the sovereignty of Bengal with a force of twenty times its strength, started northward in the middle

of June 1757. After a few short marches, Coote, detached in advance, captured the town and fort of Cutwa, which formed a serviceable depôt for supplies.

In front of the British lines was a broad river swollen by recent rains. On the further bank, a day's march up-stream, stood the entrenched camp of the enemy, defended by over 50,000 men, and fifty-three guns. The chief generals of the Subahdar had been bought over by Clive, but it was difficult to forecast the effect of their treachery on the day of battle. To cross the river and risk defeat was extremely hazardous; to retreat on Calcutta meant the loss of Bengal. Shrinking from the responsibility of making a decision, Clive called the only council of war he ever held. The majority of the officers, including himself, voted for delay and against immediate action. Coote, with the rare foresight and capacity for command that afterwards signalized his career, protested strongly against the decision. In curt and vigorous language he pointed out that the army had hitherto been uniformly successful, that delay meant not only loss of spirit and prestige, but would give time for the French leader Law to join the enemy. In any case, half-measures were a mistake. If the army was not going to fight, it should retreat on Calcutta, and the disgrace and disaster consequent on such a movement were obvious. The soundness of the views so forcibly urged caused Clive, after deep reflection, to disregard the opinion of the council. On meeting Coote some hour after the officers had separated, he informed him of his change of mind, and that he intended to fight. Clive and Coote were the master-spirits of the army, and on their shoulders must rest the credit of

the decision which had such far-reaching consequences. The river was crossed on June 22, and on the following day the victory of Plassey laid the foundation of the British Empire in India.

The fall of Suraj-ud-Dowla, and the installation of Mir Jafar as the new Subahdar, led to an era of great prosperity in the Bengal settlement. Trade revived, and Calcutta was once more the centre of power and wealth. One danger alone remained. M. Law, with the refugees from the French factories, having lost their ally, retired up country, and would always be a source of disquietude to the ruling power. A strong detachment, under the command of Coote, was sent in pursuit, but the French moved too quickly to be caught up, and eventually found shelter in Oudh. Although the expedition was not successful, the management of it reflects the greatest credit on its leader. With boats wretchedly manned and equipped, and a mutinous soldiery, he traversed some 400 miles of an almost unknown country in the most unhealthy and trying season of the year. Enfeebled by fever after his great exertions, Coote returned to England at the close of 1757, and a year later he was gazetted Colonel of the 84th Regiment, which was newly raised for service in India.

While Coote was recruiting his health in England, the struggle for supremacy in Southern India between the English and French East India Companies was carried on with varying success. The arrival from Europe in April 1758 of M. Lally with 1100 men and a powerful armament, turned the balance of power in the French favour. The troops landed at Pondicherry captured Cuddalore without difficulty, and proceeded to lay siege to Fort St. David,

the strongest place of arms in the British possessions. The garrison, insufficiently supplied with ammunition, and weakly commanded, held out for some time in expectation of relief by the fleet, but, as not a sail appeared, were obliged to surrender. Further disasters and the loss of the Carnatic seemed imminent. The English, in the greatest alarm, abandoned all the forts in the interior with the exception of Trichinopoly, and withdrew their garrisons to Madras. An appeal was sent to Bengal for help, and the greatest energy displayed in strengthening the defences of the Presidency town. To crush the English power by the reduction of Madras was a measure of prime importance. The French, however, had neither the money, the supplies, nor the transport necessary for such an operation. In the hope of relieving their immediate wants, an expedition was undertaken to Tanjore, one of the richest provinces of Southern India. The intemperate treatment of the natives by Lally, and his ignorance of the customs of the country, reduced the troops to the direst extremities. The plundering of the towns and temples enraged the populace, and scarcity and distress prevailed in every camp. The guns for the siege of Tanjore had finally to be abandoned, and the hungry and indignant soldiery had to retreat to the coast, dependent on the meagre sustenance of the cocoa-nuts and wild fruits that grew by the road-side. Meanwhile an indecisive battle took place between the English and French fleets, and a few days after the return of the army to Pondicherry, Admiral d'Aché set sail with his ships for the Mauritius.

Matters were little improved in September by the capture of Arcot and the minor forts abandoned by the English,

and Lally with his troops again returned to his head-quarters, a prey to chagrin and disappointment.

M. Bussy, who had been recalled from his mission in the Deccan, now joined the forces, and was made second in command.

The resources of Pondicherry were unequal to the further support of the army. It was better to take the field than to perish with hunger. A sum of money was raised by voluntary loans, and Lally marched northwards on Madras, to pillage the Black Town and devastate the adjoining country. At the close of the year the English were invested in their last stronghold. The advent of a French frigate with money and supplies encouraged Lally to commence regular siege operations, which were carried on with great skill and vigour. An effective breach was made in the fortifications of Fort St. George, and orders given for the assault, when the English fleet with reinforcements arrived in the Madras Roads. "Words," says Lally, "are inadequate to express the effect which the appearance of the ships produced. The officers who commanded in the trenches deemed it even inexpedient to wait for the landing of the enemy, and two hours before receiving orders retired from their posts." The siege was raised, and the French army hurriedly retired on Conjeveram, where it took up a strongly-entrenched position.

Eager to recover their lost province, the English with a well-equipped force followed the enemy. But Lally, in spite of his recent discomfiture, was a formidable foe, and presented a bold front. By a feint against Wandewash Major Brereton induced the French to leave their lines, and captured Conjeveram in their absence. No other

operations of importance took place, and the armies remained facing each other on the Palaur till the rainy season put an end to hostilities. The opposing forces were so equally matched that neither cared to risk the disastrous consequences of a defeat. The French, terribly distressed through lack of money and supplies, were constrained to await attack. The Company's troops, in constant expectation of reinforcement, could not afford to risk a premature movement.

With a mutinous soldiery and an empty treasure-chest, Lally was helpless. From the sea alone could come relief. The long-expected squadron of M. D'Aché arrived on the coast in September 1759, but was at once attacked by the British fleet. The battle was indecisive, and though greatly crippled, the French ships were able to anchor in the Pondicherry Roads. After supplying Lally with money and landing some marines, the Admiral made the startling announcement that he was obliged to leave the coast. In spite of the urgent remonstrances of the Government, the fleet again started for the Mauritius, and left the English undisputed masters of the sea.

The rains having ceased, Major Brereton, who had received a welcome reinforcement of Europeans, decided to make a dash for Wandewash. The French garrison was, however, on its guard, and the attack was beaten off with heavy loss. The English retired to their cantonments at Conjeveram. The fortunes of the French in India were now at a low ebb. More than a year's pay was due to the troops, and scanty fare with rigorous discipline led to an open mutiny, that was with difficulty quelled.

Lally, unable any longer to subsist his large force, sent

a portion of it to Seringham near Trichinopoly, while the remainder were scattered in detachments near Arcot and Wandewash.

Such was the position of affairs in October 1759, when Colonel Coote, with his regiment, arrived in Madras and took command of the British forces. There was some little delay in equipping the newly-arrived reinforcements, but in November, the whole army was assembled at Conjeveram.

Coote was now in the prime of manhood. Tall and erect, with stalwart, sinewy frame, he looked every inch a soldier. A quick, vigorous intellect was combined with a cool, calculating spirit. Under the most trying difficulties he preserved an equable calmness that inspired confidence. Fertile in expedient, he was never rash, or overrated the powers he wielded. A rigid disciplinarian, he added tact to firmness, and his innate kindness and consideration for others gained him a real affection from those he led. A soldier more than a statesman, he had little patience with the subtle intrigues of diplomacy, but in the angry discussions of the Cabinet he never made an enemy. Masterful, like Clive, he made his decisions quickly and seldom altered them. The regard felt for him by the troops he so often led to victory was ardent and constant. For years after his death no Sepoy who had served under him would pass the portrait that hung in the Madras Exchange without saluting the revered Coote Bahadur. Under such a leader the *morale* of the troops was doubled, and the singular power of discipline made more than usually conspicuous.

The struggle between the rival nations for supremacy in the Carnatic was now drawing to a close. The

English, assembled in strong force, were determined to bring matters to a decisive issue. Lally, recalling his detachment from Seringham, concentrated his troops at Arcot, where some 2000 Mahratta horse were enlisted.

Defeat to the English would be serious, but might be retrieved with the assistance of the fleet. A repulse to the French, who had lost command of the sea, would probably entail a great disaster. The difficulties as to supply were on both sides great, and neither army could keep the field without the support of fortified granaries. It was thus of the greatest importance to secure possession of the numerous small forts that studded the district. It was impossible for the British army, hampered by its slowly moving train, to prevent the concentration of the numerous small French detachments. Both on account of its importance, and of the prestige to be thereby gained, the first movement was directed against Wandewash. Starting first in the direction of Arcot, so as to deceive the enemy, Coote suddenly turned southward, and captured the weakly-held fort with little loss. A march eastward led to the important post of Carangoly, which after a short bombardment surrendered. Retracing his steps, the British commander pushed after the main French army at Arcot. Before any measure of importance took place the rainy season obliged the force to go into cantonments at Coveripauk, on the north bank of the Palaur.

The English army was miserably deficient in cavalry. There was only one troop of Europeans, while the undisciplined and cowardly horse of the Nawab of Arcot were worse than useless. The French mounted troops and their

Mahratta allies covered their army with a veil that Coote could not penetrate.

Bussy was anxious to ravage the country in rear of the English, and by cutting off their supplies force them to fight at a disadvantage. Lally, however, was bent on stronger measures. His men were dispirited from inaction, and supplies were nearly exhausted. At Conjeveram there was a large depôt of English stores, and once in possession of them, Wandewash might be recovered.

The French army was ready to take the field early in January 1760, and covered by its numerous cavalry, slipped away unnoticed from Coote's front by the Wandewash road. Pushing rapidly on Conjeveram, the French plundered the town, and captured 2000 bullocks and large supplies of grain. Elated with success, Lally with the siege train at once marched southwards on Wandewash, leaving Bussy with the main body somewhat in rear to cover the movement. As soon as the absence of the French army was detected, Coote moved rapidly in pursuit, and crossing the Palaur, marched to the relief of his beleaguered fort. The probability that an attempt would be made to capture Wandewash had not escaped notice, and the garrison had been warned to be on their guard. By taking an easterly route Coote covered the forts of Carangoly and Chingliput, and thus not only obtained supplies and protection for his train, but secured a safe retreat in case of disaster. Confident in the ability of the fort to hold out for some days, the English commander decided not to offer battle until Lally had exhausted a portion of his strength in siege operations. On the news that a breach had been made, the army on the 21st of

January (1760) was pushed forward to a village seven miles from the French camp, and orders issued for an advance the next morning.

Wandewash lay on a plain some two miles from a range of low hills; around it were numerous rice-fields and large rain-water tanks. The ground where it was not cultivated was open, and well adapted for the movement of troops. The fort itself was strong though small, but the town which lay outside it was protected merely by a wall and ditch. Lally captured the town with little difficulty, and under cover of the houses erected his breaching batteries. The French engineers then proceeded in orthodox fashion, "as if they were about to attack Luxemburg." Several days had been thus wasted in siege operations when the appearance of the English relieving force was signalled. Lally, after some hesitation, decided not to raise the siege, but to recall his main body and accept battle. Leaving a covering detachment with the batteries, he drew up the remainder of his force on open ground with a large empty tank in front of each flank. The regiment of Lorraine with a squadron of hussars was on the right, the regiment of Lally on the left, and the French Company's Europeans in the centre. In the second line were the Sepoys, with an entrenched gun manned by Europeans on each flank. The mound encircling the brim of the tank on the left front was turned into an entrenchment for four guns and defended by sailors. The remaining sixteen field-pieces were disposed in intervals in the front line. The total French force consisted of 1350 Europeans, including cavalry and sailors, and 1800 Sepoys. The Mahratta horse could not be depended on as a fighting body.

Coote, in the early morning of January 22, rode with his vanguard, and dispersing the cavalry sent against him, reconnoitred the ground. In the distance was seen the entire French army, with the camp of the Mahratta horse on the hillside beyond. Returning to his main body, he ordered the advance to be made in fighting formation. On nearing the French lines the dispositions for defence could be clearly seen. The entrenchment on the left looked formidable, and its guns swept the ground of approach. The army was ordered to take ground to the right, so that the line of battle should in its advance overlap the strengthened left flank of the French. The movement was the more judicious, as by it the English right was secured from cavalry attack by reason of the stony hillside, while the new front covered directly the village to which the baggage-train had been sent. The British force consisted of about 1900 Europeans, of whom 80 only were cavalry, 1100 Sepoys, and several squadrons of the Nawab's mounted troops. The first line was formed of Draper's and Coote's regiments, with the Company's Europeans in the centre. In the second line were the European Grenadier companies flanked by Sepoys, while the cavalry formed a reserve in rear. The guns were on the flanks, and in the intervals between the regiments.

In this order the army advanced well within gunshot of the enemy, when a brisk artillery contest took place. The round shot from the entrenchment threw the left of the English line into some confusion, and Lally, placing himself at the head of his cavalry, gave the order to charge. His officers would not at first follow him, and the delay

enabled Coote to order up cavalry and Sepoys in support of the threatened flank, and to secure its safety.

The enemy's troops appearing somewhat unsteady under the cannonade, a general advance of the Europeans was ordered by Coote, while the guns continued firing as long as their front was clear.

It was now about one o'clock. The French troops were eager for the fray, and Lally led the Lorraine regiment, formed in column, towards the advancing English line. Coote ordered his men to reserve their fire till the enemy was within fifty paces, and delivered at such short range its effect was great. The column of attack, though shaken, was not stopped, and breaking through the English formation, had to be driven back with the bayonet. Some hot-blooded Irishmen of the 84th followed in pursuit, but were at once recalled to their former line. While this fierce contest was taking place on the English left, a lucky shot blew up a powder-wagon in the French entrenchment and killed eighty of its defenders. So great was the panic, that the sailors fled in dismay and abandoned their post. Draper's regiment on the English right was at once ordered to the assault, while their Grenadier company replaced them in the front line. In spite of the vigorous resistance of some of Lally's regiment, who replaced the French sailors, the redoubt was carried, but with heavy loss. Bussy with the nearest troops made strenuous attempts to recover the post, but was beaten off and himself taken prisoner.

The successful issue of the fighting on both flanks enabled Coote to advance his whole line to musketry range. The European battalions of the rival Companies were now

face to face at close quarters. After a short fire fight, the English Commander ordered the charge, and the French, who had been for some time unsteady, fled in disorder. The French cavalry, showing a bold front, covered the retreat, and the defeated infantry rallied in good order near the fort, where they were joined by the siege detachment.

The French lost 600 men, and all their guns, stores, and equipment, while several officers of note and a large number of men were taken prisoners. Lally fell back to the vicinity of Pondicherry, where he was in a favourable position to obtain supplies from a comparatively fertile area.

Coote has been blamed for not following up his success by attacking Pondicherry. According to Lally, the city was in the greatest straits for provisions, and would have been obliged to surrender if invested. On the other hand, the English had no accurate knowledge of the destitute condition of the French Presidency town, and the French army was still a formidable foe. To proceed with the reduction of the minor forts in the interior was a policy of less risk. When all the sources of supply were cut off, Pondicherry must fall unless relieved by the French fleet. Each day's delay would probably strengthen the British power, and diminish that of the enemy.

The day after the battle the English army marched on Arcot, and its capture in February was followed by that of most of the forts held by the French in the interior. On approaching Pondicherry, Lally fell back on the red hills overlooking the town. Major Monson in the meantime had been detached to the southward, and with the

aid of the fleet and troops from Trichinopoly, captured Carical, Chellambrum, and Cuddalore. On May 1, 1760, the sole possessions that remained to the French in the Carnatic were Pondicherry on the coast, and Gingee and Thiagar in the interior, while the entire British army was assembled for the investment of the French Presidency town.

"From this time," says Lally, "Pondicherry without money, without ships, and without even provisions, might be given up for lost." Dissension and intrigue embittered the French Civil Government, and patriotism no longer existed; self-interest and greed overwhelmed all sense of duty, and the names of De Leyrit and his Council must ever be covered with disgrace.

Lally, in his person, combined the greatest daring with fertility of resource; but, hated by his countrymen, and unpopular with the natives, his position seemed hopeless.

In this emergency he opened negotiations with Hyder Ali, the famous Mahommedan general, who was practically the sovereign of Mysore. The French offered the immediate possession of Thiagar, a subsidy in money, and a large accession of territory in case of a favourable issue to the war. Hyder was to furnish a reinforcement of 8000 men, and to supply cattle and grain for the use of the French troops. The alliance thus formed relieved the immediate wants of the French camp, but after some four weeks' service the Mysore levies were abruptly recalled to repel the invasion of their own country by Smith's levies from Trichinopoly.

Pondicherry on the sea-shore was fortified in the usual way, by a bastioned front and a central citadel. To repel

the attack of irregular troops, a boundary hedge of prickly shrubs formed an outer line of defence connecting redoubts some mile apart. Outside the hedge again were two strong entrenchments, protecting the approaches along the shore from the north and south.

The position of Lally and his allies was so strong that the approaches of the English were made with the greatest caution. The summer months were passed in observation, and in endeavouring to prevent supplies passing into the town. The defection of Hyder's troops in July forced Lally to retire to an entrenched camp outside the boundary hedge, while Coote took post at Villanore, and covered his position with small redoubts.

Lally made one more desperate effort to hold back the tide of misfortune that threatened him. Early in September he planned with the greatest secrecy a night attack on the English redoubts. The entrenchments covering the left and centre of Coote's position were to be simultaneously assaulted, while a third column, crossing the river, was to attack the camp in rear. The surprise was complete. The redoubt on the English left was captured, while Coote had the greatest difficulty in withstanding a fierce attack on his centre. The column intended to act on the camp in rear, however, lost its way, and its failure to co-operate led to the French troops being beaten back with heavy loss.

An event now took place which shows the folly of attempting to govern a country from a distance. Orders arrived from England that Monson should take command of the army of Madras, and that Coote with his regiment should be sent to Bengal. The supersession, if it may

be so called, was most inopportune. Coote had conducted the campaign with unvarying success, and at the moment of triumph was deprived of his command. The Council of Madras was filled with consternation, and the troops with sorrow. A man less wise and magnanimous might, in just resentment, have raised difficulties. Coote, however, at once consented to allow his regiment to remain to crown the victory of another with the success due to his own plans.

Colonel Monson, now in chief command, at once proceeded to close the lines of investment. By means of a night march, a simultaneous attack was delivered on the French camp and two of the redoubts in the boundary hedge. The obstinate resistance of the enemy cost many lives, and in carrying the redoubts Monson was severely wounded. Coote was at the Presidency preparing to embark, but at the earnest request of the Council and Monson, returned to the army and resumed the command. The blockading force actively proceeded with the reduction of the outlying defences, and completed the investment on all sides. Delay was caused by the rainy season, but early in December regular siege operations were commenced, and bombarding batteries erected. The sea-front was vigilantly guarded by Admiral Stephens, and the boats of his fleet cut out two French frigates that lay under the guns of the fort.

On the last day of the year, the coast was visited by a hurricane, which caused great havoc both on sea and land. Three of the English ships foundered, three others were driven ashore, and 11,000 lives lost. On land the tents were blown down, the siege works swamped, and

the ammunition destroyed. So great was the confusion, that it is doubtful whether a sortie made at this juncture could have been resisted. With infinite labour the siege batteries were again manned, and approaches and parallels opened, when on January 15, 1761, a deputation came from the town to propose terms of capitulation. The French troops had been for some time on half rations, and Lally had exhausted every source of sustenance. Deserted by their fleet, and in a state of starvation, nought remained for the garrison but to surrender unconditionally. Even the entrance into the town of the victorious army did not put an end to the dissensions that disgraced the Franco-Indian officials. Lally was openly insulted, and had to be protected by English troops; while Dubois, the chief Intendant, who held proofs of the disloyalty and corruption of the Council, was killed.

The fall of Pondicherry was quickly followed by that of Thiagar, Gingee, and Mahé, and the French Empire in India ceased to exist. The struggle between the English and French, which had been carried on with varying success for fifteen years, was now brought to a close, and the supremacy of the East India Company insured.

The restoration of their settlements by the treaty of Paris again gave the French a foothold in the country, but the mighty fabric erected by Dupleix was irrevocably shattered. Never were the British better served than in this short and eventful campaign. Soldiers and civilians alike vied in patriotic devotion to duty. The almost universal greed for wealth was subordinated to the great aim of the moment. Rivalries and jealousies were put

aside to help the British arms, and dissensions in the Council slumbered until all danger was passed.

In the spring of 1761, Coote sailed with his regiment for Bengal, where he assumed command of the forces, and took his seat on the Council. The new Commander-in-Chief, however, "determined to avoid political discussions, and to endeavour to reconcile his colleagues, with all of whom he was on terms of friendship." On arriving at Calcutta he found an empty treasury, the troops mutinous for want of pay, and the allowance made by the Nawab several months in arrear. The misgovernment of Mir Jaffar was notorious, and it was decided that his son-in-law, Mir Cassim, should assume the active administration of the province. A political revolution of this kind naturally upset the relations of Bengal to the minor provinces. A violent dispute arose between the new Nawab and Ram Narrain, the Deputy Governor of Behar. Coote was sent in command of the field force to Patna with instructions if possible to adjust the difference. Though tempted with a bribe of seven and a half lacs of rupees, he strenuously opposed the Nawab, and espoused the cause of his opponent. Events prove him to have been in the right, as the opposite course of handing over Ram Narrain to the mercies of the Bengal ruler proved an unmistakable error, and gave a violent shock to the confidence of the native rulers in English good faith.

A trifling incident now occurred, which not only shows the masterful conduct of Coote, but exemplifies the imperious methods adopted by the Company's servants. Mir Cassim was encamped outside Patna, and for ceremonial purposes wished to take up residence in his fort.

Distrustful of his real object, Coote declined to accede to the not unreasonable request that he should withdraw the British guards and sentries. Finding that the Nawab did not come in as expected, the Colonel went in the early morning with a strong escort to his camp, and forced his way into the public tent. This unfortunate intrusion and display of suspicion was deeply felt, and Mir Cassim, in reporting the outrage, declared that the Colonel entered in a great passion, "With a cocked pistol in each hand, uttering G—d d—ns!".

After the settlement of the disputes at Patna Coote went back to Calcutta, and early in 1762 returned to England.

In recognition of his valuable services, the Directors of the East India Company presented him with a diamond-hilted sword; and he purchased an estate in Hampshire with the large fortune he had amassed in the East. In 1771 the dignity of a Knight of the Bath was conferred upon him, and subsequently he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and appointed to the command of the forces in India.

In the spring of 1779 Sir Eyre Coote once more arrived in Calcutta, and succeeded General Clavering as Commander-in-Chief. His conduct in the Supreme Council was essentially that of a peacemaker. In the quarrels between Hastings and Francis, and the dissensions that weakened the Government, he took little part. Though following generally the policy of the Governor-General, he made a firm stand on all matters affecting military operations. His position was that of a soldier and not of a politician.

While the Northern Presidency was shaken by internal dissension, a war cloud was gathering in the West. In

spite of Coote's remonstrances, a force which he thought inadequate was sent to the Jumna to ward off a Mahratta invasion. The exploits of Captain Popham in expelling the invaders from Gohud, and in capturing the rock-bound fortress of Gwalior,[1] are the more remarkable in view of the General's opinion, that such operations were "totally repugnant to his military ideas."

Meantime a new danger arose in the Southern Presidency. Hyder Ali, the most formidable enemy the British power had ever encountered, was again in the field. In 1769 he had dictated peace to the English under the walls of Madras. The evasion of their treaty obligations by the Madras Government, and the insulting defiance of the Mysore standard at Mahé, were about to be punished. At a time when the English were embroiled alike with the French and the Mahrattas, a vast army descended from the table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. Accompanied by French officers, the Mysore levies overran the country, capturing the forts, plundering the open towns, and spreading havoc up to the outskirts of Madras. Never was a country less prepared for such an invasion. Supplies and equipment were wanting, and the only troops available were scattered in detachments throughout the province. By dint of great exertions, the bulk of the forces were massed in two bodies, under the commands of Sir Hector Munro and Colonel Baillie. Before, however, a junction could be effected, Hyder Ali fell upon Baillie's detachment, and completely destroyed it, while Munro, with loss of guns and baggage, managed with difficulty to reach Madras.

[1] See map, p. 455.

Intelligence of the invasion of the Carnatic, and of the disasters that had befallen the British forces, reached Calcutta in September 1780. To the dangers incident on a Mahratta war was now added a general confederation of native states against the British power. Warren Hastings, "the saviour of India," saw clearly that a situation had arisen which would tax all the resources of the Government. In his opinion any measures would be ineffectual, "unless Sir Eyre Coote would at this crisis stand forth and vindicate in his own person the rights and honour of the British arms." He further moved in Council, that an offer of peace should without delay be preferred to the Mahrattas, and that Coote with a large sum of money, and the available European troops and Lascars, should be despatched by sea to Madras. Preparations were at the same time made to send by land a large force of Sepoys, who were averse to a sea transit. The strong measure was taken of suspending the Governor of Madras, and giving the Commander of the Forces unrestricted power in dealing with the money and troops of that Presidency.

After an expeditious voyage, Coote with his reinforcements arrived at Madras in November 1780, and was received with joyful acclamations. Age and ill-health had somewhat impaired the powers of the veteran, but the utmost confidence was reposed in him, both by the governing authorities and the troops he led. The period of the monsoon was occupied in collecting supplies and transport, but the negligence of the Madras Government had been so great, and the venality and corruption of its officials so excessive, that it was with the greatest difficulty that a very insufficient equipment was provided.

In his despatches to the directors, Coote depicted in the darkest colours the disastrous condition into which the country had drifted, and a Council of War decided that "the utmost to be expected from taking the field was the relief of some of the garrisons invested by the enemy; and this effected, the army ought to return for the security of Madras, the grand national object."

It was not till January 17, 1781, that the General was able to take the field with his army of 7000 men, of whom 1700 were Europeans. The principal strongholds of the Carnatic were invested by Hyder's troops, and the first objective of the army was the relief of the forts in the interior. After the siege of Chingliput had been raised, the fort of Carangoly was taken by assault, and an advance made on Wandewash. At the time of Hyder's invasion, this important fort was, like many others, held by the troops of the Nawab of Arcot, and its surrender had been agreed upon. On the day that the formalities were to be completed, Lieutenant Flint with one hundred Sepoys was seen to approach. Repeated messages were sent to stop him, but Flint, with great address and plausibility sent the successive messengers back for references, and steadily advanced. On nearing the gates he announced that he had a letter from the Nawab, and demanded admission to deliver it. After repeated refusals, Flint and four Sepoys obtained an audience between the gate and the outer barrier. The commandant was attended by an escort of thirty swordsmen and one hundred Sepoys. It was soon apparent that Flint had no letter, and his arguments for taking over the place were treated with derision. Contemptuously dismissing him, the native chieftain rose, but at a signal, the

bayonets of the four Sepoys were at his breast, and Flint threatened his instant death if any one moved. The consternation of the moment gave time for the rest of a small detachment to run in and secure their prisoner. Flint now with conciliatory language gained over the half-hearted escort and obtained possession of the fort, which he subsequently commanded with a rare ability and fertility of resource. Hyder was furious, his best troops were sent to invest the place, and every stratagem and artifice was employed to get possession of it.

Some four days before Coote arrived, a strong force dressed as British Sepoys advanced towards the fort with colours flying. Presently their guns came into action against large bodies of Mysore cavalry who were threatening them on the flanks. The investing troops in the trenches at once fled precipitately towards Arcot. It was with the utmost difficulty that Flint prevented his garrison throwing open the gates and going out to welcome the relieving force. He luckily noticed that the round shot fired always *fell clear of the Mysore horse*—a most un-English proceeding. Flint seized the opportunity to set fire to the wooden material in the trenches and galleries, and on the approach of the English army a few days later, the investment was raised. After encamping a few days on the scene of his former exploits, Coote put his forces in movement towards Permacoil.

News was now received that a French fleet had arrived off the coast, and that the inhabitants of Pondicherry were laying in supplies and raising troops. Coote at once pushed forward to the coast, and taking position on the red hills above the town, deprived the French of their

weapons and destroyed the boats on the shore. The boldness of the English General's advance led to the raising of the investment of the inland forts. Hyder, concentrating his forces, at once marched towards Cuddalore.

On learning of the approach of the Mysore army, Coote without delay struck his tents, and marching in a line parallel to that of the enemy, gained Cuddalore, and the provisions it contained.

The rapidity and judgment with which the march was conducted saved the town, but the position of the English army had become hazardous.

The scanty stock of provisions that the General had brought from Madras was now nearly consumed. In his own words, "I cannot command rice enough to move either to the northward or the southward. I offered battle to Hyder yesterday, but I no sooner showed myself than he moved off. Everything must be risked to assist me, my difficulties are great indeed." With the sea-front guarded by the French Admiral, and the resources of the country cut off by Hyder, the army was in a desperate strait, when, to the astonishment of all, Admiral D'Orves set sail and left the coast. Never had France such an opportunity. There was no risk to be run or battle to be fought. By simply riding at anchor for a few days, the surrender of the English army would be secured, and Southern India be wrested from the British power.

The departure of the French fleet enabled supplies to be landed once again for the subsistence of the troops. Transport animals were, however, very deficient, and the immobility of the army led to constant recriminations between the General and the Madras Government. In

one of his despatches he sums up the situation. "I promise you that the army I now command shall not remain a moment unemployed, if you will only supply me with provisions and the means of carrying them." From February to June but little was done except sending out detachments for foraging purposes. The Mysore army was in the meanwhile ravaging the Tanjore province and threatening Trichinopoly, while Wandewash was again invested.

On the arrival of the English fleet with reinforcements from Bombay, Coote determined to push southward along the coast in the direction of Trichinopoly. Understanding that the fort at Chillambrum was weakly held by Hyder's troops, he decided to attack it on June 18, with a portion of his native force. The fortified pagoda was, however, strongly held by some 3000 men, and the assaulting party was beaten back with heavy loss. The whole army retired on Porto Novo, to obtain from the fleet a siege equipment necessary for the renewal of the attack.

The repulse at Chillambrum and the retirement of the British troops inspired Hyder with unwonted confidence. Relinquishing his march on Trichinopoly, and calling in all his detachments, he determined to risk his fortunes in a battle with the English army.

At daylight on June 28, the whole plain to the northward of Porto Novo was seen covered by the tents of the Mysore army. By forced marches Hyder had taken up his position within three miles of the British forces, and rendered it impracticable for them to move in any direction, or obtain supplies except from the fleet. The numerous and enterprising Mysore horsemen ranged the country up

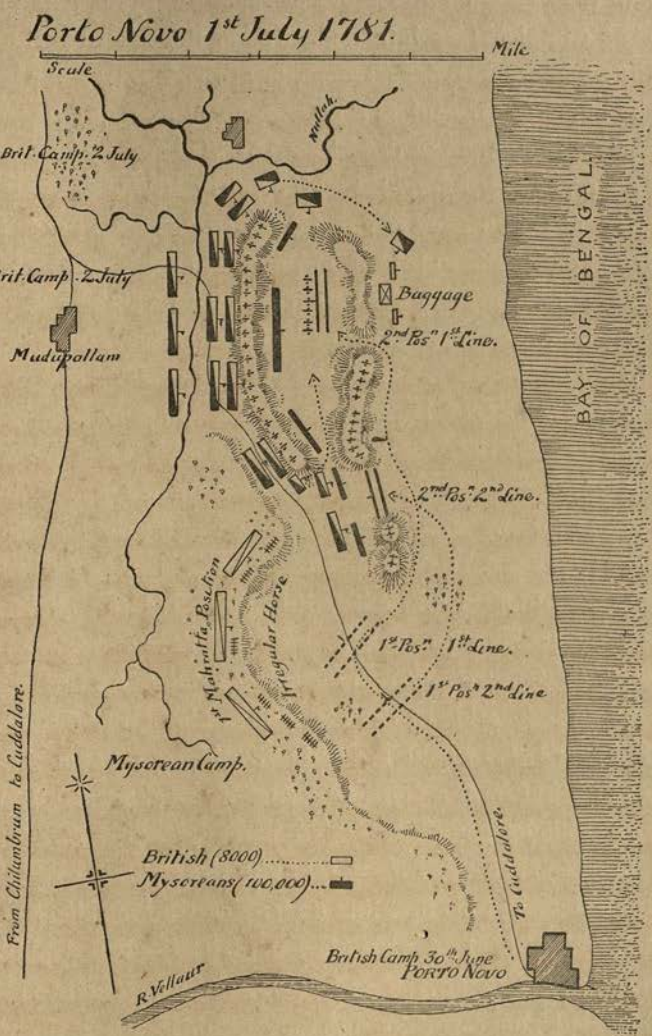
to the outpost line, and the Sepoy sentries were adjured to save their lives by deserting their posts.

The position was full of peril. A defeat of the sole British army in the field would entail the loss of Southern India, and a reign of anarchy in the Carnatic. To await attack in an unfavourable position would be disastrous. The supplies were limited, and reinforcements were not expected. The only remaining course was to attack and defeat the enemy. All siege equipment and superfluous baggage was at once embarked, and the troops supplied with four days' provisions for an immediate advance.

Early on the morning of July 1 the army, some 8500 strong, of whom 2000 were Europeans, marched out of camp, and formed up in battle array in two lines on the wide plain traversed by the only available route to Cuddalore. The first line of infantry, commanded by Sir Hector Munro, was composed of three European and six Sepoy battalions, while the second line, under General Stuart, consisted of four battalions of native troops. The cavalry force was weak, a European troop and two regiments of native dragoons, while fifty-five pieces of artillery were drawn by bullocks, with difficulty, through the heavy sand. A strong guard was detached to protect the baggage, which was to await the issue of the engagement on the sea-shore. Menaced in front and flank by the enemy's horse, the army moved forward along the road in fighting formation. On arriving near the high wooded ground and sand-hills which rose from the plain, the enemy's position was seen, and a halt ordered to examine it.

In the form of a curve, it apparently extended from commanding ground on the right, across the Cuddalore

road, to a range of sand-hills on the left. The right and



centre of the line was marked out by entrenched batteries, the fire of which completely dominated the plain and route

of advance. The sand-hills on the left were weakly held and the extension of the defensive line to the sea had not been completed as intended. It was difficult to estimate the number of Hyder's troops, or attribute a true value to the numerous irregulars that accompanied him, but it was evident that an army of at least 40,000 men, very strong in cavalry, and well provided with artillery, barred the road.

To attack in front a position so strongly held was too dangerous, while to turn it on the right flank was from the nature of the ground very difficult. To turn the left was a more feasible operation, to which the character of the ground lent itself.

From the left of Hyder's position a range of sand-hills ran parallel to the coast-line for some 1100 yards. Through this, at some distance to the northward, had been cut a passage for the guns intended for an unfinished redoubt close to the sea. Coote at once realized that these sand-hills would afford him cover till he reached the gap, and that by pushing through it, he could render useless the whole of the strongly entrenched position. At the same time, an occupation of the sand-hills which formed the left of Hyder's line would not only give him a good artillery position, but form a pivot to secure his weakest flank and protect his baggage.

Moving his whole force rapidly to the right, the English General pushed his first line under cover of the ridge to the gap, and without encountering much resistance, deployed in the plain beyond. The Sepoys and Lascars assisted the enfeebled gun cattle in dragging the field-pieces through the heavy sand. The second line was directed, as soon as its front was cleared, to advance in column to the assault

of the sand-hills on the left of the enemy's line. The attack of General Stuart was crowned with success, and he was enabled to drag his guns to the crest of the hill, and by their fire assist the advance of the main body. Hyder, at once realizing that the value of his entrenchments was lost by Coote's able manœuvre, moved off his infantry and guns in a direction parallel to that of the British army, and again formed up in front of them to cover the Cuddalore road.

A long cannonade now took place. The numerous Mysore cavalry made repeated attacks on both flanks of Coote's line, while the most determined assaults, headed by French officers, were made to dislodge Stuart from his position. The steadfast gallantry and discipline of the British troops enabled them to withstand all Hyder's efforts. Dispirited by the loss of their chief cavalry leader, and shaken by the superiority of the fire of the English guns, the Mysore army began to waver, and Coote ordered an advance. Hyder, seated on a stool in the centre of his line, could not believe that the day was lost, and it was only by force that he was induced to mount his horse. As the deployed line slowly advanced, the Mysore guns began to limber up, and on the approach of the English to close quarters the Mysore infantry, after a parting volley, fled in precipitate confusion. When the English reached the high ground of the enemy's position, the whole country to the westward appeared covered with a flying mass of horse, foot, artillery, and baggage.

It is difficult to understand why the available cavalry were not sent in pursuit, but the horses had had a hard day's work, and Coote, with his natural caution, probably

did not trust much to either the fighting capacity or loyalty of his black horsemen. The actual British loss was little over 400 men, but the discomfiture of the enemy was complete, and it is estimated that they left over 3000 dead on the field. The battle affords one of the many instances of the triumph of discipline over numbers, and illustrates the formidable fighting power of a native race under British leaders. With a combination of daring and caution seldom surpassed, Coote, under most unfavourable conditions, had triumphed over overwhelming numbers. The English army was suffering great difficulties with regard to the lack of money, provisions, and transport. In the words of Coote's despatch announcing the victory, "If Hyder Ali, buoyed up with his former success, had not come down to meet us, I could not have moved the army to follow him." Porto Novo was probably the most important battle that was ever fought in Southern India. It gave the first effectual check to the ambitious schemes of the Indian Napoleon, and was a blow from which his dynasty never recovered. Hyder, it is true, fought afterwards some desperate battles, and even gained a measure of success. But the spell of victory was broken, and none of his later triumphs compensated for the defeat that terminated his career of aggression. Astounded and dispirited by his repulse, he recalled the troops investing Wandewash, and with his whole army retired to Arcot. Coote marched leisurely northwards on Madras, and at the beginning of August effected a junction with the detachment of Sepoys that had been sent by land from Bengal. With a force of 12,000 troops, flushed with success, the General lost no time in again taking the field.

The first objects to be attained were the capture of Arcot and the relief of Vellore. The commissariat system was, however, still lamentably defective, the supply of rice was small, and the number of baggage oxen insufficient. Under circumstances which Coote described as "heart-breaking," he resolved to attack Tripassore, some thirty-three miles to the westward, and secure the stores in it. After a nominal resistance, the fort surrendered in sight of the Mysore army, which had marched to its relief. Hyder, falling back a few miles, drew up his army at Pollalore, on the scene of his former triumph over Colonel Baillie. The front of the main position was intersected by ravines and water-courses, and in parts covered by thick jungle, while the country on both flanks was generally open and suitable for cavalry. On August 27, the English army pushed forward to the attack, and after eight hours' hard fighting remained masters of the field. The ground was so diversified and intricate that the larger units were thrown into confusion, and the fighting was mainly that of individual battalions. Though Hyder withdrew his forces at nightfall, the victory was indecisive, and Coote, with a crippled transport, fell back the following day on Tripassore.

The position of affairs during the next month was critical. Vellore was in the greatest straits from want of provisions, Madras itself was threatened with famine, and the possibility of disbanding a portion of the army was seriously entertained. Vellore commanded one of the main passes to the Mysore plateau, and its relief had to be attempted at all hazards. Coote, with the able assistance of Macartney the new Governor of Madras, collected a small amount of supplies, and once more started westward. By taking a

northerly route, the long baggage-train was protected on the right flank by a mountainous country. Hyder, undismayed by his defeats, once more prepared to dispute the advance, and was again severely defeated at the Sholangur Pass on September 27. The Mysorean accounts uniformly describe the battle as a surprise, and Hyder only saved his guns by desperate charges of cavalry. Coote was unable to take immediate advantage of his victory. The army was living from hand to mouth, and it was only by scouring the adjacent country, and making bold forays at great risk, that supplies were obtained. In one of these expeditions Coote, though suffering from an illness, was thirty-two hours in the saddle, and succeeded in dispersing a large force of Hyder's cavalry, and capturing their stores and equipments. By dint of great exertions, the lucky discovery of hidden stores of grain, and the capture of some Mysore convoys, a store of six weeks' supplies was thrown into Vellore by the end of October. The rainy season was now approaching, and Coote, after taking the small fort of Chittore, hastened back to Madras, relieving Tripassore, which had again been invested by Hyder, on his route.

During the campaign with Hyder, events were occurring elsewhere which demand a brief notice. By the declaration of war between England and Holland, the British possessions were threatened by a coalition of naval powers. Lord Macartney justly conceived that it was of importance to close to hostile fleets all the harbours on the coast. He urged on Coote the necessity of equipping an expedition for the reduction of Negapatam and the other Dutch trading stations. The General objected to this plan. In his opinion the small resources of the Presidency should

be devoted to overcoming Hyder, for to disperse effectually the Mysore army was of main importance. The seizure of the ports with the aid of the fleet was a matter that could be undertaken at any time. Coote's remonstrances were unheeded, and Negapatam was captured with great gallantry by Sir Hector Munro, without the withdrawal of a single man from the main army. The subsequent seizure of Trincomalee by the fleet closed to the Dutch every harbour in the Indian seas.

The health of Sir Eyre Coote was now much impaired by the fatigues and anxieties of the campaign. He complained bitterly of the absence of zeal on the part of the authorities in providing the sinews of war, and of the constant interference of the Government in military matters. His naturally quick temper was not improved by age and ill-health, and he publicly expressed his intention of resigning his command, and returning to Bengal. Macartney, aware of the great value of his name and influence, made every concession to his views, but the news of the desperate situation of the Vellore garrison put an end to disputes.

Carried in his palanquin, the aged General once more led his troops to relieve the invested fortress. Though harassed throughout his march by Hyder's cavalry, and seriously attacked on one occasion by his whole force, Coote succeeded in carrying in three months' supplies, and brought back his army to Madras with little loss. The year (1782) which opened thus favourably in the Carnatic, was also marked by the successes of the Bombay troops on the Malabar coast. These, however, were more than counterbalanced by the total destruction of Colonel

Braithwaite's detachment in Tanjore by Tippoo, and the landing of a French force of 3000 men at Porto Novo.

The French were speedily joined by Hyder's son, and the combined forces, after capturing Cuddalore and Permacoil, moved on Wandewash. Partly from want of supplies, and partly through dissensions in the Council, Coote did not move to meet the enemy until May 12. The French, however, declined a general action, and fell back on a strong position nearer Pondicherry. To attack a superior force formidably posted, and in hopes of reinforcement, was a task too hazardous for a prudent commander. Coote determined to march on Arni, the main depôt of the Mysore army, and thus tempt the allies to leave their favourable position. The stratagem was successful. Hyder pushed forward his son by forced marches to reinforce the place, while, leaving his allies, he followed with his main army. The attack of the Mysore General on the English rear-guard was unsuccessful, but Arni was too strongly held to be taken, and the usual want of provisions led to a retirement of the army on Madras.

The signing of peace with the Mahrattas was followed by prolonged but abortive negotiations with Hyder, during which active operations were suspended. Vellore was, however, again re-victualled, and a half-hearted attempt made to recapture Cuddalore. The troops on both sides were, in fact, awaiting the issue of the constant engagements taking place between the English and French fleets. On the arrival of the rainy season in October the fruitless and harassing warfare by sea and land came to an end. The English went into cantonments at Madras, and the

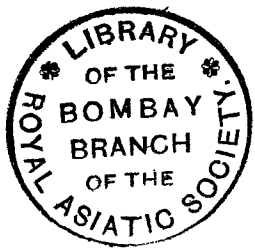
French at Cuddalore, while Hyder with his main body encamped near Arcot. Sir Eyre Coote, whose health had been long failing, now gave up the command in the Carnatic to General Stuart, and returned to Bengal.

The mismanagement of affairs by the civil and military authorities after Coote's departure forms an unconscious tribute to his skill and experience. There was no one to replace him. On Hyder's death the Mysore army might have been crushed, but there was no strong hand to grasp the opportunity. The French forces were again becoming formidable, and the situation critical. Coote was once more sent for, and set sail for Madras in the armed ship *Revolution*. The vessel, chased by French cruisers, eventually got to port, but the General had a relapse of his complaint, and died shortly after landing, on April 28, 1783.

In studying the campaigns in the Carnatic, the modern critic will be struck by the slowness of movement of the contending forces. An army on the march was apparently a convoy guarding a long line of stores, camp-equipage, and provisions. With the native troops marched their wives and families, while the Europeans had a numerous retinue of attendants; a great bazaar detachment of provision-merchants and suttlers followed in rear, and the fighting men were outnumbered four or five times by the non-combatants. Nearly all the stores were carried on bullocks, which slowly plodded over sandy plains destitute of food, while on all sides irregular horse hovered in chance of pillage. Before a fight the huge train had to be massed under a special escort, while the infantry in deployed lines advanced slowly abreast of the guns dragged by oxen.

Any rapid movement or quick change of formation was impossible. After a preliminary cannonade the rigidly drilled lines advanced to close quarters, and the firing of musketry by volleys at short range decided the issue.

It was perhaps unfortunate that Coote did not retire earlier from the field. The pressure of years and ill-health affected in latter days his composure and mental powers. But his unvaried success must not be overlooked. A man after all is judged by his works. The discomfited Hyder and the unfortunate Lally are witnesses to the character and ability of the gallant soldier, who has earned a niche in the Temple of Fame.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HEATHFIELD.

HEATHFIELD

1717—1790

THE career of George Augustus Eliott, Baron Heathfield, is in some respects unique. Entering the army at a time when frequent opportunities of military distinction presented themselves, he made such good use of those that came in his way as to rise to the rank of Lieutenant-General at the early age of forty-five, an instance of rapid promotion that can hardly be surpassed, even in these days. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that, in spite of the distinction of his early career, his name would now be almost forgotten had he not had the satisfaction, as a veteran of sixty-five, to hold the greatest of British fortresses through one of the longest sieges on record, and his reputation may therefore be said to rest wholly upon one exceptional achievement—the defence of Gibraltar.

It is rare in several years of active warfare to find the chief event a siege, and therefore a stationary and continuous action as distinguished from a chapter of movement across a theatre of war, where operations, as a rule, are carried out by varying methods and in changing scenes. And when this siege continues for upwards of three and a half years—a sufficient time for the inception,

course and conclusion of a campaign, for the overthrow of a dynasty or the destruction of a nation—it becomes an historical event of such importance that we are apt to forget that all its events, as in this case, took place in one small bay, on one narrow strip of sand, along the shores of a restricted rock which for all this long period never ceased to echo with the sounds of war, and witnessed a continuous engagement that knew no truce, no moments of relaxation, and throughout which the opposing forces were ever within hand-grip of each other.

When we add to this the fact that attack and defence were alike conducted by land and sea, and that the one failed and the other succeeded solely because England—holding this important fortress—was then, as now, mistress of the seas, and therefore able on three separate occasions to relieve a garrison brought to the direst straits by close investment—we have a combination of circumstances which renders this chief event in Eliott's career a remarkable one, and causes his life to stand out distinct from those of perhaps greater and better known men, whose deeds may occupy a larger page, but scarce one of whom has, by a single achievement, rendered more signal service to his country than did the great Governor of Britain's greatest fortress.

George Augustus Eliott, born at his father's seat of Stobs in Roxburghshire on Christmas Day 1717, was the seventh son of Sir Gilbert Eliott, third baronet. The family was an ancient and honourable one, although we have no authority for the statement made by one of the historians of the siege,[1] that it sprang from one "Mr.

[1] Ancell.

Aliott," who held a distinguished post in the army of William the Conqueror.

The future Governor of Gibraltar commenced his education in Edinburgh, and, like many other Scotch youths of that period, continued it at Leyden, whence he passed to the French college of La Fère—once presided over by Vauban—thus receiving his first lessons in the defence of a fortress from the nation that, half a century later, was unsuccessfully to besiege him.

After serving in Edinburgh for a short time with the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, Eliott went to Prussia, with whose army he served as a volunteer in 1735—1736, afterwards returning to Woolwich to be instructed in artillery and engineering. He then was granted a commission as a field engineer, and he also figures in Kane's list of officers of the Royal Artillery as a cadet-gunner of October 1739, and as a second lieutenant a year later.

Having thus received a very varied military education he entered the cavalry, in which his whole regimental service was passed, his adoption of this branch being probably due to the circumstances that an uncle, Colonel Eliott, was at this time in command of the 2nd troop of Horse Grenadiers, now the Life Guards, in which regiment the nephew was gazetted a cornet in 1739, and with which he proceeded on active service as adjutant, taking part in the War of the Austrian Succession, being present at Fontenoy and many other engagements, and receiving a wound at Dettingen.

He purchased his captaincy in 1745, his majority in 1749, and his lieutenant-colonelcy in 1754, and a con-

temporary writer asserts that it was mainly owing to his "exemplary attention that the two troops of Horse Grenadiers became the finest corps of heavy cavalry in Europe." [1]

In 1748 he married Anne Pollexfen, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Henry Drake, last baronet, of Buckland Abbey, Devonshire.

Having been made *aide-de-camp* to George II. in 1755, he raised and commanded the First Light Horse, now the 15th (King's) Hussars, and long known as "Eliott's Light Horse," being the first British regiment of light dragoons raised for permanent service. Within a year of its creation Eliott took the young regiment to Germany, where from 1759 to 1761 it greatly distinguished itself, while its leader largely added to his reputation, especially at Warburg, at the head of the Scots Greys and the 11th Dragoons, repeatedly earning the acknowledgments of Prince Ferdinand.[2]

In 1761 he was appointed a Brigadier-General to command the cavalry in a descent upon the French coast, and the following year sailed for Cuba as second in command of an expedition under George, Duke of Albemarle. Eliott's humanity and forbearance are mentioned as being prominent in this campaign, and with his share of the prize-money obtained in it he purchased the estate of Heathfield in Sussex, from which he afterwards took his title.

On returning from Havana in 1763 he was promoted a Lieutenant-General, but remained unemployed until

[1] Brydges.

[2] Historical Record of the 15th (King's) Hussars.

appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1774. He resigned this post very shortly; it is said on account of his authority being too much interfered with in matters of detail.[1]

However, a fresh sphere was shortly to open for him, in which, fortunately for his country, his undoubted military genius was to have full liberty of action both in large and small matters, and in 1777 he sailed for Gibraltar, of which important fortress he had been appointed governor the previous year.

Although the Rock had no record until Tarik the Moor (from whom it derives its name[2]) made it—A.D. 711—the base for those operations on the mainland that were to add so romantic a chapter to history, the events that have since taken place along its rocky shore have more than atoned for its want of earlier distinction.

Comparatively untroubled for the first few centuries of Moorish rule, Gibraltar underwent no less than eight sieges in the hundred and fifty years that preceded the Moorish downfall, and its troubles did not immediately end when it passed into Spanish hands, for it formed a subject of dispute between the powerful Duke of Medina, who claimed and for some time held it, and the Crown of Spain, until 1502, when it became part of the Spanish kingdom and was granted as arms a castle and a key, happily emblematic of its importance as the portal alike of Spain and the Mediterranean.

Two centuries later it fell to Rooke (1704), and has ever since been one of the proudest possessions of the British Empire.

[1] Ancell.

[2] Gibel Tarik, or Tarik's Mountain.

Its gradual evolution as a fortress during the nearly twelve centuries in which it has been in these three ownerships is somewhat remarkable. When the Moors first possessed it they could not hope, nor did they attempt, to hold the entire rock against an attacker, but contented themselves with retaining a castle at its northern extremity from which they defied the invader, to whom was surrendered the rest of the place.

This castle, completed A.D. 742, stretched from the waterside—where it contained a dockyard and arsenal—in three successive wards up the western slope of the rock to where what we now call "the Moorish Castle" still stands, a weather-beaten, shot-torn tower overhanging the town, and originally but part of the fortification of the upper ward. Here until recently was an Arabic inscription—"To the God that pacifies and of Peace, and to the God that lasts for ever," a curious dedication of a place that in 470 consecutive years was to experience no less than fourteen sieges. As the town, which originally lay within the castle, extended beyond its walls, the Moors, anxious to preserve it from an invader, commenced a wall down the western slope, from the summit near the signal-station to the water's edge, so as to deny about one-half the rock, and that the inhabited northern portion, to an attacker, and along the sea-line they built works of defence, thus considerably extending their original fortress.

The Spaniards greatly added to the artificial strength of the place, working mainly on Moorish lines, erecting the existing larger and stronger wall alongside the original Moorish one, whose remains are still visible, and constructing works along the sea on sites now occupied by

King's, South, and Jumper's Bastions, being content for the most part to leave the southern portion of the Rock with no more defence than that afforded by nature. Thus, for both Moors and Spaniards, the fortress consisted of the northern end, but in British hands all this has changed.

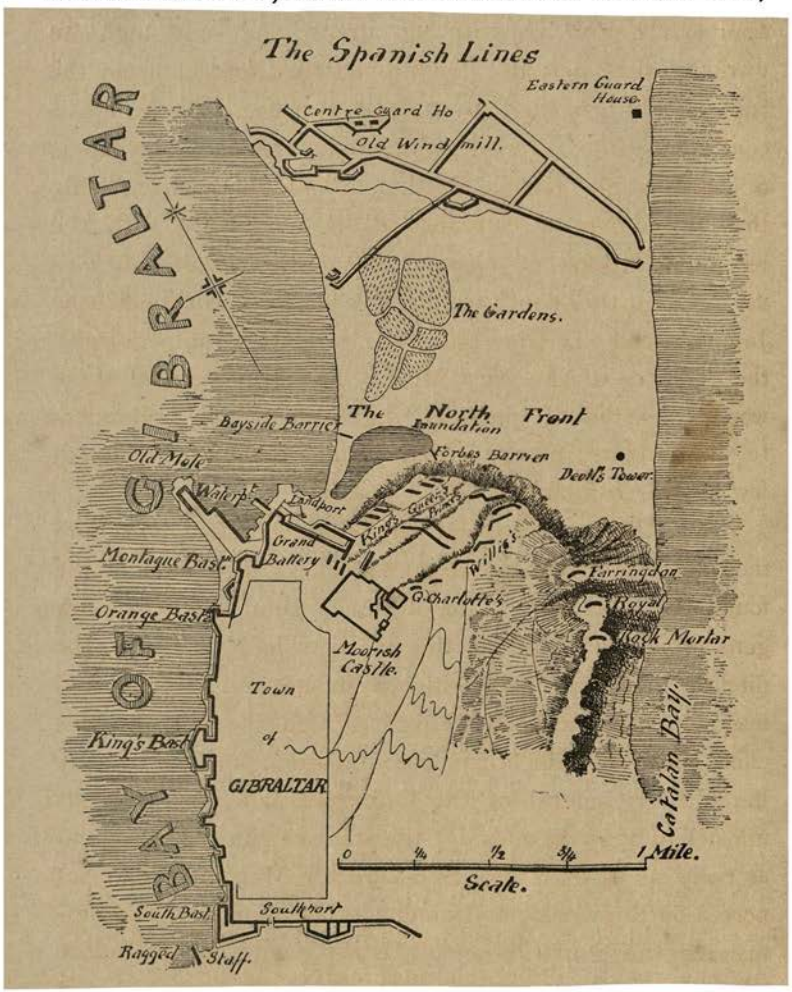
While the command of the sea by the possessors of Gibraltar prevents the permanent establishment of an enemy upon its southern half, thence to deliver an attack upon the fortified northern portion, the development of modern artillery has also now rendered it possible, by means of central and generally elevated batteries, to protect its entire coast-line and oppose a landing at every point.

The outworks of Gibraltar are therefore no longer on shore, but at sea; they lie at the extreme range of its heaviest guns; its glacis is not now the immediate slopes of individual works, but the entire sea area commanded by high-site batteries which permit of an accurate and destructive fire being brought to bear upon the deck, that most vulnerable part of an attacker's vessel.

But when Eliott took up his command he found a very different state of things from that now existing.

Gibraltar is a narrow rocky promontory—whose greatest length lies north and south—joined to the mainland by a flat sandy isthmus from which its northern face rises perpendicularly to an extreme height of over 1300 feet. Its shore and higher slopes are for the most part inaccessible from the east, and access to its western side across the knife-like edge at the summit running from the Rock Gun to O'Hara's (*see* Map), is therefore practically

impossible. This western side has less steep slopes and an easier coast-line, and at its northern end lies the town,



above and below which in Eliott's time were situated most of the defensive works.

Above the Moorish castle and about half-way up the Rock

was a group of batteries, of which Willis's was the centre, commanding the northern and north-western land and sea approaches, and constituting almost the only high-site works at that period. The immediate approach from the isthmus was guarded by Grand Battery, from which a continuous line of works ran along the shore as far as South Bastion, King's Bastion, about the centre, being then in course of construction, in accordance with the recommendations of General Boyd, the Lieutenant-Governor. Further south were a few isolated works, such as Jumper's, the Six-Gun Battery (now Little Jumper's), and the defences of the New Mole. The armament of these works consisted of guns, ranging from 3- and 4-pounders to 32-pounders; mortars from 13-inch downwards; and a few 8- and 10-inch howitzers.

When Eliott arrived, and with characteristic energy and thoroughness proceeded to take stock of his command, he found the place in a state of almost ruin and decay, few guns remained mounted, the parapets had crumbled, the ditches were choked with rubbish, and stores and magazines were alike defective.[1] Frequent reports to this effect had been sent home; a commission, presided over by the Master-General of the Ordnance, had sat at Westminster in 1769 to consider the state of the defences, and as early as 1752 a Mr. Sub-Director Montresor had reported on the works, and among other things had recommended the construction of "a wharf and bason"[2] close to Jumper's Bastion, where ships could be repaired and supplied, thus showing that the dual nature of the fortress and its dependence on the sea were clearly recognized.

[1] Sayer. [2] King's Library, British Museum.

In 1770 Lord Chatham spoke of the necessity of maintaining a naval force in the bay "sufficient to cover that garrison, to watch the motions of the Spaniards, and to keep open the communications with Minorca," and, he added, "the indispensable service of the lines requires about 4000 men,"[1] pointing out the fact that even with a relief then going out the garrison would be 800 short of that by no means excessive number.

The political horizon was very clouded when Eliott arrived in Gibraltar, and he presently received a cypher despatch warning him of the assembly of a large fleet at Cadiz, and the transport thither of a quantity of material of war from Dunkirk—"circumstances," added the Secretary of State, "that require the greatest vigilance on your part."[2] In his reply the Governor, while assuring the Government of his vigilance, stated that it would be impossible to withstand a siege with his insufficient resources, and added, "not less than 8000 men, artillery included, will be sufficient,"[3] as garrison.

But the most pressing of his deficiencies was perhaps that of the food supply. In March 1778 he reported that his "present store of beef, pork, pease, and butter is scarcely the complement of five months. Flour, including biscuits, three months; oatmeal the same. Pardon me, my lord," he concludes, "for once more repeating that no time must be lost in forwarding the supply from England."[4]

His representations appear to have fallen on deaf ears,

[1] Correspondence of Earl Chatham.
[2] Townshend to Eliott, September 1777.
[3] Eliott to Townshend, October 1777.
[4] Eliott to Townshend, March 1778.

as did his entreaty for a good understanding with Morocco, Gibraltar's natural source of supply in a war with Spain, for in this important matter the Spanish Government had forestalled us, and it was Eliott who first informed ministers of the treaty concluded between Spain and Morocco, which was brought to his notice by a Jew in the service of the Emperor.

It will be as well here briefly to review the circumstances preceding the outbreak of war with Spain, which led to the presence of French and Spanish troops before Gibraltar. It can well be imagined that the Rock—situated at the southern extremity of their beautiful peninsula, forming a natural portal to the Mediterranean, in whose bay and beneath whose guns a fleet could ride securely—had long been a thorn in the side of every patriotic Spaniard, who could not unmoved see this renowned fortress, the scene of so many fierce struggles in the years of Moorish dominion, in the hands of a distant nation with whom Spain had nothing in common. Already unsuccessfully besieged in 1705 and 1727, no one can read the history of these times without perceiving that the re-capture of the Rock was the leading motive of Spanish policy, the object for which Florida Blanca, the Spanish Minister, declared the readiness of the king his master to break every engagement, even that known as the Family Compact between the two houses of Bourbon.[1]

In England's embarrassments with her American colonies and with France, Spain saw, and was prompt to seize, her opportunity, and after some negotiation she concluded a treaty with her northern neighbour in April

[1] Coxe's *History of the Kings of Spain.*

1779, by which "the two Courts bound themselves to grant neither peace nor truce nor suspension of hostilities until Gibraltar should be restored."[1] Her efforts did not end here. She approached Hyder Ali, England's enemy in the East; made advances to Russia and Prussia; and came to an agreement with Morocco, whose ports were to be open to Spain but closed to England. At the same time she pushed forward her naval and military preparations, hoping by the addition of forty sail to the French fleet, if not to compass the actual defeat of the British Navy upon the high seas, at least to prevent the relief of Gibraltar from English ports.

Meanwhile she had not abandoned the hope of obtaining the place by direct treaty, and to this end carried on secret negotiations, both before and after the declaration of war, whose progress forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of diplomatic intrigue. While the British Cabinet was able to deny any collective knowledge of these remarkable negotiations, there is no doubt that more than one of its members was fully cognisant of them, notably Lord Germaine, Secretary of State for War, whose private secretary, a Mr. Cumberland, with Commodore Johnstone, commanding on the Lisbon Station, and an Irish priest named Hussey, chaplain to the King of Spain, was intimately concerned in the affair.

It was on June 16, 1779, that war between Spain and England was formally declared, but it was not till the autumn of 1780, when the siege had been successfully endured for over a year, that the negotiations finally fell through; and thus while the defenders of Gibraltar were

[1] Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power.*

putting forth their best efforts and daily sacrificing life itself to preserve the fortress for England, ministers at home were carrying on secret negotiations by tortuous and obscure channels for its surrender to Spain. Happily these efforts failed, and history is spared the humiliating record their success would have entailed.

Eliott, meanwhile, did all that lay in his power to put his command in a proper state of defence, inspecting his regiments—which he reported thoroughly efficient but weak in numbers—strengthening his parapets, and mounting his guns.

On June 18, 1779, he rode out with his staff to pay a ceremonial visit to the Spanish General, Mendoza, at the neighbouring village of San Roque. Mendoza's manner was observed to be very embarrassed, and it is supposed that he had already received news of the declaration of war, intelligence of which only reached Eliott on his return to Gibraltar, being brought by Mr. Logie, British Consul at Tangier, who had arrived in the Governor's absence.

At this time the garrison of Gibraltar numbered 5382 of all ranks, including 3003 British infantry—the 12th, 39th, 56th, 58th and 72nd regiments; the three Hanoverian regiments of Hardenberg, Reden and De la Motte, 1095 rank and file; 428 artillery; and 106 engineers and artificers. The naval force, under Admiral Duff, consisted of the *Panther*, three frigates, and a sloop.

The great siege that now commenced may be divided into three main phases—that of investment only, lasting from June 1779 to April 1781; that of investment combined with bombardment, commencing on April 12, 1781; and the final stage of close attack by land and sea, prepared

for throughout the summer of 1782, when blockade and bombardment had both proved unsuccessful. The grand attack delivered and defeated on September 13, 1782, virtually finished the siege, which was not, however, formally raised until the following February.

To do justice to its many events within the limits at my disposal is impossible, and it must suffice to fill in the general outline only with such details as are necessary for a comprehension of its course and as relate more particularly to the subject of this memoir. Even here great difficulty is experienced, for Eliott was no mere figure-head, nor even an average commander, but in every way the life and soul of the defence, the man to whom all looked for the guidance his bold character could give, and the judgment his great experience afford. He was the pivot on whom all turned; remove him and you lose the most commanding personality on either side, a man moreover for whom no detail was too small, no particular too insignificant, yet who did not lose himself in minor matters but looked with calm, far-seeing eye upon surrounding circumstances, and, not content to play a mere defensive part, strove not only to meet, but to anticipate every fresh move of the enemy. Thus the defence as conducted by him is one of carefully planned anticipatory effort and well-devised counter-stroke. This prominence of Eliott and his personal interest in every detail are apparent in all the records of the siege, chief among which is, of course, Drinkwater's history, universally recognized as the standard work. In addition to other less known, but scarcely less interesting personal narratives, I have had the good fortune to come across a hitherto unpublished MS. diary recently

presented to the Gibraltar Garrison Library, kept by a Captain Spilsbury of the 12th Regiment, whose record is remarkable for a frankness of criticism and freshness of statement not found in the carefully edited works of Drinkwater and other published writers. I commence the history of the siege by an extract from this source:—

"June 21, 1779. This day communication is shut with Spain, the Guards are re-inforced, and Grand Battery made a Captain's night guard, the Picquets are ordered to lie accoutred with their arms loaded. No one to pass at Landport but workmen, engineers, etc., and in case of an alarm the Town Regiments to line the wall of the town, and those of the southward to form on their Parades."

Thus runs the first entry in the diary of Captain Spilsbury, whose peculiarities of writing I reproduce.

A council of war, held at the Governor's residence a few days later, decided on the immediate steps to be taken, which included the clearance of a camping ground for 600 men near Devil's Gap, and the formation there of a mortar battery; the construction of three new batteries near Willis's, also of a post of observation at the Moorish Castle and of bomb-proofs further south; the erection of traverses, and the general strengthening of exposed parapets.

As regards provisions, nothing could be hoped for from Morocco beyond chance cargoes that might succeed in evading the blockade established on July 16, 1779, by a Spanish squadron of "two seventy-fours, two frigates, five xebecques, and a number of gallies and half-gallies" (Drinkwater). Occasional vessels might, and did, arrive

from England, Minorca, and other friendly ports, but such chance comers would be exceedingly rare, and a careful administration of supplies and development of existing resources was most necessary.

The garrison was at this time supplied with vegetables from gardens on the north front, outside the fortress gates, which remained available until November 1780, when, the close approach of the besiegers' works preventing access to them, by Eliott's directions other gardens were successfully cultivated towards Europa. So short of supplies was the place when the siege commenced, that within a month it became necessary to reduce the rations by one-half, and orders were issued at this period that no horse should be kept whose owner could not show at least 1000 lbs. of fodder for it, Eliott ordering one of his own horses to be shot. In other ways he was an example to his garrison, being a vegetarian and teetotaller, "perhaps the most abstemious man of his age" (Ancell), seldom taking anything, says Drinkwater, but "vegetables, simple puddings and water; and yet is very hale and uses constant exercise." Ancell adds, that he was often content with but short spells of sleep of only four hours' duration, and in every way he appears to have been a man whose habits and manner of life singularly fitted him for the command of a garrison soon to be reduced to the greatest extremities. He early "made trial of what quantity of rice would suffice a single person for twenty-four hours, and actually lived himself eight days on four ounces of rice per day," says Drinkwater, a fact corroborated by Spilsbury, one of whose earliest entries runs, "The Guards to mount without powder in their hair;" while another a little later adds, "It seems the

Governor has bought up all the hair powder, and eats puddings made of it."

On July 26, 1779, the first arrival of Spanish reinforcements took place, and troops and ordnance were landed at Punta Mala, where a landing stage had previously been constructed, and a camp was formed close by.

These regiments consisted of two battalions of Spanish Guards, two regiments of Walloons and other corps selected from the regiments of Soria, Quadalaxara, America and Catalonia, and of volunteers from Aragon and Savoy, numbering 13,700 in all, inclusive of 1000 artillery and twelve squadrons of cavalry (Sayer). The command was assumed by Don Martin Alvarez de Sotomayor, a general who had seen service in Italy, and who presently completed and armed Fort San Felipe in the old lines facing the Rock, constructed a mortar battery, and commenced more formidable works.

It was decided at a council of war, held on September 11, 1779, to oppose these active works as far as possible, and at daybreak on the following morning fire was opened from Green's Lodge (recently completed), Willis's, and Queen Charlotte's batteries, the first gun being discharged by the wife of an officer to General Eliott's signal of "Britons, strike home!"

For three and a half years from this time a perpetual fire was kept up from the Rock, whose batteries were incessantly manned by night and day. The immediate effect upon the enemy's works was not very great, and Spilsbury, always outspoken, declares the practice to have been "very bad"; although a panic was caused among the enemy's working parties, and also in the town of Gibraltar,

whose inhabitants imagined that the attackers would at once reply. This they do not seem to have done until December 27, when they opened an experimental fire upon the nearest works, and it was not till January 12, 1780, that their first shot fell in the town, where it wounded a woman in the foot.

The following entry in Captain Spilsbury's diary may be quoted as typical of many of his very original notes, and illustrative of General Eliott's disciplinary methods: "October 3, 1779. One 58th man was overheard saying that if the Spaniards came damn him that would not join them. The Governor said he must be mad, and ordered his head to be shaved, to be blistered, bled, sent to the Provost on bread and water, wear a tight waistcoat, and to be prayed for in church," a treatment that must surely have ended in kill or cure.

The great height of the Rock at its northern extremity afforded such an opportunity for commanding fire that an effort was made to mount a gun there, and by October 12 a twenty-four pounder was dragged to the summit, some 1300 feet high. Later on a mortar was mounted here, and the emplacement was named "the Rock Gun," a name it still bears.

A week later General Eliott was present at night at Willis's Battery to witness an experiment with a light ball, the invention of Lieutenant Witham of the Artillery. The siege is indeed remarkable for inventions contrived, and expedients used by the defence, such as a special gun and mortar carriage designed by Lieutenant Koehler of the Artillery for firing at extreme angles of depression, experiments with varying charges at different angles of

elevation, attempts to obtain a satisfactory fuse and to improve existing shell, and many other smaller artillery matters.

Later on General Boyd advocated the use of red-hot shot, for which furnaces were constructed, some of which still exist, and these projectiles played a very prominent part in the repulse of the final attack; while the naval defenders were not idle, witness their extemporized gun-boats; finally, the rock-cut galleries commenced by Sergeant-Major Ince of the Engineers stand to this day, a monument of what man's ingenuity and perseverance may effect under stress of circumstances.

To all such matters great and small Eliott gave his best encouragement, and indeed the defence could not possibly have succeeded had not every rank and every arm joined in hearty co-operation, support, and mutual emulation throughout these trying years. Such brotherly effort and true spirit of *camaraderie* are happily not rare in British sailors and soldiers, but no one can read the history of the siege of Gibraltar, in which so many instances of this spirit abound, without grasping the fact that such efforts were both largely called forth and judiciously applied by one energetic, untiring, far-seeing man, and that man—Eliott.

By the end of 1779 the garrison was in sore straits for want of food, the rations had been again reduced, the supply of flour and fresh meat was exhausted, and Drinkwater says that "thistles, dandelions, wild leeks, etc." formed the daily nourishment of numbers. A turkey fetched £4, a goose £2, and ducks a guinea and fowls eighteen shillings a couple. But help was fortunately at

hand. On January 17, 1780, a fleet and convoy under Admiral Sir George Rodney appeared in the Straits, and were welcomed with a salute from the guns of the fortress, thus relieved of its most pressing necessities.

Not only had Rodney with him the convoy he had sailed with from Spithead—he had captured on January 8 a rich Spanish fleet laden with wheat, flour and provisions, the greater part of which he had brought along for the use of Gibraltar; and he had achieved a still greater success on the 16th by his defeat off St. Vincent of a Spanish squadron under Admiral Don Juan de Langara, capturing six ships and blowing up another, and taking prisoner the Admiral, badly wounded.

The arrival at such a moment of a British Admiral with a captured convoy, a captured fleet, a captured admiral, a fresh British regiment—the 73rd Foot, 1000 strong—and a well-supplied convoy from England affords as striking an instance of the value of sea power as we can wish to find. Without this and two subsequent reliefs Gibraltar could not possibly have held out against so close an investment for so extended a period. On board the flagship, serving as a midshipman, was the future king, William IV., and Langara rightly interpreted his presence there when he exclaimed, "Well does Great Britain merit the Empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood!" (Drinkwater).

For some time after Rodney's departure on February 13 no event of importance occurred, but in June an attempt was made by means of fire-ships to set fire to our shipping, which at this time consisted of the *Panther*, the *Enterprise*, two smaller armed vessels, several armed transports, and

some merchant ships. The attempt failed, owing to the promptitude and gallantry of the sailors, and the nine ships were all towed or drifted to the south, where they fell upon the rocks, and, having burnt to the water's edge, their hulls were afterwards useful as firewood for the garrison. On the 27th of this month several gunboats, propelled by oars and carrying a gun at the bow, made an attack upon the *Panther*, and for the remainder of the siege this method of annoyance was repeated at intervals, causing serious inconvenience to the defenders both in the harbour and on shore.

Presently provisions again began to run short, and in September turkey-cocks fetched three and a half guineas, ducks a guinea a couple, geese twenty-six shillings each, and smaller stores sold in proportion. In October biscuit was issued to the troops in lieu of bread, and a garrison order fixed a man's weekly ration at 2 lb. of salt fish, 1 lb. of pork, and ½ lb. of beef. Scurvy made its appearance, but the fortunate arrival of a Danish ship from Malaga laden with oranges and lemons, which by Eliott's order were purchased and distributed as an anti-scorbutic, partially allayed this disease. We can, however, sympathize with Spilsbury's entry of October 22, 1780, "The salt fish all served out, to the no small satisfaction of the garrison, who are heartily tired of it."

The Emperor of Morocco now proceeded to more open and active measures against us, allowing hostilities to be carried on in his ports, and ill-treating and finally expelling Mr. Logie, the British Consul, and other British subjects. His action is in some degree attributable to the refusal of the British Government to supply him with naval stores

for three vessels he had recently built in order to protect his coasts from the Spaniards, who wished to oblige him to let them farm his ports of Tangier, Tetuan, and Larache. Eliott supported his application, and its refusal threw Morocco finally into the arms of Spain.

It was on April 12, 1781, that two events of the greatest importance occurred. The besiegers had for some time been extremely active on the isthmus and, among other works, had constructed and armed an advanced battery named the Mill Battery, about 1100 yards from the garrison, and it appeared as if to starvation by blockade was soon to be added destruction by bombardment.

On the morning of April 12 a thick fog obscured the Straits, but when it cleared away it disclosed a very large convoy and fleet under Admiral Darby, intelligence of the departure of which from Torbay had recently reached the garrison, whose joy at this welcome sight was speedily dashed by the opening of the long-dreaded bombardment. As the leading vessels dropped anchor under the guns of the fortress, as if by pre-concerted signal, those of the besiegers opened fire and commenced a bombardment of the town and fortifications, which continued with the greatest fury for many weeks, and knew no intermission of twenty-four consecutive hours until May of the following year, a period of no less than thirteen months.

Drinkwater estimates the guns in action against the fortress at this time as 149, 114 of which—including 50 mortars—bore upon the garrison. Sayer places these figures at 170, with 80 mortars, but whichever number is correct they considerably outnumbered the guns of the defence. The town was speedily in ruins, the inhabitants

sheltering at the south end of the Rock, where some time previously Eliott had permitted them to erect wooden huts, but the activity of the enemy's gunboats on the departure of Darby's fleet rendered even the southern portion unsafe, and the distress of soldiers and civilians alike was extreme. The wife of an officer gives a graphic account of the miseries she and her children endured in endeavouring to escape the enemy's fire near Europa, where one night the rock behind which they sheltered was struck by a shot that covered them with dust and splinters. She writes—

"It would have melted the hardest heart to see the women and children run from the camp without a rag to cover them whenever the gunboats approached."[1]

I give one extract from Spilsbury, which may serve as a typical twenty-four hours' experience—

"May 24, 1781. About midnight a shell fell into a house (at) South Shed and buried about 16 people for 2 or 3 Hours, but they were got out by the Assistance of the Picquet, except a Child belonging to the poor woman (of the) 58th that was killed some time ago, which perished by it. Three Jews, one that had lost all he had in Town, near 10,000 Pounds, his Clerk, and a Relation, a woman, were killed by a shell in their House in Black Town, and 2 Butchers, inhabitants, were killed and one wounded, and one 73rd was killed in his Bed in S. Barracks. Two shells fell in the Hospital Yard, and a shot went through the Roof of the pavilion at the Hospital where Lt. Lowe was."

It is said that in six weeks' time 56,000 shot and 20,000 shell were thrown into the place, and night and day were alike rendered hideous by the continual roar of the enemy's

[1] Sayer.

guns and of those of the garrison in reply. Yet the loss of life to the troops was comparatively small, although the works were much damaged and the town practically destroyed. The flight of the inhabitants to the south and the destruction of their houses brought to light large quantities of wine and food, carefully preserved by some merchants in view of starvation prices. It is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at that the soldiers, already wearied with the monotony and hardships of nearly two years' investment and driven to desperation by the horrors of the bombardment, should have broken into open riot, and, encouraged by the discovery of so much wine and provisions, pillaged the smoking ruins while the very air above them was thick with shells and the Rock re-echoed to the cannons' roar. This is the only disgraceful as it was the most trying part of the siege, and called for stern measures on the part of the authorities. More merciful methods being unavailing, death itself was the punishment for men caught in the act of pillage, and the record is darkened by such entries as these—

"May 29, 1781. Two of the Artificer Company hanged at the White Convent for robing (*sic*) that store"; and the next day: "One of the 58th punished and another hung for stealing Rum which is buried all over the Garrison and in the Hospital Garden" (Spilsbury).

Order was gradually re-established, the recently arrived provisions were stored, and the place, becoming accustomed to the enemy's discharges, settled down into its normal condition of defence. And that Eliott was not content with a merely defensive attitude is evident. The annoyance caused by the gunboats resolved him to attempt

reprisals on the Spanish camp, and, with this object, a battery was constructed at the end of the Old Mole, consisting of a 13-inch mortar, five 32-pounders, and one 18-pounder, which, sunk in the sand at different angles of elevation and secured by baulks of timber, so annoyed the enemy as to earn at their hands the name of "the Devil's Tongue." It opened fire on June 28, 1781. In order to guard the harbour against the gunboats two brigs were cut down and converted into *prames* or boats, mounting some four or five guns each, which, being moored within range of our batteries, acted as guard-ships. Later on the frames of twelve gunboats were sent out from England and completed at Gibraltar. Each carried a 24-pounder or 18-pounder gun, and was manned by a crew of twenty-one sailors.

On October 1 and 2 the enemy's expenditure of ammunition amounted to 1948 and 1263 rounds respectively. It was now that the daring project of a sortie for the destruction of the enemy's works—which could not be kept under by fire from the fortress—entered the Governor's head. Sayer says that in a *Historical Sketch of Gibraltar*, 1792, in the British Museum, are to be found some pencilled marginal notes signed "W. Booth," in one of which the writer asserts that he suggested the practicability of a sortie to General Boyd, who went as far as the Devil's Tower to satisfy himself as to the likelihood of its success before mentioning the matter to Eliott. Whether this is so or not, it is certain that the information brought by a deserter who arrived in the garrison at the beginning of November was of considerable value in determining the mode of attack. This man was taken to Willis's Battery,

where he explained the works below him to the Governor giving details of their armament and night-guards, etc.

At midnight, on November 26, some 2178 of all ranks, out of a total strength of 5952, assembled to the south of the town, and, having been formed into three columns, issued by the Landport Gate to the attack of the enemy's advanced works. These were seized with scarcely any opposition, and, the infantry having formed beyond them as a covering party, with the reserves nearer the Rock, the artillery and engineers, to the number of about 300, proceeded to destroy the enemy's carefully constructed works, and succeeded so well that in an hour's time their object was accomplished and an orderly retirement to Gibraltar was effected. The whole force was under command of General Ross, but Eliott's anxiety was so great that—unknown to Ross—he could not abstain from accompanying the troops, an action which has been much criticized. The troops behaved splendidly, and fully acted up to their countersign —"Steady." Their loss was insignificant, and they captured two officers and sixteen privates of the enemy's guard of the trenches, which consisted of one captain, three subalterns, and seventy-four privates. The senior officer's report, which was found, stated, rather prematurely, that "nothing extraordinary" had occurred during the night (Drinkwater). The Spaniards, who seem to have been entirely unprepared for this bold move, contented themselves with an ineffectual fire against the Rock batteries, and made no effort to disturb the working party.

This brilliant achievement put fresh heart into the defenders, as such an assumption of initiative might have been expected to do, but the besiegers quickly recovered

themselves, and in the following month had sometimes as many as 1000 men at work reconstructing their batteries.

Early in 1782 Minorca fell, and it was presently rumoured that its conqueror, De Crillon, with French reinforcements, was hastening to the assistance of the Spaniards. On April 11 Eliott learned by a vessel from Faro of great preparations in progress at Cadiz, and greater activity was now visible upon the shores of the bay, in which a fleet of over 100 transports appeared on May 26, followed next month by 60 French sail, bringing about 5000 French soldiers. The fire from the Spanish lines now almost entirely ceased, and on May 4 twenty-four hours elapsed—the first for over a year—without any discharge from besieged or besiegers. It was evident that a final effort was being prepared, and, had the garrison been possessed of a sufficiently powerful telescope, they might one day have witnessed a curious scene upon the shores of the bay. A group of officers, one of whom was a well-known French engineer named D'Arçon, and another the chief engineer of the Spanish fleet, was collected round a piece of oak timber about a foot square in section, which, having been immersed in the sea for six hours, was brought to land, and a hole bored in it in which a 24-pounder shot—brought to red-heat in a neighbouring kiln—was inserted. It was a battle between the two elements, fire and water, and when the latter was successful and the wet wood gradually extinguished the hissing projectile, D'Arçon felt assured that his elaborate design for the subjugation of the grim fortress across the bay would prove successful.[1]

[1] *Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire du Siège de Gibraltar.* D'Arçon, Paris, 1783.

This plan is sketched in a memorandum drawn up by De Crillon, and now in the British Museum, and its main feature was the employment of ten *batteries flottantes*, which should anchor in front of the fortress, and effect a breach for the entrance of a landing party. Great ingenuity, time, and labour were expended upon these floating batteries, which D'Arçon claimed to be *insubmersibles et indestructibles*, and were formed by cutting down the masts and rigging of several vessels of from 600 to 1400 tons burden, providing them on the side to be exposed to the fire of the Rock with a sloping roof and armour composed of three layers of squared timber three feet thick, separated by wet sand and backed by a layer of damp cork. The roof was covered with wet hides, and the whole provided with a network of pipes conveying water from central reservoirs to every exposed part of the ship's side. It is said that 200,000 cubic feet of timber were expended on these unwieldy vessels, whose armament consisted of from 10 to 26 guns, with crews of from 250 to 760 men. They were to be supported by the fire of the allied French and Spanish fleet and of the land works, which now assumed great proportions, one work alone, according to Spanish accounts, requiring 1,600,000 sandbags, and being raised in one night to a height of 12 feet, with a parapet 18 feet thick, by an immense working party of 10,000 men. The landing party was to be in boats provided with hinged planks to assist them to land.

This remarkable project was only less extraordinary than some of the many other designs submitted to the Spanish Government, one of which was to erect a mountain

on the neutral ground of the same height and bulk as the Rock, while another proposed the destruction of the latter by blowing it up.

D'Arçon's plan having been accepted, no time was lost in preparing for it, and ten ships were speedily cut down and armed under the anxious eyes of the garrison, who were well informed of the design. One man of the 73rd regiment having announced that he had dreamed that the place would fall on a given date, the Governor ordered him to be taken to the provost-ship until the day arrived, and then flogged; and Spilsbury says, "The men have a number of stories among themselves, but their allowance of grog is drank before night, and they are obliged to go to bed sober, so no wonder they have disagreeable dreams."

To assist at the allied triumph persons came from all parts of Europe, amongst others the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon, who, arriving in August, brought letters for the beleaguered garrison, and sent them in under a flag of truce accompanied by a present of vegetables, game and fruit for the Governor. Eliott in his reply accepted the food, but added that in so doing he had broken a resolution he had previously kept—not to receive any gift for his own private use—"So that, without any preference everything is sold publicly here; and the private soldier, if he has money, can become a purchaser as well as the Governor." He asked that no more might be sent him, and added that although vegetables were scarce at this season, every man had a quantity proportional to the labour he expended in raising them. The English, he continued, were fond of

gardening, "and here we find our amusement in it during the intervals of rest from public duty."

On his side Eliott had not been idle. The arrival of the 97th Regiment, 700 strong, in March 1782, and of about 70 Corsican volunteers in July, had brought the garrison, sailors included, up to a strength of some 7500 men, of whom at the beginning of September about 400 were in hospital. The guards daily absorbed nearly 1100, the picquets took over 600 more, and daily working parties of nearly 2000 men were now employed by the engineers in strengthening the works likely to bear the brunt of the attack, erecting caissons and traverses, and constructing improved communications. Iron grates for heating red-hot shot were distributed throughout the batteries, and every preparation made for a determined resistance.

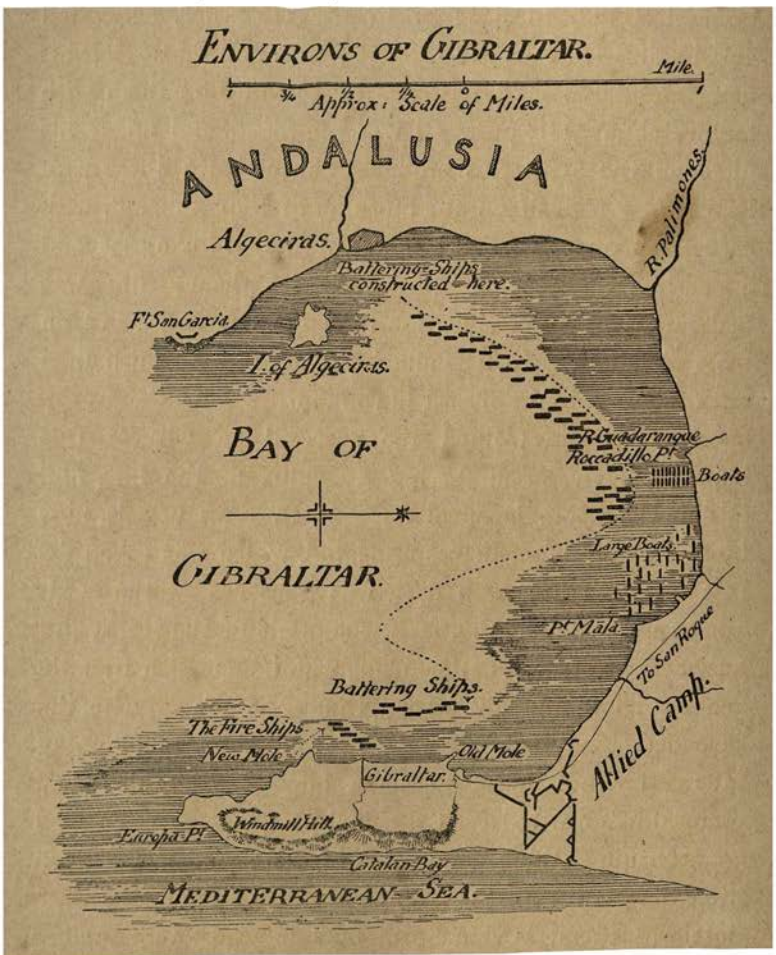
A further work of great interest was going forward in the construction of those rock-cut galleries now so widely celebrated. These were suggested by a Sergeant-Major Ince of the Engineers, who—in response to a desire of Eliott's to bring a flanking fire upon the enemy's entrenchments—proposed boring a tunnel through the solid rock from near Faringdon's Battery to a projecting mass of rock now hollowed out and known as St. George's Hall. His idea was adopted, and on May 25, 1782, he commenced driving a passage six feet by six feet. On August 19 Spilsbury notes, "Sergt. Ince has got 165 feet into the Rock and made two embrasures," and, ten days later, "Ince's gallery 200 feet long, and has two 24-pounders mounted in it." These embrasures were originally intended as air holes, and by September four or five guns

were mounted in them. A deserter who reached the garrison on August 28 announced the grand attack for September 15, and it was on the 6th of this month that General Boyd, in a letter to the Governor, suggested anticipating the enemy to some extent, and destroying his now formidable land batteries by opening on them with red-hot shot. His proposal was approved, and under his direction the artillery commenced firing with these projectiles at 7 o'clock on the morning of September 8, with such good effect that the works were speedily alight and a considerable portion destroyed. A heavy fire was maintained by both sides for the next four days, and on the 12th about noon the allied French and Spanish fleet sailed into the bay to assist in the morrow's attack.

As the garrison lined the sea-wall to witness this imposing arrival—numbering 39 ships of the line, and raising the enemy's naval force to over 50 vessels, nine bearing admirals' pennants—a signal, which was taken for that denoting a British fleet, was observed at the yard-arm at the signal-station on the summit of the Rock, and a shout arose from the defenders, who imagined a friendly fleet to be in pursuit. Then, to every one's surprise, the supposed signal detached itself from the yard and, floating in the air, was seen to be a large eagle which had momentarily settled on the signal-post, and was accepted by the superstitious as an omen of victory for the British arms.

It was about 9.30 a.m. on September 13 that the ten floating batteries loosed from their moorings and took up position in line about 1000 yards west of King's Bastion, upon which Eliott had taken his stand, and which work

bore the main brunt of the coming action. The flag of Admiral Don Buena Ventura Morena in chief command flew from the *Pastora*, while D'Arçon was on board the



Talla Piedra, these being two of the largest vessels, and it was precisely these two that first caught fire and led to the demoralization of the others. They lost no time in

opening the action, but Spilsbury in his sarcastic manner, observes that at first "they fired a great deal into the water, that being a new way of making breaches." The garrison was not slow to reply, and Eliott in his despatch says that the guns were served "with a deliberate coolness and precision of school practice, but the exertions of the men were infinitely superior."

Speaking of Eliott's situation at this trying moment, Sayer says, "On the land he was threatened by 246 pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers, and an army of near 40,000 men; while by sea 50 sail of the line, 10 floating batteries of a construction supposed to be indestructible, with countless gun and mortar boats, and 300 smaller craft, were waiting only the signal for the attack. To this enormous armament but 7000 men and 96 guns could be opposed."

The difficulties inseparable from an allied attack soon, however, made themselves apparent. The allied fleet for some reason failed to bear its part; the land batteries had not received full instructions; the fire-ships, which at first answered expectation, presently began to smoke from the red-hot shot, and by seven o'clock in the evening the defenders' fire had assumed an undoubted superiority. The garrison in these hours had suffered much; the works were riddled with shot, the houses reduced to an even greater ruin than before, and the town choked with *débris*. So exhausted were the gunners that they drank the water in the buckets in which their sponge-heads were washed, and, as the day wore on, had in some cases to be relieved by infantry detachments. What must have been the feelings of the stern-visaged Eliott as he paced the rampart

of King's Bastion, himself exposed to the greatest fury of the enemy's fire, and marked that fire gradually slacken as his own subdued it; watched the wreathing smoke ascending from Morena's flagship, and, as night fell, saw one after the other of the dreaded floating batteries break into flames, until their blazing hulls illumined the now silent bay, and disclosed their panic-stricken crews escaping in confusion, leaving the wounded to a horrible death upon the burning vessels.

It was now that the British sailors, led by the gallant Captain Curtis, played their part and proved themselves worthy of the great traditions of the navy. At 2 a.m. on the 14th the whole of the defenders' gunboats sallied forth, and, forming line outside the battering ships, completed the confusion of their crews. Not only were large numbers captured as they endeavoured to escape, but many wounded Spaniards were saved at great risk of life from the burning and exploding ships, whose losses in men amounted to 1473, according to a Spanish official account. The garrison's loss did not exceed 16 killed and 68 wounded, and their expenditure of ammunition was estimated at 8000 shot and 716 barrels of powder.

With the failure of this grand attack the Siege of Gibraltar may be said to have virtually concluded. It is true that it was not until February 5, 1783, that the last shot was "wantonly fired" over the enemy's works; true also that in the interval the allies pushed their approaches still closer to the foot of the Rock, and that their fleet in the bay sailed in pursuit of Lord Howe's relieving squadron, which, through adverse winds, was carried past the place in October 1782; but all the operations subsequent

to September 13 were but languidly carried on. The distinguished persons who had come to witness the downfall of the garrison departed, convinced that its hour had not yet arrived; negotiations for peace were initiated, and at last, three years seven months and twelve days since the closing of the fortress gates, Gibraltar again had free communication with the outer world.

The losses of the garrison in this protracted siege were 333 killed or died of wounds, 536 died of sickness, 138 disabled by wounds and discharged, 773 wounded but recovered, and 43 deserted.

The ammunition expended between September 12, 1779, and February 3, 1783, is calculated at 200,600 rounds from the batteries and 4728 from the gunboats, while the estimate of the Spanish expenditure between April 12, 1781, and February 2, 1783, is 244,104 rounds from the land batteries and 14,283 from gunboats (Drinkwater).

De Crillon visited the place on March 31, 1783, and paid the defenders many compliments, pronouncing the rock-cut galleries to be worthy of the Romans, and being specially polite to the officers of the artillery, whom, he said, he was glad to meet away from their batteries, where they never spared him. The garrison cheered him on his entrance, and he and Eliott embraced with many expressions of regard. It was, in fact, a time of mutual compliments, and the British officers were equally politely received when they visited the attackers' works.

On April 19 two interesting ceremonies took place, the first on the Red Sands, beyond the Southport Ditch, the second in King's Bastion. The first was the scene of a

general parade, when Eliott read to the troops a letter of thanks from the Home Government, adding the following characteristic words on his own behalf:—

"Forgive me, faithful companions, if I humbly crave your acceptance of my grateful acknowledgments. I only presume to ask this favour, as having been a constant witness of your cheerful submission to the greatest hardships, your matchless spirit and exertions, and on all occasions your heroic contempt of every danger."

Proceeding later to the King's Bastion, he was invested with the Order of the Bath by General Boyd, acting as King's Commissioner.

Spilsbury gives a carefully executed drawing of the Bastion, which was decorated for the occasion, and as the ribbon was placed round Eliott's neck the infantry fired a volley, and the guns of the Bastion a salute from right to left.

It was indeed appropriate that a work thus named, constructed by one veteran, and on which the other stood on the great day that preserved Gibraltar to the Empire, should have been the scene of this interesting ceremony; and equally appropriate is it that Boyd, to whose foresight we owe this bastion, and who had in every way been second only to Eliott himself throughout the siege, should now by his own desire lie buried beneath its gun floor.

It was not until June 1787 that Eliott was, somewhat tardily, raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Heathfield, a title that became extinct in 1813 by the death of his only son. Eliott himself died of palsy at Aix la Chapelle on July 6, 1790, only two days before his intended departure on a visit to his old command. He is buried in Heathfield Church, Sussex.

The character of this sturdy soldier is a remarkable one. Of a curiously strict and abstemious life at a period when temperate living was rare, he united the sternness of a strict disciplinarian with a tender and modest nature. Exacting in the calls he made upon others, he was always ready to set an example of self-denial, nor ever expected his men to face a danger he would hesitate to experience himself. Gifted with a wide judgment, combined with a singular mastery of detail, always alert and far-seeing, his varied experience and extended military training rendered him the very man for the command of Gibraltar in its most anxious years; and he was a worthy successor to those bold and hardy Moors and chivalrous and accomplished Spaniards who had preceded him in the defence of the rock fortress with which his name will ever be associated.

His stern lineaments, commanding presence, eagle features, and penetrating eye are worthily portrayed by the greatest English painter of the age, whose picture affords us as admirable a presentment of the outward man as Eliott's great deeds do of the inner qualities and consummate military genius of Gibraltar's greatest Governor.

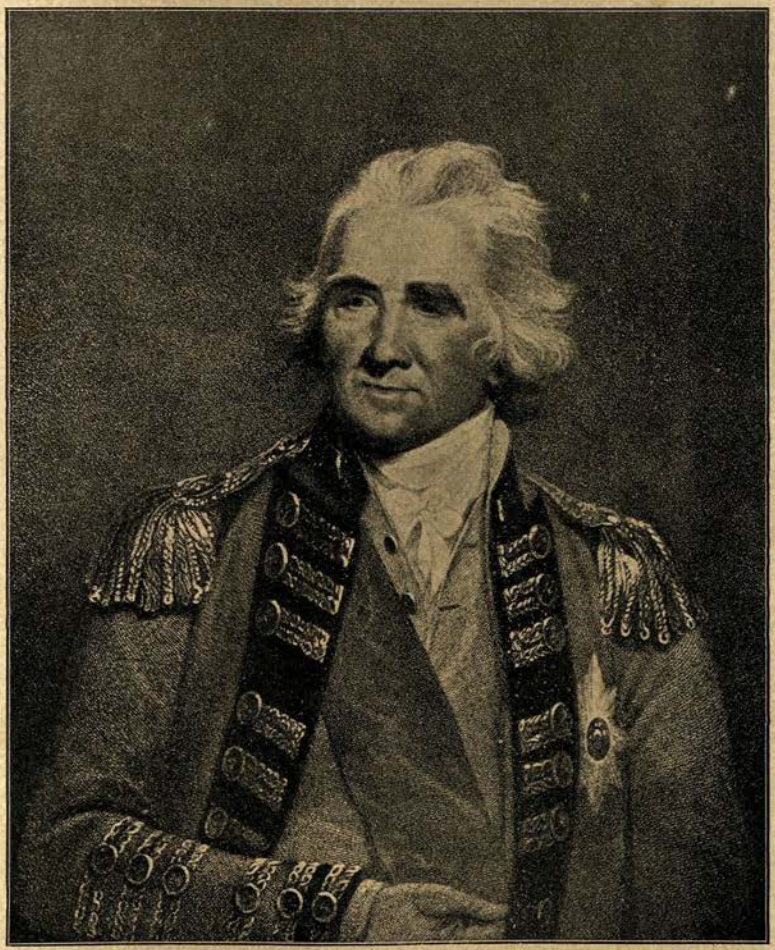
ABERCROMBY

1734—1801

WHEN England took up arms against the French Revolution in 1793 her military power had fallen to the lowest ebb, and her army was utterly inadequate, in every sense of the term, for the vigorous prosecution of war against a great and powerful nation.

For all practical purposes the British army had almost ceased to exist; the idealogues of Parliament worshipped the maxim that an armed disciplined body was in its essence dangerous to liberty; and, rating as they did the precedents of constitutional history higher than the evidence of their own senses, they overlooked the fact that liberty could be as readily threatened from without as from within, and against this danger, which they had not the wisdom to foresee, they had not only made no adequate preparation, but had rendered it impossible that such preparation should be made, while for *offensive* wars, that is to say for empowering the burden of a campaign to be transferred to the territory of an enemy, the laws of England had made no provision at all.

In spite of the many severe lessons afforded by the military history of the eighteenth century, it had become the established custom of England to raise an army only in time of war, and to disband it on the ratification of



ABERCROMBY!

peace, retaining only such meagre cadres as were then indispensable for the preservation of internal order, owing to the absence of any formed body of civil police. The standing army, as an institution, was looked upon with deep mistrust, and was invariably reduced to a mere skeleton the moment its aid was no longer required. This constant fluctuation in numbers, which exercised a most pernicious influence upon the continuity of military life and the traditions of war, were neither due to the penury of the Treasury nor the parsimony of Parliament, but to the distrust of the influence of the army upon internal affairs, a feeling now happily dissipated by a series of wise measures inspired by broader views of the relation between the army and the State.

This mistrust extended to all the machinery of the military system, which was deliberately allowed to rust and rot for want of employment. In 1792 there was barrack accommodation for only 20,000 men in Great Britain; the buildings themselves were dilapidated and insanitary, and it was as much as any minister's place was worth to bring in a vote for reform, or to attempt to create satisfactory billeting laws, without which the maintenance of a thoroughly trained and mobile army at home is impracticable. Moreover, in 1793, the spirit of the army had been gravely impaired by the repeated failures and the discreditable direction of the war in America; there were no leaders of the first rank in whom the army had confidence, and the professional instruction of officers and men was beneath contempt. In such condition, ill-armed, ill-disciplined, without leaders, and wanting in nearly everything that makes an army formidable, save and

except its native gallantry which never forsook it, the army was thrown headlong into one of the bitterest and most stoutly contested conflicts of modern times.

If the great war was ultimately successful, owing to the boundless ambition of Napoleon, who overstepped all limits imposed by nature, reason, and self-interest, and thanks to the staying power and spirit of England, protected while at the lowest ebb of her military power by a formidable navy, this result should not blind us to the fact that neither statesmen nor Parliament had foreseen the gathering storm, or had taken any precautions to weather it, and that no less than eight years passed before England was able to strike firm blows with her army, and fifteen years before the weapon was so tempered that it could seriously influence the course of military events. During this period how many hundred thousand lives were lost, and how many millions poured out in that gigantic struggle!

It is not too much to say that had England, at the outset of the war, been able to place in the field an army equal in numbers to that with which, two hundred years before, Elizabeth had confronted Philip of Spain, the great war would have been strangled at its birth, and the world spared the frightful losses and huge weight of debt which still hamper the physical development and embarrass the finances of the nations of Europe.

The epic period of the war in the peninsula, and the fascination which clings to a great name, have unduly obscured the events which led up to Wellington's campaigns, and supply the key-note to his early successes.

Through these dark years—years of doubt and despond-

ency, of gropings in the dark for the first truths of organization and direction, of trials and storms, of uphill fighting and barren successes, and finally of brilliant victory—the subject of this memoir occupies essentially the first position, and is identified, more than any other of his contemporaries, not even excepting his brilliant lieutenant, Moore, with the revival of the military spirit and splendid fighting traditions of the British army.

Ralph Abercromby was born in October 1734, at Menstry, near Tullibody, in the county of Clackmannan. His father, George Abercromby, had been called to the bar, but had never practised his profession. He was a distinguished scholar and a man of industry. He had married the clever and beautiful daughter of Mr. Dundas of Manor, and the influence of her family was not without importance in shaping the career of her son.

Ralph Abercromby's education, begun by a private tutor, was continued at the school of Mr. Moir at Alloa, then considered one of the best in Scotland. After passing some time here, Ralph was sent to Rugby, where he remained till he was eighteen, then becoming a student at the Edinburgh University, during the years 1752 and 1753. In these early days he failed to distinguish himself in his studies, but the records of his contemporaries show that his character was held in high esteem, that he was manly and sensible, sound rather than brilliant, with a prepossessing appearance and polished manners. Destined by his father for the law, he was sent to Leipsig in 1754, but he here conceived a violent distaste to the profession, and expressed an ardent desire to become a soldier. This decision came as a disappointment to his father; but like

a man of sense, he gave way to his son's wish, and purchased a cornetcy for him in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. He remained in country quarters with his regiment till 1758, when he accompanied it to Germany, and was appointed A.D.C. to General Sir W. Pitt. During part of the Seven Years' War, although serving in a subordinate position, Abercromby had time and opportunity for studying to the best advantage in the still unrivalled school of the great Frederick; and one may trace in many acts of his subsequent career, the influence of this early training upon the formation of his military character. At the conclusion of the war he accompanied his regiment to Ireland, and working his way rapidly up the ladder, became lieutenant-colonel in 1773, brevet colonel in 1780, and colonel of the 103rd, or King's Irish Infantry, in 1781. This regiment was disbanded in 1783, when Abercromby retired on half-pay, his military career apparently at an end.

On quitting his command he was induced to take up politics, and was returned for the county of Clackmannan in the Whig interest, after a bitter contest and a harmless duel with his opponent, Colonel Erskine. Politics, however, proved as uncongenial to his nature as the law, and after a very brief parliamentary career, he retired in favour of his brother, and returned to Edinburgh, to devote himself to the education of the children born from his marriage with Miss Menzies in 1767.

When war broke out in 1793, Abercromby immediately applied for a command, and his reputation and family interest procured him promotion to the rank of Major-General, and the command of a brigade of the line destined for Flanders.

The moment was not unfavourable for a vigorous effort against the common enemy. The Austrian victories of Aix-la-Chapelle and Neerwinden had rolled back the tide of the republican invasion; Dumouriez, despite his brilliant defence of the Argonnes in the previous year, and his well-earned victory at Jemappes, had retired within the frontiers of France, his lieutenants despondent and his army disorganized by defeat.

On March 1, 1793, the Duke of York, with a weak brigade of Guards, 1920 all ranks, anchored off Helvoet Sluys, and on April 23 reached Tournay, where he was joined by Abercromby's brigade of three line regiments, the Duke's command being subsequently made up to 12,000 men, by the addition of bodies of Hanoverian and Hessian troops in British pay. Nothing could be worse than the appearance of Abercromby's command. "We remarked with concern," writes Sir Harry Calvert, "that the recruits these regiments had lately received were in general totally unfit for service, and inadequate to the fatigues of a campaign, being mostly either old men, or quite boys, extremely weak and short."

By the third week in May, the Allies had collected 80,000 men, and driving the French from their position at Famars, failed to follow up their success, and sat down to besiege Condé and Valenciennes, which fell into their hands indeed by the end of July, but saved France, by giving her two months' respite, in which to re-organize her shattered forces.

In June, the Allies could have placed in line 130,000 men within fifteen marches of Paris, and there existed at that time no adequate army to arrest their march upon the

capital. But the war of sieges still exercised a fatal attraction upon military councils; the real scope of the contest upon which the nations had entered was not understood, and the demon of jealousy was already eating into the heart of the Alliance, and deflecting the energy of each member upon secondary and selfish objects.

No one can read the history of that period without becoming profoundly impressed by the dangers and disadvantages of allied operations. Prussia, inflamed with jealousy by the aggrandisement of Austria, was only seeking for an excuse to desert the cause; her eyes, like those of Austria, were fixed on the spoils of Poland, while England, not to be outdone, had set her desires upon the capture of Dunkirk, whose destruction had been for so long dangled before her eyes as a primary objective for her strategy.

So, when immediate danger was removed, the Duke of York, with 35,000 men, marched on Dunkirk, and 45,000 Imperialists began the siege of Quesnoy. France was given time to collect and train the masses which were soon to spread over Europe in a conquering flood.

The Dunkirk expedition proved a hopeless failure. A series of unsuccessful combats were fought before the town, but the strange absence of naval co-operation doomed all the efforts of the besiegers to failure; the French gun-boats in the shallows off the coast continually harassed the batteries and columns of the assailants; and threatened at length by a relieving army, the Duke was forced to abandon the attempt, leaving thirty-two guns in his deserted batteries as trophies for the enemy. The effect of this failure was immense, and out of all proportion

to the magnitude of the disaster. A new heart was put in the French, and in October, Jourdan, who had replaced Dumouriez, after the latter's unsuccessful attempt to play the part of Monk, advanced, captured Wattignies, raised the siege of Maubeuge, and forced the Allies across the Sambre.

In the spring of 1794, the Emperor of Austria joined the army, and reviewed the Allies on the plain of Cateau on April 16. On April 26 and May 10, two attacks of the French were beaten off, and on May 17 a general attack upon the French position was planned by the Emperor's head-quarters. The attack was ordered to take place in five separate columns, the Duke of York with the third column having to advance by Lannoy and Roubaix upon Mouvaux. On the morning of the 17th, Roubaix was captured with slight loss, and Abercromby, with the Guards, took up a position in front of it. The day was now well advanced, it was known that the other columns had either failed or were so far in rear that no co-operation was to be expected, and the Duke resolved to advance no further. Returning to Lannoy, he received positive and reiterated orders to take Mouvaux, and although it was felt that such orders, in view of the failure of the other columns, were simple madness, and only to be accounted for by a desire to sacrifice the Duke's column in order to relieve the Austrians, the order was obeyed. Abercromby, with the Guards and the 7th and 15th Light Dragoons, stormed the intrenchments with the greatest gallantry, and here the column halted for the night, a brigade of the British line, under Major-General Fox, and five Austrian battalions, taking up a position in support.

Thrust forward like a wedge into the French position, the Duke's troops were now greatly exposed, and their critical situation was fully represented to the Austrian head-quarters, who took no adequate measures to support them. Early on the 18th, an enveloping attack began upon the British position. The blow first fell upon the Austrian battalions in support, who gave way. Almost simultaneously a second French column from Lille threatened to form a junction with the first, and to cut off the Duke from his line of retreat. The position was extremely critical. The Duke himself was almost taken, and escaped with difficulty. The British infantry, attacked on all sides "like a mobbed fox," as Calvert has described it, fought their way out with cool and conspicuous gallantry, under the able leading of Abercromby and Fox, and eventually effected their retreat, but not without severe loss.

On the 22nd, the camp of the Allies was attacked at daybreak, but after a somewhat severe struggle the enemy retired.

The failure of the 17th had the effect of all failures upon half-hearted alliances. The Emperor of Austria left for Vienna, and his army, deserting their Dutch and British allies, was soon in full retreat to the Rhine; Prussia proved equally faithless to the cause, and in the ranks of the Duke's force fury at the duplicity of their pseudo-allies was the dominating note.

In July, the Duke's force of twenty-three battalions of British infantry and forty squadrons gradually retreated before the French, fighting a number of partial combats, and as autumn came on, fell back to the positions on the

Meuse and the Waal, where it was hoped that the army, flanked by the Dutch fortresses and inundations, would be able to arrest the enemy's march. Undeterred by the obstacles in their front, and the inclemency of an unusually severe winter, the French under Pichegru continued to press forward, and the British force, at no time very homogeneous, firmly knit by discipline or accustomed to severe marches and hardships, suffered greatly during the retreat from the Waal to the Weser. The Duke left for England in December, and in the spring of 1795 the shattered remnants of his command returned home.

Throughout this severe and disastrous campaign, Abercromby found many occasions to distinguish himself. At Furnes, and again at Valenciennes, his gallantry was conspicuous. For his services at Roubaix he was publicly thanked by the Duke of York, and throughout the retreat, where he was constantly at the post of danger, it was greatly thanks to his skill and caution that the army was spared a serious disaster. On his return to England he was made a K.B., and found that his valour and ability had won him the highest place in the esteem of both the Government and the army.

Under such fortunate circumstances, he had not long to wait for further employment, and in 1795 he was offered and accepted the command of a force to be despatched to the West Indies to reduce the French sugar islands.

At the peace of 1763 the respective claims of Great Britain and France in these waters had been settled by a division of the spoils; in 1783, the French captures had been restored to England, France retiring from the contest with a loss of honour and position, while the enormous

debt contracted paved the way for the ruin of her ancient government.

In the first two years of the Great War, a rapid and well-conducted campaign led to the capture by England of Tobago, Santa Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Les Saintes; but, in June 1794, a French expedition under Victor Hugues was permitted to reach the West Indies. Guadeloupe and Santa Lucia were recaptured, the negroes stirred up to revolt, and the spirit of disaffection quickly spread far and wide through the British possessions.

In the summer of 1795 the British Government determined to restore the balance and to root out the nests of the privateers, who from their secure refuges were doing severe damage to the West Indian trade. It was at first intended to send out 27,000 men, but these numbers could not be made up, and fell to 15,000. The convoy left Spithead on November 15, but was scattered by a severe storm; many ships were driven ashore, and the remainder returned to Spithead. Early in December the expedition set sail again, but after battling with adverse winds for fifty days, most of the ships put back. Abercromby, with his staff, sailed at last on February 14, 1796, and landed at Barbados on March 17, the convoy arriving a month later.

The force sent out from England consisted mainly of recruits under inexperienced officers; it was very soft, owing to a long confinement on board ship, and wanting in experience of war and the elements of sound administration. The country was difficult, the climate deadly. Although the white element in Hugues' command was not large, the negro forces were agile, brave and numerous, well-accustomed to the country and the climate, and

no mean antagonists. After a full review of the position, Abercromby decided that his force was not sufficient for the reduction of Guadeloupe; Santa Lucia was fixed upon as next in importance, and preparations made for its reduction. The central pivot of the Republican defence was at Morne Fortune, on the west side of the island, where the position was a strong one, and held by an adequate garrison. Sailing from Martinique on April 26, Abercromby succeeded in effecting a landing, and after some severe skirmishes, drew his investing line close round the place, and by the help of the navy brought up eighteen guns, and opened fire on the town on May 16. In spite of a brave resistance and a spirited sortie, the garrison was forced to surrender on the 25th, some two thousand men marching out as prisoners of war, while one hundred guns and many vessels and stores fell into the hands of the victors. St. Vincent and Granada were next cleared of the enemy, while the navy, in a series of single-ship actions, greatly distinguished itself. Abercromby returned home in the summer of 1796, but came out again later in the year, and, Spain having thrown in her lot against England, orders were sent him to take Trinidad and Porto Rico.

In the bay of Shagarennes in Trinidad lay a Spanish squadron, consisting of one 80-gun ship, three 74's and a frigate, moored in line close to the shore, and protected by batteries on an island covering the entrance to the bay. On the evening of February 16, 1797, Admiral Hervey's squadron took position to prevent the enemy's escape, and the next morning a combined attack by sea and land was made on the Spaniards. The enemy quickly beat a retreat, setting fire to their ships; only one 74 was saved, but

next day the Governor capitulated, with 2200 soldiers and seamen, while one hundred guns and a large supply of stores and ammunition fell into the hands of the British.

These various successes had greatly reduced the field force available for action, since the wasting effect of the climate and the need of garrisons for the captured islands were not made good by any reinforcements from England. Thus Abercromby could only collect 3000 men for the capture of Porto Rico, and it is clear from his report that he was without proper intelligence of the strength of the resistance he could expect to encounter. The capital, San Juan, was not only very strong, but there were 16,000 men in arms on the island. A landing was nevertheless effected, and several Spanish attacks beaten off with loss, but finding that nothing serious could be accomplished with the limited means at his disposal, Abercromby wisely determined to abandon the attempt, and effected his withdrawal without loss.

At the end of February he asked permission to throw up his command, complaining that the complex nature of the civil and military duties, and the time spent in the control of the army accounts, rendered his task very disagreeable, and one that he could not discharge to his entire satisfaction.

The campaign had not been a barren one. Two important islands had been captured, a hostile squadron destroyed, 5000 prisoners of war taken, with two hundred guns and many stores, while Hugues' career of conquest had been cut short, and British predominance in the West Indies restored. If a clean sweep had not been made, the

result was solely due to the inadequate means provided for the prosecution of a very considerable enterprise.

Shortly after his return home, Abercromby was appointed to the command in Ireland, then on the eve of rebellion. Here his liberal views and his sympathy with many Irish grievances placed him at variance with the Castle rule, and eventually led to a disagreement with Lord Camden, then Lord-Lieutenant, which ended in Abercromby's resignation.

His conduct throughout this trying period was marked by the high sense of duty which characterized all his actions. He attempted in vain to stem the tide of indiscipline which disgraced many of the acts of those under his command, but he came too late, and found himself the victim of discreditable intrigue, or, in the words of Lord Charlemont, "achieved the happiness of being cordially disliked and abused."

From Ireland he was moved to the more congenial sphere of the command in Scotland, where he was very popular with all classes, and here he remained until called on to assume the command of the 1st Division, destined for the expedition to Holland.

It is important to realize how the way had been cleared for the action of the army by the naval successes of six years of war. In 1793 England had 304 vessels of war, including 115 sail of the line, 45,000 seamen and marines, and a naval vote of £4,000,000. In 1799 these numbers had risen to 507 vessels, including 125 of the line, with 120,000 seamen and marines, and a vote of £13,500,000. In six years the British navy had lost, from all causes, twelve sail of the line and eighty-nine frigates, but during the same period the French, Dutch and Spanish navies had lost

sixty-eight sail of the line and ninety-four frigates, of which thirty-nine of the line and sixty-three frigates had been added to the British navy.

The army had not grown in like proportion, and had been subjected to a constant drain, while no adequate measures had been taken to fill up its depleted ranks.

The campaigns in Flanders and the West Indies had caused fearful ravages in the thin ranks of our weak battalions. The protracted struggle in the West Indies alone cost England 30,000 lives and thirty millions of money. In 1794, 18,596 men were killed or died in the service, while in the two succeeding years 40,639 men were discharged on account of wounds and infirmities. Such a ghastly record will not stand alone so long as Governments are incapable of providing an army sufficient for the needs of a great and growing Empire.

In 1799 the Government fell back upon the old constitutional force for the men required to carry on the war. In July the militia in England and Wales numbered 76,000 men, and a law having been passed to enable a proportion of these to enlist with bounty into the regular army, 15,712 were so enlisted, and military activity of a kind again became possible.

Abercromby's command, formed of regiments drawn from Ireland and the Channel Islands, was encamped during the summer of 1799 at Shirley Common, near Southampton, and then at Barham Downs, near Canterbury, and here the influx of the militiamen caused regiments 300 strong to expand to 1700 and 1800 men, and to form two or three battalions. It was a miserable makeshift, and the appearance of the nondescript force

beggars description, while generals, officers and men, were all unknown to one another, and all equally untrained in the business of war.

The ostensible object of the impending expedition was to re-establish the former constitution in Holland, and to restore the Stadtholderate to the House of Orange.

In June an agreement was signed with Russia, by which the latter power agreed to supply 18,000 men, to be maintained by British subsidies. Each nation had, as usual, a selfish object in view, England desiring to seize the remains of the Dutch fleet beaten at Camperdown, while Russia sought to aid the march of Souvarov by a formidable diversion.

In a sense, the moment was not unfavourable. Bonaparte was still in Egypt, Jourdan had been compelled to re-cross the Rhine, Massena was hard-pressed in Switzerland, and all Italy, excepting Genoa, had been overrun by the Austrians.

Without waiting for the Russians, Abercromby, with 12,000 men, embarked at Margate, Dover and Deal, in the second week of August, the convoy numbering 200 sail, with 50 flat boats for landing troops. The expedition reached the Dutch coast on the 21st, but the troops could not be landed till the 27th, owing to the weather.

Brune, who commanded in Holland, had ample time to complete his preparations, and sending right and left for troops, he stationed Daendels, with 7000 men, to oppose the landing, and made ready for a stout resistance. Although the two services worked heartily together in the landing operation, only 3000 men could be put on shore simultaneously, and the movement itself was wanting in rapidity and

order. Daendels however failed to seize his opportunity and attack with energy, and after a severe contest, lasting till night-fall, was overpowered by the growing numbers of his enemy.

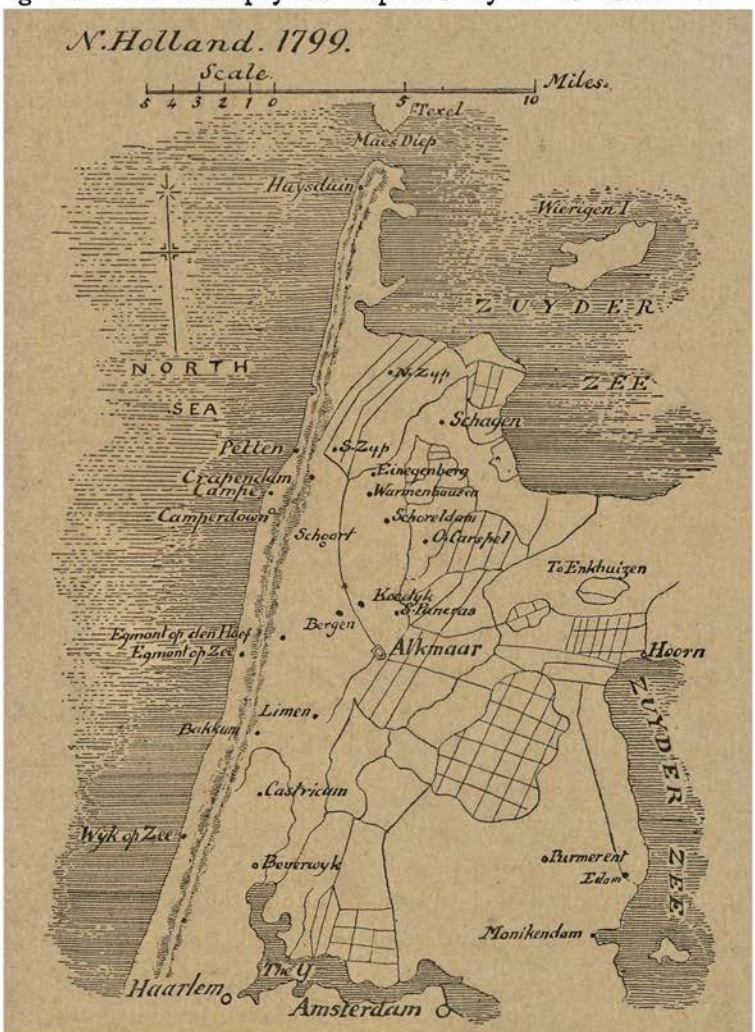
A force was now sent to seize the battery at Helder point, to enable the fleet to enter the Zuyder Zee. The 2000 Germans, in Dutch pay, who garrisoned the battery, evacuated this important post hastily, leaving behind them a number of field and position guns in good order, and on August 30, Vice-Admiral Mitchell stood in and peremptorily summoned the Dutch fleet to surrender. After a short parley, the standard of the Prince of Orange was hoisted, and an important object achieved.

Abercromby now advanced, and took up a good position between Petten and Oude Sluys, his front covered by the canals, whose high embankments gave a good command over all avenues of approach.

Here he was attacked by Brune, with 21,000 men, at daybreak on September 10, but the position was so strong, and the dispositions for defence so good, that the fiercest attacks of Dutch and French columns, double the strength of the British force, were beaten back with heavy loss. In these two engagements the enemy had 2087 casualties, those of the British amounting to 614.

During the following week the Duke of York arrived and assumed command, and by the 18th the British and Russian reinforcements brought up the strength of the Allies to 33,000 men. On the 19th a combined attack was made on Brune's position, stretching from Alkmaar to the Camperdown heights. In this action Abercromby's division was detached for a wide enveloping movement by

Hoorn round the enemy's right, the distance being so great that it was a physical impossibility for his column to



carry out its orders in the time allotted. In all, 15,000 of the Allies never fired a shot; of the remainder, the Russians

threw themselves on the enemy with the greatest gallantry penetrated to Bergen, where they became a mere mob, and being impetuously attacked were driven back with heavy loss. On this disastrous day the Russians lost 3000 men, and nearly all their artillery, and the British 1500.

Although this defeat greatly embittered the relations between the Allies, a fresh attack was ordered for October 2, the arrival of another Russian division having brought up the strength of the army to 40,000 men. In this action the brunt of the fighting fell on Abercromby's division, which advanced along the beach, and after a severe contest, lasting for several hours, gained the barren honours of a hard-fought day, and at night-fall the French retreated.

On the 6th was fought the battle of Egmont, as hotly contested as the battle of the 2nd, and equally indecisive, though the Allies remained masters of the field.

In these two battles the Allies had lost 5000 men killed and wounded, and although the French had suffered equally, the allied council of war decided on a retreat. Brune had been strongly reinforced; the Russians were sullen and unfriendly, and had not properly supported the attack on the 2nd; the army was suffering greatly from the severity of the weather and the scarcity of supplies; while events in other theatres of war had also taken an unfavourable turn for the allied arms. The retreat was not pressed, and negotiations resulted in the withdrawal of the Allies by November 20.

For his services in this campaign Abercromby received the thanks of Parliament, and a sword of honour from the City of London. He had fought two actions with complete

success while in chief command, and his victories had paved the way for the seizure of the Dutch fleet. For the master error of the campaign, the ill-planned battle of September 19, he was not responsible. On October 2 he had two horses shot under him, and of his action this day the Duke, always generous in acknowledging the acts of his subordinates, wrote that "in no instance were the abilities of a commander, or the heroic perseverance of troops, in so difficult and trying a situation, more highly conspicuous."

Although now of an age when most men would be thinking of honourable retirement, Abercromby could not be spared while work remained to be done, and shortly after his return to Scotland he was appointed to succeed Sir Charles Stuart in the Mediterranean command, where great events were impending.

It was the intention of the British Government to employ 15,000 men sent out from England, joined with 5000 drawn from the Mediterranean garrisons, in coalition with the Austrian army in the Maritime Alps. Had this force been in a position to relieve the Austrians besieging Massena in Genoa, it is possible that the Marengo campaign might have terminated differently, but the rapidity of Napoleon's action checkmated the British plans, and the aid intended arrived too late.

Abercromby reached Minorca in June 1800, and busied himself with the training, discipline, and outfit of the picked body of men whom he found under his command. When the result of the Marengo campaign was known, he received orders to take 10,000 men, to sail for Gibraltar and pick up 10,000 more under Sir James Pulteney, and under escort of Lord Keith's squadron to land and destroy the arsenal of

Cadiz, "if he was certain of bringing off the army." Before sailing from Gibraltar, Abercromby consulted Lord Keith, who informed him that if the troops took the points of Rota and Santa Carolina, the shipping could anchor. On October 2 Lord Keith sailed from Gibraltar, with twenty-two sail of the line, thirty-seven frigates and sloops and eighty transports. When off Cadiz, two days later, the naval officers who knew the coast assured Lord Keith that there was no safe anchorage in a south-west wind, and that such wind might be expected at such a late season of the year, in which case the ships of war would be obliged to put to sea, and the transports and storeships might be blown on shore. This opinion entirely altered the aspect of the undertaking, in view of the wording of Abercromby's orders, but Lord Keith would give no immediate decision.

On the 4th the town was summoned, and in reply the Spanish Governor sent a touching appeal, conveying the information that the town was suffering severely from the ravages of the plague. A reply was sent expressing regret at the sufferings of the inhabitants, but requesting that all ships armed and arming should be at once surrendered. The Governor, Don Thomas de Morla, sent back a spirited reply, and a half-hearted determination to attack was arrived at.

On the morning of the 6th the signal was made to prepare to land, the fleet then being under way and about ten miles from the shore. The arrangements for this undertaking proved quite inadequate, and the confusion was augmented by the ships being under sail. By one p.m. only 3000 men were in the boats, and more could not be accommodated; the boats were seven miles from the shore, and it would

be dark before a second contingent could be landed to aid them. Abercromby therefore decided to postpone the operation till the following day, and at his request the fleet anchored, and the boats returned to the ships. During the night Keith wrote to Abercromby pointing out the danger of anchoring, and the latter, finding the navy unable to give him the assurance which his orders demanded, decided to abandon the undertaking. The force now returned to the garrisons of Gibraltar, Minorca and Malta, but the Government had no intention of allowing this fine force, maintained at such considerable expense, to lie idle, and on October 25 orders were received for the expedition to Egypt. On December 14 Keith reached Malta, with the fleet and the Minorca troops, and regiments were disembarked while their ships were being cleaned; good food and exercise reviving their efficiency which had been somewhat impaired by their long confinement on board ship.

After each of his inspections at this period, we find Abercromby's general orders bearing testimony to the zeal and unremitting attention with which he watched over the well-being of his troops.

In one instance, the packs are ordered to be carried higher on the shoulders, "so that the weight on the chest may be as light as possible, and the men have free use of their arms." On another occasion, he "observed that in many regiments the band exceeds the number prescribed by the rules of the service, that non-commissioned officers are employed as musicians, and that children unfit for any service are borne on the strength as privates." And again, "Sir Ralph Abercromby desires that those regiments

which are at present only provided with Russia check-trousers, may, as soon as possible, be furnished with woollen breeches or trousers. He does not restrict commanding officers in the choice of colour, but he expects that each regiment, in that respect, will preserve an exact uniformity."

The information upon which the Home Government had decided to send 15,000 men to attack the French in Egypt was meagre and inaccurate. It was believed that the French were only 14,000 strong, whereas they were more than double that number, and the intercepted letters of French officers gave a false notion of the spirit and efficiency of the renowned Army of Italy. The expeditionary force was strong in infantry, very weak in artillery, and without horses for cavalry or guns. The Turks had promised to assist in the expedition, and to provide remounts if the force would rendezvous on the coast of Asia Minor; so in order to secure Turkish co-operation the 1st Division sailed for Marmorice Bay on December 20, arriving on the 28th, the remainder of the force joining them by January 1, 1801.

The reports of Colonels Murray and Moore upon the state of the Turkish army now showed that no reliance could be placed upon aid from this quarter, nor could more than 200 horses be provided for the cavalry, and fifty for the guns. But the time spent at Marmorice Bay was not wasted. Taught by his experiences in Holland and off Cadiz, Abercromby came to an agreement with the navy upon the arrangements for landing; the troops were constantly practised at the work, and both army and navy exercised continually in boat-drill.

There was nothing to gain by further delay, and on February 20 the whole force was embarked, and on the 23rd set sail with a fresh breeze.

The expedition was a bold one. The local pilots declared it madness to make the attempt at such a season; information as to the country was entirely wanting, and the only map which existed proved ludicrously inaccurate. In view of the necessity for keeping touch with the store-ships, it was indispensable to select a point for landing where the fleet of 175 vessels could anchor in safety, and Aboukir Bay was chosen, although it was known that resistance might be expected here on landing.

The numbers embarked were 15,330 men, including 1000 sick and 500 Maltese; the force being divided into one brigade of Guards, four of the line, a foreign brigade, the reserve, and a brigade of two regiments of cavalry.

On February 26, a convoy from England, with provisions, fell in with the fleet, but one vessel foundered, and several others, with horses and stores, parted company, being unfit to sail with a fleet. On March 2, the fleet cast anchor in Aboukir Bay, the battleships riding where the French line of battle had been moored at the battle of the Nile, and the cables of the flagship *Foudroyant* chafing against the *Orient's* wreck.

On February 27, two officers sent to reconnoitre the landing-place had been captured by the French; four frigates with troops and stores from France had also slipped into Alexandria, and on March 2 another French frigate found herself in the middle of the British fleet, but by putting a bold face on the matter, and answering signals, managed to escape detection, and reached Alexandria,

where the brig *Lodi* from France also arrived the same night.

The warning given was thus ample, and French troops were in movement from all sides to give the invaders a warm reception.

On the shores of Aboukir Bay, General Friant, with 2500 men, occupied a dominating position, a mile in length, looking down upon the beach, the central hill rising to a height of 180 feet above the sea. Aboukir castle was also strongly held, and from all points of the position, which was well and intelligently occupied, so severe a fire could be brought to bear upon a force attempting to land, that the French could not believe that such an apparently rash undertaking would be tried.

Abercromby, Keith and Moore, after thoroughly reconnoitring the position, were of a different opinion. It was hoped that the enemy's fire would be kept down by stationing light-draught vessels, bomb-ketches and armed cutters, near the shore, and on the flanks of the boat-flotilla, while it was judged that the steep ascent to the main position was practicable, and therefore on the whole favoured the attack.

The arrangements made for the landing were admirable, and deserve the most careful study.

The *Mondovi* brig was anchored just out of gunshot, to mark the centre of the line of attack, and here the flotilla of boats were ordered to rendezvous and form line, their flanks protected by the gunboats and armed launches. A naval officer, Captain Cochrane, was placed in charge of the whole operation, and other naval officers in charge of the several boat-divisions into which the flotilla was divided.

The troops carried sixty rounds and two spare flints, three days' rations and canteens full of water, camp-kettles, and either blankets or great-coats; four or five small casks of water were placed in each boat, while a carpenter with materials for plugging shot-holes, and the provision of spare oars, guarded against contingencies of accidents. The men were ordered to sit close together, and keep still, and not to load until they were ashore. The first line consisted of flat boats with troops and of certain launches with artillery, towed by cutters; the second line of cutters to attend on the flat boats and help them in case of accident, while in the third line came more cutters towing launches and the ships' boats, each set keeping in rear of their respective flat boats.

The camp colours of each battalion were carried by the Grenadier company on the right of the line of boats of each regiment, and the orders for companies were to form up on the left of the Grenadier company on landing; fifty feet interval was ordered to be preserved between flat boats, to prevent crowding and to enable the cutters to succour any boat sunk; all turnings were to be by signal, or, if no signal could be observed, always to starboard. Each boat was ordered to row straight to its front from the rendezvous, and on no account to close to the right or left. On reaching the shore the flat boats were ordered to drop their grapnels from the stern, so that they could haul off when the troops were landed; they were then to proceed to ships flying certain signals, and afterwards to those flying certain other signals, till the whole of the troops were landed, the captain of each boat-division taking his boats to a particular ship, so that regiments might be landed collectively.

At 2 a.m. on March 8, the 1st Division, consisting of the Reserve under Moore, the Guards, and part of the 1st Brigade, in all 5500 men, under Major-General Coote, were placed in the boats, the remainder of the 1st and 2nd Brigades being placed in ships close in-shore, so that they might quickly reinforce the troops first landed.

At 3 a.m. the signal was given to rendezvous at the *Mondovi* brig, but the extent of the anchorage was so great that the movement was not completed and the line accurately formed till nine.

At this hour the signal was given to advance, and few grander or more inspiriting sights can ever have been witnessed than when the whole line sprang forward with a cheer and dashed towards the shore.

Immediately a heavy fire was opened by the French guns in Aboukir castle and the field-guns in position, sweeping the line of boats from end to end. Undeterred, the boats only increased their pace, preserving magnificent order and regularity, until three hundred yards from the shore, when a tremendous fire of musketry swept down upon them, and the air seemed alive with bullets, to which no reply could be made.

Abercromby had taken up his position with Lord Keith in a bomb-vessel close in-shore, and, with that forethought for his men and readiness to assume entire responsibility which characterized him, he had sent word that he would make the signal for recall in case he saw that the fire was too great for the men to bear.

Looking at the spectacle before his eyes, he saw with intense anxiety the storm of lead descending on his gallant regiments, and with difficulty refrained from hoisting the signal. But there was no need for it.

Cochrane's boat reached the shore first, and the officers stepped out. In grand order, and almost simultaneously, the first line of boats reached the shore, and in a twinkling 2000 men were formed up in line. With fixed bayonets, in many cases without waiting to load, the regiments were led straight to their front against the enemy, without a moment's delay or hesitation, some with charged bayonets in perfect order, others scrambling up the ascent as best they could, but all pining to take their revenge for the losses they had been forced to endure in silence. The French resisted stoutly in their position, and their cavalry charged gallantly right down to the beach, striking the point where the Guards had not completed their formation. They were repulsed at all points, and were swept away by the impetuous rush of their assailants, losing 400 men and eight guns in the struggle.

The seamen under Sir Sidney Smith, who had shared in the dangers of the day, now afforded material aid in dragging guns up to the heights, and after great exertions the whole force was landed before night, Abercromby himself coming on shore and showing to all his strong feelings of gratitude and admiration for their gallantry. The losses amounted to 700 killed and wounded, by no means excessive in view of the nature of the undertaking, while, thanks to the precautions taken, only three boats were sunk by gun fire, and but few men drowned. On the 9th and 12th the army advanced without serious opposition, encamping in three lines on the latter date at Mandora Tower.

On the 13th a fresh advance was ordered, with a view to attack the French position on the ridge in front of

Alexandria. As the force moved out in two lines, the French, reinforced to about 6000 men, came down to attack, their cavalry again distinguishing themselves by impetuous charges. Repulsed at all points, the enemy withdrew to their position on the ridge, whence their artillery fire played with effect upon the British force in the plain beneath them.

By Abercromby's orders a movement was begun upon the right of the French position, but after some progress had been made it was found that the position was too strong, and after Generals Hutchinson and Hope had given him their opinions in this sense, Abercromby decided to abandon the attack for the day.

The real strength of the enemy was only now gradually becoming known, and the commander, still ignorant of the real numbers in his front, exercised sound discretion in breaking off the engagement. He determined, before proceeding further, to bring up his heavy guns, in order to meet the French artillery on equal terms, and to distribute the entrenching tools in order to secure the position when won.

Meanwhile he encamped his force in two lines, in a good position, four miles from Alexandria, on a front of a mile and a half, the right resting on the sea, and the left on Lake Maadieh.

His right, slightly advanced, rested on a raised plateau three hundred yards broad. A redoubt was built in front of some ruins of an old palace, which afforded a good point of support, and here Abercromby posted his trusty Moore with the Reserve, the 28th Regiment in the redoubt, the 58th in the ruins, and the 23rd, 42nd, and flank companies

of the 40th in support. A valley, three hundred yards broad, divided this post from the rest of the position, which extended along gently undulating sand-hills, and was occupied in front line by the Guards and two line brigades.

In second line the foreign brigade was posted in rear of the Reserve, with the remainder of the force to their left. Slight works were thrown up at a few points, and two 24-pounders and thirty-four field-guns placed in position. Tents were now brought up, and large fatigue parties employed in bringing up stores from a depôt formed a mile and a half in rear of the position. The fleet at this time was off Alexandria, having left armed cutters and some other light-draught vessels to protect the flanks of the advance.

On the 20th, Sir Sidney Smith received a letter from an Arab sheik giving the important information that General Menou, the French commander in Egypt, had reached Alexandria with a large force, and intended to surprise the British camp in the course of the night. Although the head-quarters did not place implicit confidence in the news, every precaution was taken. Abercromby's orders of the 20th state that, "as it is possible that the enemy may be desperate enough to make a night attack, the General is under the necessity of requesting that the troops may remain with their accoutrements on, and lie in their blankets in the position which they are to occupy in case of attack." They were further recommended to use the bayonet as much as possible, and not to throw away their fire in the dark, to preserve strict silence, order, and regularity, and not to follow the enemy or quit their positions

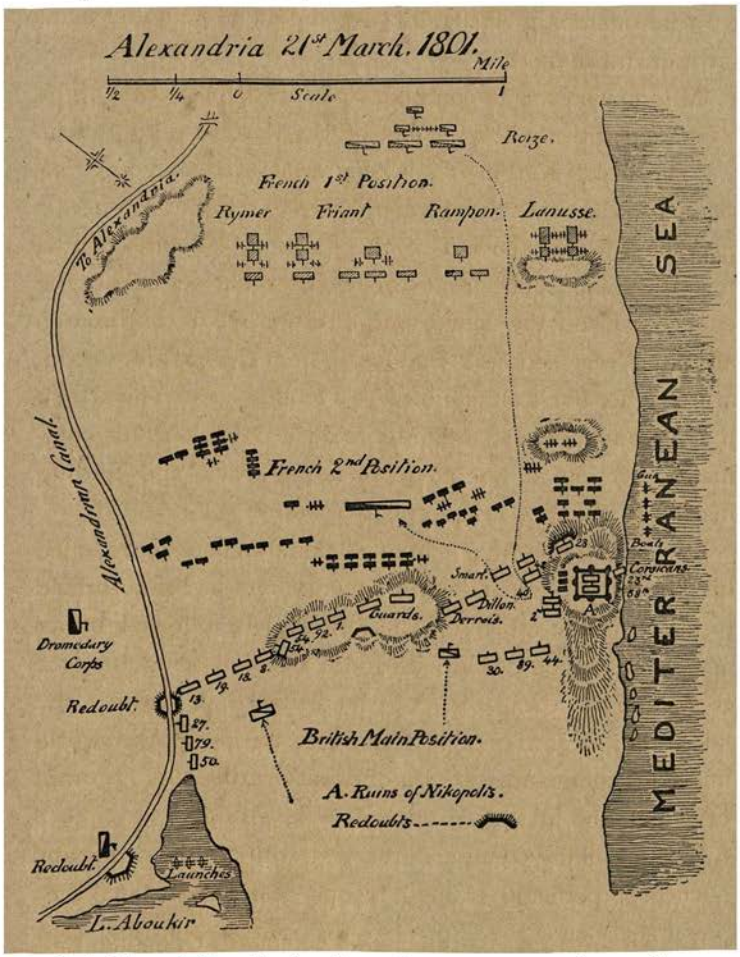
in case of attack. The men's muskets were ordered to be well flinted, and sixty rounds a man issued; patrols were to be sent out in every direction, the troops to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and all to be under arms at four in the morning.

Moore, who was in command of the outposts this night, remained with the left picquet of the Reserve till 3.30 a.m. on the 21st. Nothing had been seen of the enemy, so, leaving orders that the picquets were to retire at daybreak, he rode towards the left of the position, and presently a few dropping shots from this quarter showed that the enemy was on the move, but did not seem to threaten anything very serious. Suddenly, from the extreme right, a heavy fire burst out, followed by loud cheers. The attack had begun in earnest, and Moore dashed back to his command, meeting all the picquets falling back, and finding his troops engaged in a desperate contest.

General Menou, on reaching Alexandria, had reproached his generals for their lack of energy, and had determined to make a false attack on the British left, followed by an assault on the post held by Moore, his plan being to force this point and then to roll up the British line towards the lake. He had 21,000 of the finest troops in the world under his command, veterans of twenty battles, and ignorant of defeat, and all looked on victory as assured.

The attacking columns advanced with all the order and silence of perfectly trained troops, and the instant they were seen and fired at by the British sentries, they dashed in with their usual impetuosity at the heels of the retiring picquets. The weight of the attack fell on the 28th and 58th Regiments, who stood firm as rocks against

overwhelming numbers, waiting until the glazed hats were plainly visible before they opened a furious fire, which made the attack recoil.



Quickly reinforced, the French came on again, and now swarmed round the position on all sides. At this moment the 23rd and 2nd came up to support their comrades.

The 42nd in their advance captured the colours of the 'Invincibles,' with the names of Bonaparte's Italian victories emblazoned on it, while the remains of the French column, which had penetrated into the ruins, surrendered. At this moment the leading regiments of the French cavalry, floundering through the camp of the 28th, fell on the 42nd and overwhelmed them. Although broken in formation, the Highlanders stood up to their new antagonists, and fought on as they stood, until the flank companies of the 40th cleared the ground with a few volleys, which littered the ground with dead and dying French troopers and horses. Finally, the foreign brigade came up in good order and completed the rout, sharing gallantly in the fortunes of their British comrades. At the first alarm Abercromby had mounted his horse and moved towards his right; when near the ruins he had despatched his A.D.C.'s in all directions with orders, and as the French cavalry burst in he was almost alone. The horsemen penetrated to the spot where he stood, and the veteran was thrown from his horse, but a dragoon who attempted to cut him down was shot by a man of the 42nd; the sword of the dragoon remained in Abercromby's possession, and was given by him to Moore before the day ended.

Although at this time mortally wounded by a bullet in the thigh, he appeared to take no notice of it, and went forward to the redoubt, where the 28th were still carrying on the fight. As day dawned, a column of Grenadiers had attacked the Guards, supported by a heavy fire of skirmishers, but they were repulsed, and the advance of General Coote's brigade completed the enemy's discomfiture.

Abercromby remained at the post of danger till the last shot was fired, and until he was assured of the complete defeat of the enemy, giving orders with perfect calmness, and allowing no one to know that he was severely wounded. Then, at last, overcome by loss of blood and the fatigues of his last battle, the gallant old veteran sank down exhausted, and was borne away from the front, cheered to the echo as he passed by his victorious troops, as proud of their chief as he was of the gallant men who had so brilliantly illustrated his last field by their conspicuous valour and devotion. The French left 1700 killed and wounded in the British position, of whom 1040 were buried on the field. The French prisoners gave out that 'they had never been fought till now, and that their actions in Italy were nothing compared to those they had fought since we landed."

The British loss was 239 killed and 1250 wounded ; but, above all, the army had soon to mourn the loss of their splendid old chief, who was carried to the *Foudroyant* and, after lingering a few days, expired on March 28, amid the keen and lasting regrets of his comrades in arms.

The most eloquent tribute that can be paid to the memory of the gallant Abercromby is a plain narration of his splendid services. In estimating these services, it is however important to bear in mind the very indifferent material often placed at his disposal, the arduous character of the campaigns in which he was engaged, the many difficulties of country and climate he had to contend with, and the sometimes ungrateful tasks that he was called upon to perform.

From first to last he was never in command of an army adequate in numbers for the mission to which it was destined; he was always engaged in an uphill struggle, and labouring under every difficulty that can beset a commander; he was never carried along on the crest of a wave of success, and every victory was stubbornly contested and dearly won.

Yet, throughout the storms and dangers of his arduous but honourable career, he found the means not only to distinguish himself, but to give added lustre to the British arms on many a hard-fought field.

Valiant and honourable, firm and just in all his dealings, sagacious, clear-sighted and of sound judgment, no other chief of his time was so eminently suited to lead the attenuated ranks of his country's fighting men through the darkness of despondency into the light of victory. Essentially prudent and wary, he was mainly instrumental at Roubaix, at Porto Rico, at Egmont, and at Cadiz, in keeping clear of undertakings or in withdrawing from dangerous enterprises, where a hotter spirit and a less cautious commander might have been easily tempted to incur disaster; and he possessed, in a marked degree, that rare blending of soldierly qualities which has so often distinguished his fellow-countrymen, and when the opportunity offered he could strike—strike quickly, and strike hard.

Modern Europe had not seen an instance of a successful landing on a foreign shore, in face of an enemy, before Abercromby accomplished the feat, first in the West Indies, then against Daendel's 7000 men, and finally against Bonaparte's veterans, succeeding on each occasion

in one of the most delicate operations that can fall to the lot of a commander. In his last landing at Aboukir Bay he gave an indelible personal impress to the operation, which marks it for all time as a model of cool calculation and brilliant daring.

No other general in modern times has been so closely, so intimately, and so often engaged in combined operations with the navy of his own country; no one has shown such tact and sound common-sense in distributing to the sister services, to each their due part and proper functions, and no one has more clearly expressed by his victories the vast reach and the mighty strength of the arm that Britain wields in her amphibious power.

All Abercromby's campaigns were fought when he was well advanced in years, but despite the fatigues and exposure of the exhausting struggles in Holland and the West Indies, the vigorous old chief retained to the last a remarkable vital energy and bodily activity, while his unimpaired mental powers enabled him to place at his country's disposal his exceptional experience and knowledge of men and things until well on into the autumn of life.

As a man, his fame equals if it does not surpass that as a soldier. Straightforward and honourable in his daily life, he was a model husband and father, and the records of his contemporaries abound in instances of his kindliness and forethought for those serving under his command. In an age when professional ignorance and want of experience caused much unnecessary suffering to the troops, Abercromby distinguished himself by his wise measures and practical foresight, and never had the British soldier a truer comrade or more generous friend.

As a leader on the field of battle, Abercromby had one serious defect: he was extremely near-sighted, and although able, through glasses, to observe ground and the enemy's dispositions both quickly and well, it was necessary for him to be able to rely upon the aid of good executive generals, quick to grasp his intentions, to act on their own responsibility, and to carry out his intentions with singleness of purpose during the moving phases of a fight. In this respect he was singularly fortunate, and left behind him many able lieutenants, who not only carried the campaign in Egypt to a successful issue, but distinguished themselves in many another field, while two of them, Moore and Picton, were destined like their veteran chief to fall in the arms of victory. In Moore's journal there is an eloquent tribute to Abercromby's memory, and in the memoirs of many other of his contemporaries can be found the clear and ringing notes of genuine admiration and universal respect.

Sir Henry Bunbury, who was intimately associated with him in 1799, has left on record the following brief but characteristic sketch.

"Of all our generals . . . Abercromby stood foremost. Mild in manner, resolute in mind, frank, unassuming, just, inflexible in what he deemed to be right, valiant as the Cid, liberal and loyal as the prowest of black Edward's knights: an honest, fearless, straightforward man, and withal sagacious and well skilled in his business as a soldier. As he looked out from under his thick, shaggy eyebrows he gave one the idea of a very good-natured lion, and he was respected and beloved by all who served under his command."

One cannot close this record more fitly than by giving the words of the general order to the army, issued by his old friend and comrade the Duke of York, on the occasion of Abercromby's last victory and death.

"The illustrious example of their commander cannot fail to have made an indelible impression on the gallant troops, at whose head, crowned with victory and glory, he terminated his honourable career; and His Majesty trusts that a due contemplation of the talents and virtues which he uniformly displayed in the course of his valuable life will for ever endear the memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby to the British army.

"His steady observance of discipline, his ever-watchful attention to the health and wants of his troops, the persevering and unconquerable spirit which marked his military career, the splendour of his actions in the field, and the heroism of his death, are worthy of the imitation of all who desire, like him, a life of honour and a death of glory."

LAKE

1744—1808

GERARD LAKE, who was afterwards to win fame and remembrance as Lord Lake of Laswaree, was born on July 27, 1744, of a race so ancient that popular tradition derives it from Sir Launcelot du lac of the Arthurian legend. What is less disputable, is that he was the elder son of Lancelot Charles Lake, and grandson of Warwick Lake, who married the heiress of Sir Thomas Gerard of Flamberds, Harrow-on-the-Hill. One of his mother's sisters married William Pulteney, first Earl of Bath, and George Colman, the elder, was the son of another of his maternal aunts. He was appointed an ensign in the 1st (Grenadier) Guards on May 9, 1758, being then therefore but fourteen years of age, and he belonged to the same corps throughout his service as a regimental officer. Thus it was that Lake had the rare good fortune to join the service at a time when Europe was ringing with the victories of Prague and Kolin, and when the genius of the great Frederick was astonishing the world and teaching soldiers their profession.

The Guards went to Germany in 1760, and with them the young ensign served during the subsequent campaigns under a brigadier who bore the redoubtable name of Julius Cæsar.

At the close of the campaign of 1762 he returned to

LAKE.

England, having just been promoted Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in accordance with the system which prevailed in the Guards up to our own times. Some few years later he was in Ireland as *aide-de-camp* to Sir Richard Pearson, K. B., but what is of more interest to us is his sojourn in America, whither he went in 1781 with drafts for his regiment there on active service under that Lord Cornwallis with whom he was subsequently to be so much thrown in contact, and under whom it was his fate to serve up to the very end of his career.

Lake's regiment was part of the force which was invested at York Town, and on October 16 he distinguished himself by his handling of a detachment from the Guards and the Grenadiers of the old 80th Regiment in a brilliant sortie which cost the enemy a large number of killed and wounded and eleven guns. The subsequent surrender left him a prisoner of war till May 1783, and then for ten years his life was with the court rather than the camp. In February 1793 war with the French Republic broke out, and a brigade of Guards under Lake's command sailed for the Low Countries, to take part in the expedition under the Duke of York. The war in America had been one of surprises and ambushes, and probably it was there that Lake first learnt the value of light infantry troops; at any rate he now utilized the opportunity, while his regiment was quartered at Dordrecht, to form a company of light infantry amongst his Guardsmen. On August 18 the Prince of Orange, with his Dutchmen, had attacked the enemy in an entrenched position at Lincelles, and at first had gained some advantage. At one o'clock, however, a counter-stroke caught them un-

prepared, and they not only abandoned the ground that had been gained, but left their ammunition and guns behind them. The Prince called to the Duke of York for aid, and Lake was ordered to lead his three battalions with some guns to the rescue. Though the weary Guardsmen were just settling down after a long march, their energetic leader had placed them in front of Lincelles by six o'clock. The unenterprising Dutchmen would, however, neither rally nor even believe in the possibility of the day being retrieved, and now Lake had to face twelve hostile battalions with his three. The enemy held two strong redoubts on either flank of the village; the road along its front was strongly palisaded, and natural obstacles made the rear of the flanks safe. A rapid glance showed that a quick, audacious blow could alone be successful, and without a moment's hesitation Lake launched three battalions on the stronghold of the confident foe. Then he sent word back to the Duke of York to tell him how matters stood. He knew that his men were well disciplined, and reckoned that their onset would be a vastly different thing to face from the half-hearted advance of the Dutch. So it proved. The comparatively raw troops of the French quailed before the impetuosity of the Englishmen, and fled from the redoubts precipitately. Nor when they tried to rally behind the village would Lake allow them breathing time, but sweeping round their right flank, finally shattered the shaking ranks. Eleven pieces of cannon, a stand of colours, and seventy prisoners were the trophies of the victor's resolution and promptitude. There is no more brilliant little victory in English history, and the misconduct of their allies enhanced the Guardsmen's triumph.

But when on the following day they met their friends, who somewhat sullenly welcomed the victory they might have shared, the Prince of Waldeck grasped the hand of their commanding officer with the words—"Your glory is our shame."

It was during the Irish Rebellion that Lake was next to distinguish himself. As usually occurs in such irregular warfare, the difficulty was to get an opportunity of striking a telling blow against large formed bodies of the enemy. Lake exhibited remarkable energy and quickness in the minor operations, and considerable patience when, finding his foes concentrated in Wexford on June 19, he wisely refrained from a premature attack. On the 21st he at length held his enemy fairly in his grasp in the position of Vinegar Hill. A decisive victory was the inevitable result of such a conflict between discipline and unorganized frenzy, the entire rebel camp, with their guns, arms, and plunder was captured, and any combined effort of resistance finally crushed. Lake is no more to be blamed for the excesses which followed, than is the Great Duke for the scenes in Badajos. The British soldier of the day was terrible in his triumph. Lake says in his letter to Castlereagh after Vinegar Hill—"The troops behaved excessively well in action, but their determination to destroy every one they think a rebel is beyond description, and wants correction." Of the executions he was subsequently obliged to carry out, he says—"I really feel most severely the being obliged to order so many men out of the world." In August the French Directory succeeded in landing a force under General Humbert, which it trusted would form the nucleus of another army of insurrection, and prolong the

conflict. A distinct success at Castlebar on August 26 at first flattered the hopes of the Frenchmen, but their Irish allies responded very faintly with either men or supplies to their appeal, and after a short advance into the country they had to fall back to the sea. Then Lake, with a compact force eager to retrieve the disaster of Castlebar, showed himself a most dangerous antagonist.

Day and night he dogged Humbert's footsteps with the same unrelenting vigour with which subsequently he pursued Holkar. Nor was he content to use cavalry alone for this purpose. He caused his light infantrymen to be mounted behind his dragoons, and thus four days after the French had evacuated Castlebar, he brought the head of their column to a standstill at Ballinamuck, and compelled them to surrender.

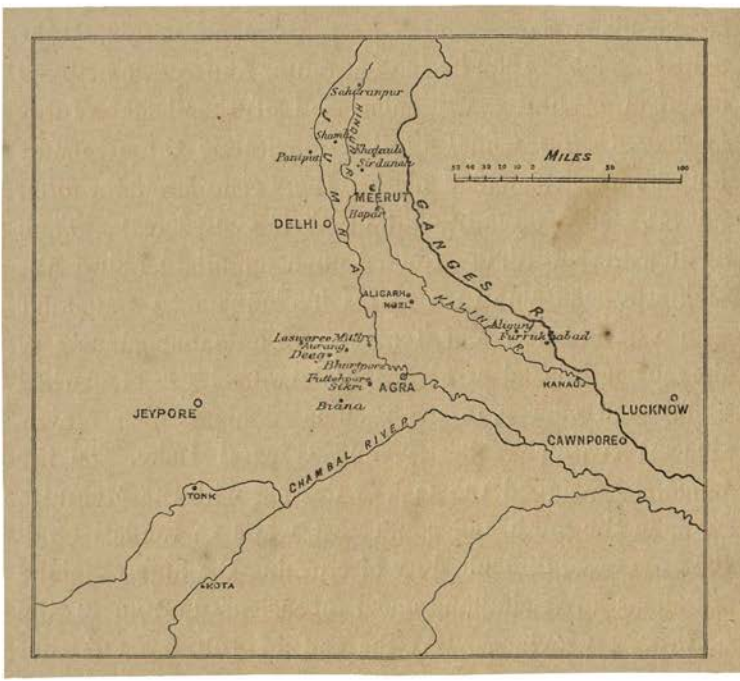
When the French force had been wiped out, there remained to be dealt with bands of outlaws and robbers still at large in the fastnesses of the wilder portions of the country. These Lake energetically pursued and dispersed, but such employment was not agreeable to him nor is it instructive to us, and his longing glances were soon cast towards a field where there was work to be done more worthy of an ambitious general. Meanwhile, his presence in Ireland was turned to political account, and a vote in favour of the Union helped him towards the Indian command which he desired. In October 1800 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India and second member of the Indian Council, and on July 31, 1801, he actually took over his new responsibilities.

He had come to India at a time when the great Mahratta Confederacy existed, with the avowed object of expelling

us from Hindostan. French adventurers organized the native armies, and endeavoured to support the policy of our opponents in Europe by creating a diversion in the East. Fortunately at such a moment there was at the head of the Indian Empire a statesman who was a man of action too; and the Marquis Wellesley had clearly realized for some time that the combination against us must be broken up.

In December 1802 he took advantage of a war between the rival Mahratta chieftains, and of the defeat of the Peishwa, their nominal head, to negotiate the treaty of Bassein, which satisfied neither the Peishwa nor the other princes, and effectually split up their confederacy. Then he drew the sword, determined once for all to reduce the Mahratta chieftains to a status inadequate to aggressive enterprises against our territory. The circumstances of the moment placed at his disposal two soldiers of marked ability and energy, in the persons of his brother, Major-General Arthur Wellesley, and General Lake. To the former he assigned the task of dealing with the Mahratta forces in the south and south-west, while to the latter fell the even more difficult duty of crushing the highly-trained battalions of Scindiah, under Monsieur Perron, in the north-west provinces. At the end of July 1803 Arthur Wellesley advanced against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar in Central India. On August 7 Lake left Cawnpore, and on the 12th united his forces in the camp at Kanauj, where a few days were spent in gaiety and field-sports such as the neighbourhood abundantly provided. Thorn tells us a characteristic anecdote, when he says that here the Commander-in-Chief shot with his pistol a tiger which

had been speared by Major Nairne, and was in the act of springing upon him when the General went to his assistance. It was at this camp that Lake, during the preceding winter, had introduced and perfected the system of "Galloper guns," of which our Horse Artillery are the present development, and which were to be of such



service to him subsequently in his rapid cavalry expeditions. Few military improvements ever bore more opportune fruit than this, as was evidenced by the terror which this ubiquitous artillery in the space of a few months produced on the Mahratta horse. Here too, no doubt, the same keen eye superintended the training of the light

infantry marksmen, who were another new improvement in the Indian army.

On the 28th Lake was on the frontier with 10,500 men, within sight of Koel, where Perron was strongly posted, with the fort of Aligarh a short distance in his rear. The Frenchman was already preparing to desert Scindiah's cause, and made no real effort against the English. A rapid reconnaissance showed Lake his enemy, with his right supported by the fort of Aligarh, his front covered by a swamp impassable in all but a few places, and his left also considerably strengthened by the features of the ground and by some villages in that quarter. The Mahratta force has been very variously estimated, but the cavalry numbered 5000 regulars, while with the irregulars the total has been placed as high as 20,000. To these may be added 2000 well-trained infantry, and a considerable number of guns. Lake decided to turn the enemy's left, but to do so he had to make a difficult movement to his own right. Perron let slip the chance then offered to his numerous cavalry. He might have met Lake and crushed the head of his column, as Frederick met his opponents at Rossbach, but he only stood in half-hearted indecision till his foe was near enough to strike with full force. And once the desired point was gained the blow fell with stunning completeness. The attack of the cavalry in two lines was supported by the infantry in three or four, and but slight resistance was offered to the onset. A large column of irregulars for a few moments threatened our advance, but the Galloper guns that had been trained for the purpose went swiftly into action, and it needed but a very few rounds from them ere the Mahratta Cavalry broke

and fled. Then the squadrons rushed upon them too, and the rest of the fight is but the story of panic and despair. Perron escaped to Agra, and Lake's success was marred only by the dispersion of the foe having left him nothing more to destroy. That night the army encamped at Koel. Before it lay the fort of Aligarh, formidable in defences, and commanded by a Frenchman named Pedron. When Perron had made his own skin safe, he sent a letter to his countryman, exhorting him "to defend the fort while one stone remained upon another."

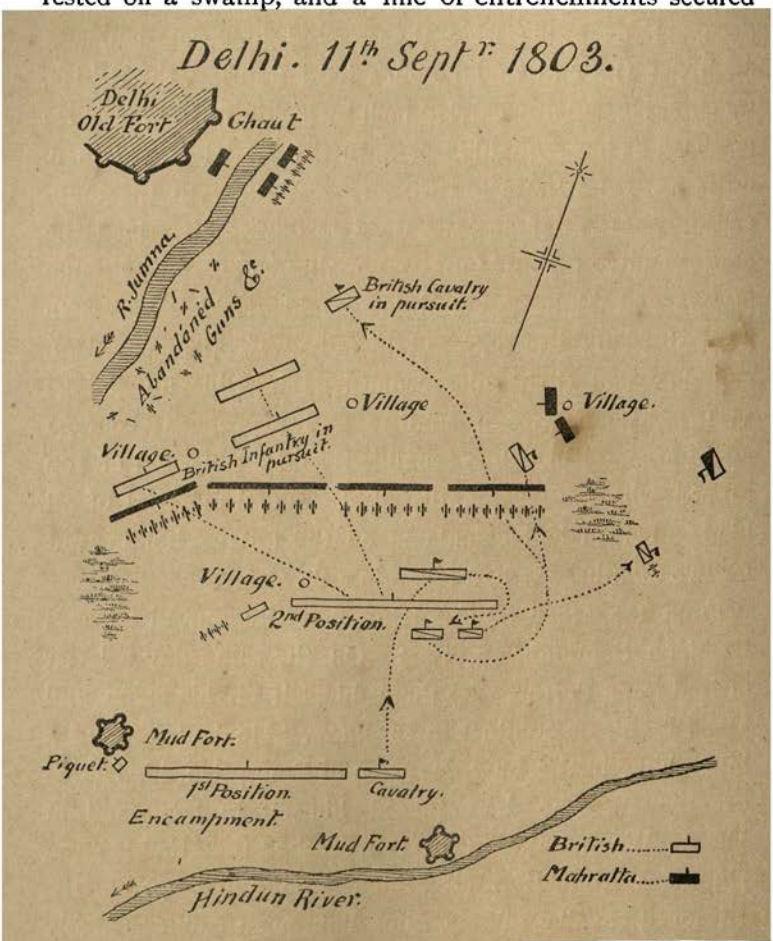
Lake, confident of success, and anxious to save bloodshed, did his best to make this hero come to terms, and with commendable humanity delayed several days in attacking, so that he might have every facility for doing so.[1] Poor Pedron, "a stout elderly man in a green jacket with gold lace and epaulets," was however either of too heroic a nature to accept the terms, or else, which is perhaps more likely, his men, who had their own leaders and notions, would not allow him to do so. Aligarh was garrisoned by 2000 trained infantry, was defended by a powerful artillery, and was elaborately fortified. To enter on a siege might give the enemy time to reinforce Delhi, on which the eye of Lake was already set, so he determined to try a *coup de main.* A narrow causeway led across the moat, from 100 to 200 feet wide and 32 feet deep, to the first gateway, and along that narrow path, raked by three guns and flanked by a bastion, the storming party of the

[1] "No one exacts more of a soldier than myself, when I think it absolutely necessary to call forth their exertions, at the same time I have ever avoided risking the life of a soldier when it could be spared." —From letter to Lord Wellesley, dated September 1, 1803.

76th Regiment was led. Several attempts at escalade were baffled, and there was much loss of life, but eventually a 12-pounder was brought up, and the gate forced open. Four gates were thus passed in succession, and finally, at the end of an hour's hard fighting, the British, by sheer persistence, carried inch by inch a fortress hitherto regarded as impregnable. The British had lost 223 men, while 2000 dead Mahrattas bore testimony to the stubbornness of the defence. A deed so daring electrified the whole country; the Mahrattas realized that even French officers and European training could not balance such determination; the natives generally were panic-stricken, and they and their rulers conceived horrible imaginings as to what European soldiers and European courage might accomplish. The tangible trophies consisted of 109 cannon, with a vast quantity of stores and material of all kinds. Perron had calculated on the fortress holding out for two months. It had fallen in a day.

From the scene of this triumph Lake moved towards Delhi, on September 7, 1803. On the same day a letter arrived from Perron, who threw himself on his mercy and asked for a safe conduct to Lucknow. He had received a bitter blow in the base desertion of Bourguien, his fellow-countryman, who had placed himself in command at Delhi. When Lake on the 11th reached the Hindun river, six miles from that city, after a fatiguing march, the advanced cavalry of this same Bourguien came suddenly upon his men while pitching tents and cooking. Calling three of his cavalry regiments to him, Lake at once set out to reconnoitre, and found the enemy so strongly posted that to turn him out of his position seemed hopeless.

Twelve battalions of infantry, trained by Europeans, some 5000 sabres and 70 guns, were there in all. Both flanks rested on a swamp, and a line of entrenchments secured



the front. It was an occasion when stratagem must replace audacity, and Lake could be cunning as well as bold. The Mahrattas were a race of soldiers flushed with the conquest of the territories of the Great Mogul. Many

of their battalions had been brought by the able de Boigne to a state of discipline and training that was equal, as they supposed, to that of the troops whom to-day they were to meet. They would in all probability snatch impatiently at a victory which they regarded as their due. Lake, weighing these things in his quick mind a minute or two, resolved to try and draw the enemy out of his works, in order to spring upon him in the open. His infantry were called forward, and while they were coming up his cavalry, exposed all the time to a heavy cannonade, covered the movement. When the moment was ripe the squadrons were retired towards the advancing battalions. The Mahrattas, exultant, determined to convert the retreat into a rout, and rushed forward from their earthworks, accompanied by their artillery. Meanwhile the British cavalry and infantry had met; the former opening out from the centre, drew off to the flanks, and disclosed to the astonished enemy the infantry columns deploying into line for attack. Some squadrons too were detached with Gallopers to protect the British right. Lake, who had already had one horse shot under him, himself led the bayonets against the cannon. On they swept till within a hundred yards of their foe, then there was one volley, a ringing cheer, and his men rushed on their opponents. That furious charge was too much for the Mahrattas, and without waiting to cross bayonets their infantry went right about and fled precipitately. Now the British line broke up into columns of companies, and through the intervals the Galloper guns and cavalry dashed on in pursuit. Thorn tells us that the former particularly distinguished themselves, and did great execution amongst the fugitives. No victory could have been more complete.

The Mahrattas lost enormously, and many of those who escaped fire and steel found death in the waters of the Jumna. The minarets of Delhi saw it all, and ere the sun set that night Lake had pitched his camp on the east bank of the Jumna, opposite the Imperial City. The victors had lost 477 men killed and wounded, of whom no fewer than 131 belonged to the gallant 76th. Of their opponents 3000 were left upon the field, while practically the whole of their guns and ammunition, with two tumbrils of treasure, became booty. Three days later, Bourguien, said to have been the very first to leave the field, surrendered to his opponent with four more of Scindiah's foreign officers. On the 16th Lake had his first interview with Shah Alum, "the Great Mogul," old and blind and miserable, but overjoyed at his deliverance, and eager with squalid magnificence to shower high-sounding titles on the foreigner who had saved him from his friends.

Lake was occupied till September 24 in putting matters on a satisfactory footing at the capital, but then set out down the western bank of the Jumna to seize the scarcely less important city of Agra, containing treasure to the amount of twenty-five lakhs, held for Scindiah by a Dutch adventurer, named Hessing, with 4500 men. Outside the walls, to which they had been refused admission, lest they should claim a share of the treasure, three battalions which had escaped from Delhi and four of Perron's 5th Brigade, which had arrived with twenty-six guns from the Deccan, were in position. More dangerous even than these, there hovered on Lake's right rear fifteen trained battalions from the Deccan, the flower of Scindiah's army, under Monsieur Dudrenec.

A less resolute man might have hesitated when menaced by three such forces, but Lake's quick decision enabled him to catch them each in detail. Before he could besiege Agra he must clear away the force on the glacis. On October 10, therefore, he fell upon it with nine battalions, in so vigorous a fashion that in spite of a determined resistance, which cost him nine officers and 213 men, he captured all the guns and completely dispersed the battalions. Then he set to work at the fortress. The Mahratta soldiers, disgusted with foreign leaders after their experiences with Perron and Bourguien, had deposed Hessing and the European officers from command. The defence was but half-hearted, and a short bombardment on the 17th was enough to bring the garrison to its knees on the following day. The cherished twenty-five lakhs fell into Lake's hands, together with many pieces of artillery, amongst which was "the great gun of Agra," a monster firing a projectile of 1500 lbs., which however sank to the bottom of the Jumna on its way to Calcutta, and has lain there ever since. It was the turn now of the force from the Deccan, which two battalions from Delhi had joined, and which had also been swollen by the fugitives from Aligarh, Delhi and Agra.[1] On them Lake swiftly turned. "If I can get hold," he said, "of the brigades of the Deccan, not a Frenchman will be left in the country." Dudrenec, however, and the French officers, tempted by the British terms, deserted the Mahrattas, and Lake himself confessed that it was well for the British force that they did.

Abaji, a Mahratta of considerable military talent, fore-

[1] *Despatches of the Marquess Wellesley*, edited by Martin, vol. xi. p. 445. Thorn also gives the same numbers.

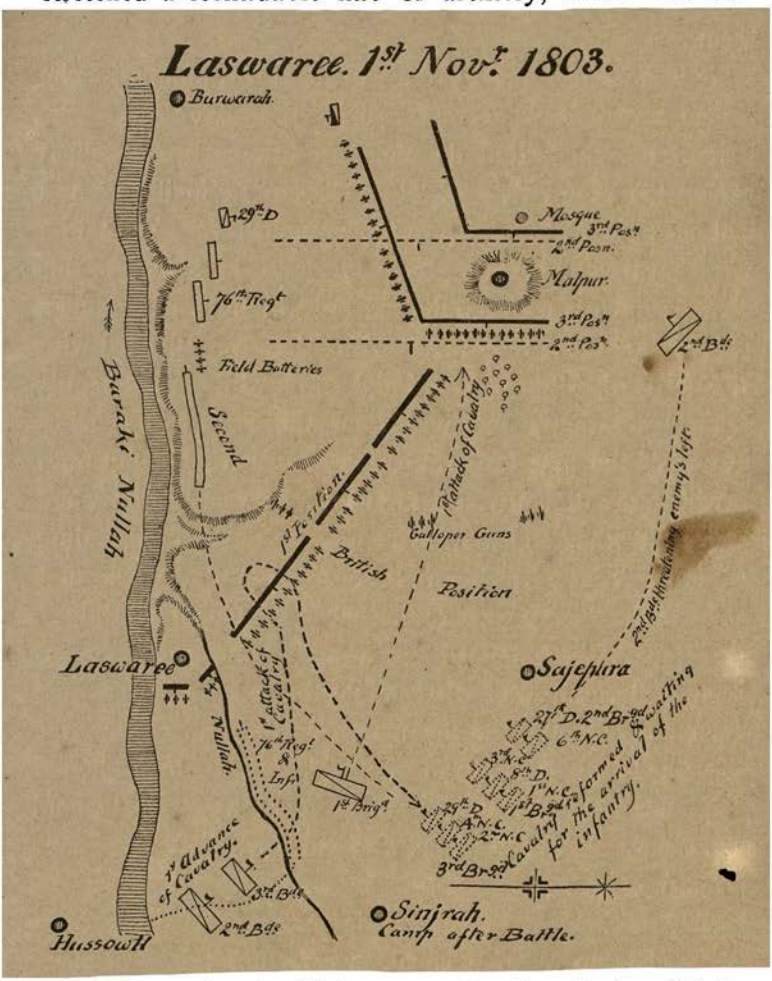
stalled by the energy of Lake in his attempt to relieve Agra, intended to wait for a chance of recovering Delhi, and accordingly moved to occupy a position in the hilly Mewát country, to which only one pass, and that easily defensible, led. His army would form a dangerous nucleus of resistance, and must be destroyed. Therefore Lake determined to try and catch him before he could reach this stronghold, and accordingly on October 27 set out in pursuit. A rain-storm inundated the camp on the 28th, and rendered movement that day impossible, but on the next a forced march of twenty miles made up the lee-way. The heavy artillery and baggage was left behind at Futtehpore Sikri, under the protection of two native battalions, because the state of the ground prevented their moving sufficiently rapidly, while Lake at the head of the cavalry, light artillery, and infantry pressed on with redoubled efforts. On the evening of October 31 he was close to the very ground Abaji had quitted that morning. The pass, which was the goal of this exciting race, was now but thirty-three miles distant, and the active Mahrattas were a day's march ahead. It was imperative to delay their progress somehow, and Lake had immense confidence in the cavalry and the guns he had trained to act with them. So he determined to press on with these arms alone, fasten with them on his foe, and hold him till the infantry could come up. At eleven o'clock that night his three brigades of cavalry were again on the road, and the sunrise of November 1 showed him the Mahrattas on the north of the Báráki Nullah, not far from the village of Laswaree, and somewhat in confusion at his unexpected appearance. The squadrons had come twenty-five miles

in six hours during the night following a hard day's march, and now nine thousand excellent infantry, seventy-two guns, and between four and five thousand cavalry were before them.

No wonder if Lake held his breath for a moment as he looked across at what was against him. They were the best of the celebrated de Boigne's famous brigades, had earned the proud title of "the Deccan Invincibles," and had been taught to act up to their pretensions. With him were cavalry and Galloper guns alone, and five of his eight regiments were composed only of native horsemen, just as were those they faced. But they were flushed with the deeds of Aligarh, Delhi and Agra, while in the hostile ranks were many fugitives from those well-won fields. It was of the first importance to prevent the enemy from reaching the difficult pass for which he was heading, and above all other considerations, it was safest when dealing with an Asiatic to be audacious. Finally, when first sighted, the enemy were somewhat in confusion at Malpur, and apparently about to slip away. Lake's decision was soon made, and was what might have been anticipated from the character of the man. Putting himself in the place he loved, at the head of his leading regiment, he led it to the attack, trusting that he could at any rate hold the enemy till the infantry, who had started at three a.m., came up.

But the Mahrattas were not intending to fly. They cut the embankment of a canal, and flooded the path along which Lake must advance, to delay his progress, and give them time to take up a defensive position. Their right now rested on the village of Laswarée, a rivulet and

marshy ground covered their front, while Malpur strengthened their left flank. Along their entire front stretched a formidable line of artillery, which was con-



cealed from view by high grass. As they deployed into position, the clouds of dust raised by their numerous cavalry quite obscured the movement, and it was impossible

for Lake to see exactly how they were placed. This difficulty might in the case of a less resolute man have induced delay or hesitation, but Lake was one who never swerved from the prompt execution of his original conception, and was not to be baffled by embarrassments. So he held on straight for the point where he had last seen the enemy. That point had now become the left of the Mahratta position, and by his reaching it the line of retreat for all their guns, which Lake had made up his mind to have, would be cut.

Whatever was the intention of the foe, Malpur was the objective which promised the most decisive results, and therefore, through the dust and fire of the Mahratta batteries, our squadrons swept unswervingly to that goal. The 1st Brigade (8th Light Dragoons and 1st and 3rd Native Cavalry) was to pass along the front of the enemy's position and attack Malpur, while the 3rd Brigade (29th Light Dragoons and 4th Native Cavalry) was to assault the right flank. Lake's officers entered fully into the spirit of his instructions, and carried his idea out with a most whole-hearted chivalry. The advanced guard and 1st Brigade stormed headlong into the village, forced back the enemy's line here, and captured several guns. The success was dearly purchased, however, with the loss of its leader, Colonel T. P. Vandeleur, of the 8th Light Dragoons (now Hussars).

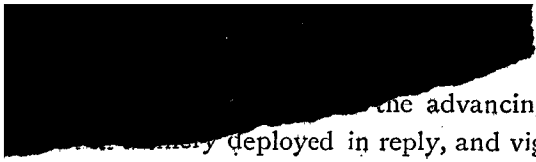
The 3rd Brigade, which came next, wheeled sharply to its left, and made straight at the enemy's line close to its right extremity. Right in the teeth of the powerful artillery in position waiting to receive them, galloped the 29th Dragoons and the 4th Native Cavalry. Not till

they were within twenty yards from the muzzles was the storm let loose, but then it crashed upon them with pitiless fury, and a terrible scene of carnage ensued, reminding one of the destruction of the French Cuirassiers by Mercer's battery at Waterloo. Chains had been drawn from axletree to axletree between the guns, while the batteries were concealed by long grass until they opened fire. Somehow or other the chains were passed. Backwards and forwards, three times through the Mahratta line, rode the horsemen, and when they left the guns to fall with impetuous fury on the infantry behind, the dusky gunners, emerging from beneath their carriages, re-loaded and poured destruction on their rear. The infantry meanwhile took shelter behind an entrenchment barricaded with hackeries, carts, and baggage, and from this stronghold plied their assailants with musketry. Although all the guns at this part of the field had been captured, only two could be carried off. In short, the weakness of cavalry, after its first rush is expended, was once more exemplified, and the brigade, although it had achieved a most pronounced victory, and exhibited almost ideal bravery and dash, had to be recalled to re-form on the support in rear. But Lake, though at a dear price, had gained his object, and the foe did not venture to try and slip away.

Meanwhile his infantry battalions were listening to the distant cannon, and were pressing on their way with steadfast determination to have their share in the glory. At noon they had come up, having accomplished twenty-five miles since morning. Lake rested them for an hour, and let them eat their breakfasts, before he drew them up to fight.

The Mahrattas had made use [redacted] after the cavalry had been recalled in changing their position to one of greater strength round the village of Malpur. Their hearts may have failed them when they saw the British infantry appear on the scene, and negotiations for a surrender were commenced. Lake, probably suspecting treachery, none the less continued his preparations for attack, and when the time allotted for the performance of the conditions imposed by him had elapsed without their fulfilment, set his plan in motion.

The enemy was now drawn up almost at right angles to his former front, with his left resting on Malpur, which had been prepared for defence, and was well protected with artillery, while guns were also posted along the new front. A second line in rear of the village was parallel to the first. Lake intended to form his battalions in two columns, to move along the rivulet under cover of the broken ground and long grass which had just given shelter to the enemy's line, again to force his way between the enemy's right and the nullah, and to assail him in his right rear. The flank march before the enemy's position once more reminds us of the Seven Years' War, and was carried out with a precision which Frederick would have commended. The 2nd Brigade of Cavalry was sent to threaten the enemy's left flank, while the 1st Brigade formed a reserve, and the 3rd covered the movement of the infantry. All the guns that could be got together were massed in four large batteries to support the attack. As soon as the Mahratta general grasped what the movements in his front portended, he threw back his right wing, and his numerous and powerful guns grouped round Malpur began a furious



the advancing columns. The [redacted] deployed in reply, and vigorously returned the fire. Amid this cannonade, the infantry, although losing heavily, pressed steadily forward, headed by the indefatigable 76th. When within one hundred and fifty yards of their objective, the storm of case from the Mahratta batteries was felt in full force, and at that moment it was discovered that the second column, which was to have been in close support of the first, had been delayed in the broken ground, and was not at hand. To stop under such a storm, or even to hesitate, might prelude a defeat. Therefore Lake, accurately gauging the spirit of his men, himself headed the 76th Regiment, and led it and the two native regiments with him straight at the position. As they struggled forward, the enemy received them with the greatest steadiness, and Abaji, displaying nice judgment, suddenly threw his cavalry upon them as they reeled under the fire of his guns. Lake, no less vigilant and ready, called the 29th Light Dragoons to make a counter-charge. At this supreme moment his horse was shot, and his son fell wounded at his side. Such mishaps, while they in no way shook the fortitude of the leader, only maddened to enhanced exertions the men who witnessed them. Their cheers mingled with the trumpet-call as the 29th Dragoons rode headlong into the guns. One tremendous salvo emptied many a saddle, but the squadrons went unfalteringly on, pierced the batteries, and broke the infantry in rear. Right in their track Lake led his own infantry; who soon seized the guns and made good the ground gained by the cavalry. The squadrons having destroyed the first line of the enemy,

now wheeled to the left, and dashed at his cavalry, which was hovering behind, drove it in stampede off the field, and pursued it remorselessly up to the pass through the hills which had been Lake's goal all along. Then back again they hastened, to fall on the rear of the main body, whose escape they effectually cut off. The 27th Light Dragoons and 6th Native Cavalry on Lake's extreme right, also joined in the assault on the enemy's rear, and sabred many hundreds. But the battle, though won, was by no means over. De Boigne's battalions were still to justify their reputation, and show a steadfastness such as soldiers will admire, but can scarcely hope to surpass. If they gave way before the British bayonets, they did so only inch by inch, and nothing like a panic marked their overthrow. At length but two thousand heroes were left to stand at bay, and these, hemmed in on all sides, finally surrendered as prisoners of war—almost all the remainder of the nine thousand infantry who had faced Lake that morning were left lying dead on the field.

There is scarcely a more bloody or stubborn fight recorded in the annals of war, and the victor, with a chivalry all his own, did due homage to the courage of his opponents. In his despatch to Lord Wellesley, he wrote—"*If they had been commanded by French officers the affair would, I fear, have been very doubtful.*" His troops cheered him as he turned to leave the scene of carnage; he raised his hat in response, but pointing to the dead Mahrattas lying round their guns, told them "to despise death as those brave fellows had done."

The British side had lost 824 killed and wounded, including forty-two officers, amongst whom Major-General

Ware and Colonel Vandeleur were killed. The Commander-in-Chief had two horses shot under him, and had more than one very narrow escape. The Mahrattas lost their camp as it stood, all their baggage, some seventy guns, and forty-four stands of colours, but such trophies, even when added to the ammunition, specie, and bullocks taken, did not represent the severity of the blow that had struck them. The power of their race had that day been shattered, and the dreams of conquest conjured up in the Mahratta mind were for ever dissipated. Even if his triumph was tempered with a certain sense of relief that the day had ended well for him (and in a letter to the Marquess Wellesley he confesses that it was the most anxious one he ever spent), Lake might well exult that night. With a force at no time exceeding eight thousand men he had in two months' time completely wrecked the thirty-one battalions which de Boigne and Perron, and other French officers, had disciplined and trained for Scindiah; he had stormed Aligarh, captured Agra, and entered Delhi as a conqueror. He had met and routed the best troops in India, excepting the British, in four pitched battles, had taken 426 cannon, and an immense booty of other description, while in this final fight he dealt such a blow as reverberated from one end of the peninsula to the other. And in doing all this, he had vied in the manner in which he exposed himself with the greatest daredevil in his army; he had accomplished what he did mainly by his own matchless personal activity and energy, and so had gained the love as well as the respect of every man he led. The thanks of Parliament, a sword of honour from the inhabitants of Calcutta, and a superb service of plate from the officers who had served

with him, bore tangible testimony to the manner in which his services were appreciated, while a peerage, somewhat tardily bestowed on September 1, 1804, called him to the House of Lords as Baron Lake of Delhi and of Aston Clinton, Bucks.

Peace with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar was finally signed in February 1804, but Scindiah's sworn enemy and rival in the Mahratta confederacy, Jeswant Rao Holkar, who had stood aside and watched Laswaree with complacency, now turned a lowering brow towards those who in destroying his rival had shown him what might be in store for himself. A treacherous duplicity, ill-concealed by a haughty bearing, left little doubt as to the course that would have to be adopted with him; the barbarous murder of three English officers in his service, who had refused to fight against their own countrymen, and the discovery of intrigues against us with the Sikhs and Rohillas, precipitated a foregone conclusion.

On February 9, 1804, Lord Lake once more drew the sword, and marched from Biana twenty-one miles into Jeypore territory which had been invaded by the Mahrattas. Negotiations still continued, but Lake, foreseeing how they would end, from time to time moved his force further forward. On April 18, he detached Colonel Monson with a small force to protect the capital, Jeypore, the neighbourhood of which was reached on the 21st. Holkar, however, true to the traditional tactics of his race, declined to face the attack, and slipped away. Moreover, a detachment of two battalions, and a regiment of cavalry, under Colonel Don, had stormed and taken Tonk Rampura, and the news of this success was enough to make Holkar

cross the Chambal, and hasten still further southwards. Lake, feeling that British prestige had now been vindicated, intended to postpone operations until after the rains, and ordered Don to join Monson, and the latter, who had now nearly four thousand men, to remain at Kota, and protect the lands of the Jeypore Rajah, while he himself with his main body should move on Agra and Cawnpore.

Monson was a gallant man, but his courage shone more steadfastly during the impetus of an attack than when a decision in chill difficulties had to be formed and carried through. He rashly disregarded Lord Lake's instructions, and with a scheme of his own in his head, left Kota to advance further against Holkar. The cunning Mahratta simulated retreat, and drew him on until with food for only two days, he was several marches from his base. When Monson found himself within striking distance, he resolved, in spite of his perilous position, to attack. Had he stuck to his determination he might very likely have won. But his nerve failed at the supreme moment, and when within only seven miles of the enemy, he decided to fall back. And then, as he struggled back through the difficult country towards Agra, his opponent made him feel the full measure of despair. Had Holkar been the relentless soldier he was reputed to be, not a man would in all probability have escaped; as it was, when the demoralized force slunk crestfallen into Agra, it had lost twelve or fourteen guns, fifteen officers had been killed or drowned, nine more were wounded, while three, of whom subsequently one was murdered and one died, had been taken prisoners. The actual number of soldiers who perished has never been known.

The disaster only indirectly interests us here, for Lake was in no way responsible for it, but the sense of shame which the news of it produced, quickened every Englishman in India to enhanced efforts towards avenging it, and gave the Commander-in-Chief another opportunity of displaying his talents in their very brightest phase. An avenging force was at once called together, and at its head he rode out of Cawnpore on September 3.

Holkar was far too clever to make a stand-up fight. To hover on his opponent's flanks, to harass him in every way, delay his advance, cut off his supplies, then perhaps to slip away, gain Delhi, and seize the Emperor, such was the far abler plan he had in his mind.

On October 7, Lake hoped he at last held him at Aurang, but Holkar eluded his swoop, slipping off more quickly than he could be followed. On the 10th the same tactics were pursued. The following day a message from Delhi announced the impending siege of the capital, and disclosed the true schemes of the enemy.

Three or four strong places lay between Lake and that city, but these with judicious courage he ignored, and making for the decisive point, started at once to succour Ochterlony who was holding it. On the 18th he reached his destination, to find that the terror of his advent had been enough to cause the Mahrattas to raise the siege precipitately four days before. Holkar, foiled in his attempt, had retreated northwards, and having crossed the Jumna near Paniput, was preparing to ravage the Doab. On the 30th, our indefatigable General again started in pursuit of him, with three British and three native regiments of cavalry, the horse artillery, and Don's reserve brigade of infantry.

Colonel Burn had been detached on the 25th to go to the relief of Saharanpur. On him the Mahrattas now turned, and for three days his small force, driven into a mud-fort at Shamli, had made a desperate defence. On the 2nd of November, Lake marched thirty miles in twelve hours to the rescue. The next day he reached the fort, but the rising dust of his advance had been enough to drive off the enemy, who vanished to the northward. On the 5th, after a day's rest, the quest was again taken up, and fourteen miles were covered. On the 6th another march of twenty-four miles to Sirdhana, where dwelt the celebrated Begum Sumroo, was accomplished. On the 7th, a fleeting view of the enemy's rear-guard rewarded his perseverance, but the sight of his horse artillery moving out to engage it was enough to drive it off. Fifteen miles were accomplished ere his troops drew bridle at Khatauli; and the next day they were again on the track, and that night reached Meerut. On the 9th the remorseless pursuit still swept ahead, and at sunset, Lake was at Ha'par, twenty miles nearer his foe. The next day saw the same extraordinary spectacle. The enemy always twenty or thirty miles in front, burning, plundering, destroying as he went along, and like a sleuth-hound at his heels, the untiring British general. Thus the days went by till on the 16th, when Lake in the evening reached Aligunj, he found that village still burning, and learnt that Holkar was but thirty-six miles ahead at Furrukhabad. A forced march by night might catch him unprepared, and this was what Lake determined to try. At nine o'clock at night, therefore, he started with the British cavalry and horse

artillery alone. The moon was up, and cheered by its light and the early prospect of an end to their labours, the men rode gaily on. Just as day was breaking they saw the enemy's camp before them wrapt in slumber, the horses on the picquet lines, their riders in their blankets on the ground, beside them. The grape which the horse artillery poured in upon them was the first intimation of Lake's approach. Panic is but a faint term to express the scene which ensued. The 8th Hussars were first among the sleepers, but the other regiments were scarcely behind them, and a slaughter ensued more nearly akin to butchery than fighting. Of the Mahrattas[1] three thousand were sabred, and more than that number were dispersed, while but two of our men were killed and only twenty wounded. And for ten miles further the avenging squadrons raced along. Holkar was the first to fly, nor did he draw rein till he reached the Kalini river eighteen miles away. Lake had left Delhi on the 31st of the previous month, and he had consequently covered three hundred and fifty miles in eighteen days, and had been able to snatch Burn from the jaws of the Mahrattas, on the way. That performance is perhaps unparalleled, but what makes it still more astonishing is the final effort, for when the distance to which the pursuit was carried is taken into account, it will be found that during the last twenty-four hours, more than seventy miles were left behind. That such strenuous exertions could be crowned by such a feat speaks volumes for the discipline, efficiency, and spirit of the troops, and for the character of their leader.

[1] The number of the Mahratta horse has been numbered by thousands, by some as high as 60,000.

On the 20th Lake was again pressing after the fugitive, who, he heard, had in his extremity made for Deeg. Before, however, we continue the tale further, it is necessary to pause for a moment, and glance backwards at what had been done by the infantry and artillery left behind at Delhi, when the cavalry had pushed on after Holkar's horsemen. General Fraser, whom Lake had left behind in command, had quitted Delhi on the 6th, and had sought out the Mahratta battalions and guns with the same persistency which we have been admiring in his leader. These had taken refuge in the territory of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and on the 13th Fraser brought them to battle in front of Deeg. The Mahrattas, supported as they were by a strong fortress, showed the most determined bravery, but were eventually decisively beaten, with a loss of 87 cannon and some 2000 men. Thus was the British prestige restored, and the 14 guns lost by Monson recovered, but the gallant and capable Fraser was so severely wounded that he died on the 24th. The victory was, however, most opportune, and the news of it, which reached Lake's cavalry as it moved off for its dash on Furrukhabad, must have had no small effect on the spirits of the troopers.

Lake, after nine days' marching, crossed the Jumna on the 28th, near Muttra, and there after a separation, during which both portions had gained so much glory, the army was once more united. It was necessary to wait for siege-guns from Agra, but on December 1 Lake was on the road again, and on the 13th was in position before Deeg, where the remnants of Holkar's army had sought shelter. On the following day his guns opened fire, and on the 23rd

a breach in an outwork was stormed and carried. The enemy did not wait for more, but evacuated the citadel and fled to Bhurtpore. Thus Christmas morning, 1804, saw the British troops in possession of the place. They had to mourn for 43 comrades killed, while 184 were wounded, but with the fortress, 100 cannon, a large quantity of ammunition, stores, and grain, together with two lacs of specie, had fallen into their hands.

Holkar's organized army was now annihilated, but the Rajah of Bhurtpore had openly declared for his cause, and had to be made to feel the power of the English. Therefore Lake, having first re-established the defences of Deeg, marched from thence on the 28th, and on January 2, 1805, took up his ground in front of the capital of the recalcitrant Rajah.

The works which defended it were most formidable; lofty ramparts, flanked by semi-circular bastions, rose behind a wide ditch with precipitous sides, and were commanded by the citadel, which was particularly high and strong. However much his troops may have recently justified his confidence, such a stronghold, unless surprise were possible, was not to be rushed. And on January 2, Lake had only six 18-pounder guns, four 8-inch, and four 5½-inch mortars available for bombardment. He himself wished to try a *coup de main*, but was dissuaded from doing so.

On the morning of the 7th, therefore, the breaching batteries, such as they were, opened fire. On the 9th a breach was reported practicable, and that night three columns of assault were launched at it. Of these the centre and most important one lost its way in the dark-

ness, and missed the breach altogether. The enemy was not surprised, as it was intended he should have been, and met the onslaught with a well-directed and continuous fire. An incredible confusion supervened, and when Maitland got his men together opposite the breach, they were mown down by a concentrated fire. Maitland was shot dead almost on the crest-line of the parapet; the gallant officers who stepped into his place fell in turn too, and the ranks behind them were rent and shaken as by the blast of a tornado. All that men might dare was attempted, and no stigma of disgrace attaches to their sullen retreat when they fell back, leaving one-third of their comrades behind. All had depended on Maitland's rush, and it had collapsed.

This disastrous attempt only nerved Lake to renewed exertions. He had failed by night, next time he would succeed by day. More guns were brought to bear, and on the 21st another storming party, provided with light bridges, essayed the task. But the observations and measurements which had been made proved deceptive, and the bridges were found too short. Again confusion reigned. The stormers were helplessly exposed on the counterscarp, till 18 officers and 573 men had been sacrificed in vain.

Holkar that day made a counter demonstration on the British camp, but the fire of the horse artillery kept his men at a distance, and killed fifty of them.

Even after his second failure Lake did not lose heart. On February 20 he gathered himself together for another spring, but this time he fell short of success even further than before; 28 officers and 894 men were killed and wounded, and what was worse, the spirit of the troops showed signs of giving way. Next day a few stirring

words from their indomitable leader awoke their old enthusiasm, and they promised to justify their reputation in another chance. That afternoon a storming party tried again to climb the breach. Lieutenant Templeton of the 76th, who had volunteered for the forlorn hope, led a few heroes to the summit, but there fell dead. Lake's *aide-de-camp*, Major Menzies, took his place, but only to die too; much gallantry, much patience, much resolution, only ended in more exposure, more bloodshed, more butchery of brave men. In this assault 28 officers and 862 men were wounded, six officers and 125 men killed, and the attack failed.

Four times had the walls of Bhurtpore been assaulted in vain. Lake was no nearer victory than when he began, and was weaker by 3100 men killed and wounded. The guns of his batteries were worn out, and powder was running short. On February 24 he raised the siege, and retired his army to the north-east with a view of commencing a blockade. Undoubtedly he had been fairly worsted, and the effect of his previous victories was much diminished in consequence. The natives confessed that they could not face the British in the open, but behind walls they were still ready to stand, nor did their confidence disappear till twenty-one years later, when the rough touch of Lord Combermere shattered it for ever.

Lake cannot escape censure for the failure. Rendered over-confident by success, he refused to recognize impossibilities, and rushed on the impenetrable walls without waiting for an adequate artillery. His was the failing of a strong, impetuous nature; it was the same fault which Frederick had to expiate at Kunersdorf, when he

too would not wait for his guns, and which has cost many an over-sanguine leader many a valuable life since then. Another cause of disaster was Lake's imperfect knowledge of the ground in front of the breaches, and of the nature of the defences. The path must be thoroughly reconnoitred, and artillery must prepare the way: these are the lessons of the first siege of Bhurtpore.

Lord Wellesley saw clearly where the shortcoming lay. On March 9, he wrote to Lake, fearing we had despised our enemy, and pointed out that "time and regular proceeding will succeed if an adequate battering-train be provided." On the 13th he said again—"It is of more importance that we should not again fail than that we should soon succeed."

When a few days afterwards the battering-train and reinforcements arrived, they were no longer needed. The Rajah had indeed won, but his victory had made him feel faint-hearted as to the future. On March 10 he opened negotiations for peace, and on the 12th the war, so far as he or Bhurtpore were concerned, was at an end. But Holkar was still to be dealt with, and Lake was soon at the head of his cavalry and on the track of the Mahratta.

The fugitive was caught in camp on April 3, a thousand of his followers were killed, his adherents were dispersed, and he himself was driven across the Chambal, a deserted wanderer, his army ruined, his artillery captured, his allies alienated from his cause.

Then the army sought shelter from the rigour of an Indian summer, and operations were suspended.

At the end of July the Marquis Cornwallis, charged

with a very different policy, succeeded Wellesley as Governor-General, and also became Commander-in-Chief, instead of Lake, to whom then as next in seniority fell the command of the Bengal Presidency. The situation thus created was difficult and trying, but the tact and good taste displayed in it by Lord Cornwallis prevented any breach between the two generals. Lake could not but remonstrate at the new order of things, but no answer ever reached him, for the stout old man succumbed under his burden before he had been three months in the country. Then Lake once more filled his old place, and once more gave a splendid example of energy and pertinacity, such as recalls the efforts that preceded Furrukhabad.

Holkar, during the few months succeeding his last defeat, had penetrated as an adventurer with a motley collection of followers into the country of the Sikhs, and was endeavouring to enlist them in his cause. It was necessary at once to choke any chance of such a coalition, and therefore Lake put his troops at Agra in motion on October 10, and marched in pursuit of the freebooter, whom he drove before him to the banks of the Sutlej. This display of promptitude and vigour decided the course of Sikh policy in favour of the English, and at Umritsur on December 19, negotiations were commenced by which the Khalsa chiefs agreed to remain neutral. Shortly afterwards, according to instructions received from the Governor-General, Holkar was reinstated in those dominions which had been won from him by the labours and sacrifices of the troops. The swing of the political pendulum frustrated the large designs of genius, and, as has since more than once occurred in the history of the British empire, ad-

vantages which British soldiers had bled to gain were thrown away when the fighting was over.

On January 19, 1806, Lake began his return march, and on February 19 was formally re-appointed Commander-in-Chief by the Court of Directors. But his work in India was done, and it only remained for him to supervise the details of the settlement he had brought about. He waited at Delhi therefore for two months, and saw the wily Holkar out of British territory. Arrangements also had to be completed with the old Emperor, but the last paper was signed and the last claim adjusted in due course, and in February 1807 Lord Lake finally quitted India, followed by the good-will and enthusiastic praise of all with whom he had come even remotely into contact.

A viscounty, with a pension of £2000 a year for three lives, marked the King's sense of his services, and various honorary positions and distinctions were conferred upon him. His enjoyment of these dignities was but brief, for a cold caught in attending Bulstrode Whitlocke's trial by court-martial produced a serious illness, and he died in Lower Brook Street on February 20, 1808. He left three sons and five daughters, but in 1848 the title became extinct.

Lake had enjoyed to the full the crowded hour of glorious life. He had seen and done much, and had profited by his experiences. No general has ever more completely understood the value of promptitude in decision, resolution in execution, pertinacity in following up a victory. He thoroughly appreciated what power rapidity of movement brings with it, and to him the Indian army owed its light infantry and Galloper guns. The officer

who trained his men to accomplish the marches which led up to Furrukhabad, who by sheer persistency hunted Holkar and his ubiquitous horsemen down, and did all this after a long experience as a Guardsman in London, and a hanger-on of a sensual and luxurious court, undoubtedly displayed energy and force of character. Remembering too that in spite of his training as an infantry soldier, and of the pedantry and formality prevalent in his time, he distinguished himself above all in the employment of cavalry, and that swiftness and surprise were the features of his tactics, we must acknowledge him no ordinary man. Of great presence of mind and cool in action, we are told that his pulse seemed to beat more slowly and his brain to see more clearly in the hour of danger than at any other time. To such characteristics were added much physical strength, a gracious manner, unusual personal bravery, and a full measure of that indescribable magnetism which enables a leader to influence and get the most from his subordinates. To meet our great antagonists in Europe was denied him, but, if we cannot measure him by the highest standard, and accord him genius, we may feel grateful for an example still worthy of our study. He has been termed impetuous, and accused by some of that same cut-and-thrust style of generalship that made a holocaust at Chillianwallah. Scarcely, however, with justice. The man was brave to a degree that in a leader now-a-days might be termed wanton and foolhardy, but in the day in which he lived, when the personal influence of a commander could assert itself, an example of bravery was often of supreme importance. Napoleon in his first Italian campaign exposed himself in just the same way; Wellington

escaped death or a wound only by a miracle at Waterloo; Ney, in person and even on foot, led the guard in its last effort; Radetzky as a major-general swam a river at the head of his division of cavalry, the very year of Furrukhabad, and had a horse shot under him at almost every fight. It was the fashion of the time for leaders thus to beckon on their men, and it is not for us who live under other conditions to deride such noble displays of what after all moves men most to mighty deeds. If Lake had not had two horses shot under him at Laswaree, would our men have carried the Mahratta batteries?

Again, in all his fights he seems to have shown a capacity for quickly appreciating the vital spot, for swiftly throwing his force on to that spot, and for carrying through his plan with unflinching resolution. Force of character of this kind is the one attribute absolutely indispensable to success in war, the one essential element, without which intelligence may see so many sides to a question as to engender doubt, knowledge may degenerate into pedantry, and caution tarry until it becomes irresolution. That Lake failed before Bhurtpore must be counted on the other side of his account, but again here his first instinct was the true one, and if he could not realize the difficulties before him, even after one or two reverses, who will blame the confidence, grown over-great perhaps because of what he had seen done at Aligarh, and Deeg? We may finally note the love and respect he inspired in all who knew him, his warm heart, his generous temper, his sunny, sympathetic nature, for such characteristics make men beloved, and soldiers work more readily, and fight more unselfishly for those they love than for those they fear

or only respect. The Marquis Wellesley, a statesman of genius and discernment, knew him in the field and council-chamber, and in a letter to the Prince of Wales he eulogizes "his unexampled alacrity, his judgment, skill and promptitude of decision, his irresistible spirit of enterprise."

BAIRD

1757—1829

SIR DAVID BAIRD, the hero of Seringapatam and of the British expedition from the Red Sea into Egypt, stands out in the history of the British army as a fine type of the cool, hard-headed, hard-hitting, and self-reliant regimental soldier. Obliged to fight his way up for himself, and blessed with none of those extraneous and "back-door" social advantages which went so far, in the days in which he lived, towards furnishing commanders for our forces, he thoroughly deserved the successes which came to him, for they were the result of his own work.

His best friends could hardly have called him tactful in his dealings with his superiors—indeed, in this respect he resembled that brilliant but erratic genius Dundonald—but throughout his career, by a single-minded devotion to duty, and by keeping a high standard both of justice and of ambition before his eyes, he attained to an eminence in his profession by means which may well serve as an example for the rest of us to imitate.

David Baird, the fifth son of Mr. William Baird of Newbyth, East Lothian, was born in December 1757. He seems to have made up his mind fairly soon in life as to what career he wished to follow, for he was gazetted at the early age of fifteen to an ensigncy in the 2nd

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Regiment of Foot (now Queen's West Surrey). Before joining, he was sent for a few months to Mr. Locie's Military Academy at Chelsea, and here, we may presume, he learnt the rudiments of military art as taught in those days. Next year, 1773, he joined his regiment at Gibraltar, and remained there till 1776, when he returned home on leave.

In person, Baird was already considerably over middle height, and by the time he had attained his full growth was well over six foot three. He was well-made in addition, and with big bones, broad shoulders, and an excellent constitution, was, physically, all that could be desired. He seems to have been popular with all ranks, and his manners were natural and unaffected; plucky he certainly was, but although his biographer describes him as light-hearted and gay, the few anecdotes and letters that we have about him point to his taking rather a serious view of life, and failing to see the point of various practical jokes which were played on him by his brother subalterns of the 2nd Foot. In fact, he was a good type of a young and hot-tempered Scottish soldier, who attends severely to his duty and lets nothing interfere with his aims.

Whether it was that his spirit yearned for the more congenial companionship of his northern countrymen, and that the climate of "Gib" did not agree with him, he did not rejoin his regiment, but applied for an appointment in the regiment of Highlanders which was being raised in Scotland by Lord Macleod. He was given the command of the Light Company, raised at Elgin, and in the spring of 1778 joined the remainder of the regiment at Fort George.

Ten new regiments were at this time being raised chiefly for service in India, and Lord Macleod's regiment, the 73rd (subsequently the 71st), was ordered at once to Portsmouth. On arrival there, however, the East India Company's ships were not ready to receive it, and the regiment was sent for six months to Guernsey. It was not till March 7, 1779, that the fleet for India set sail, Baird being in command of one hundred and fifty men on the *Earl of Oxford*. It is not necessary to follow the details of the voyage; suffice it to say, that after touching at Madeira, Goree, and the Cape, where three months were wasted, Lord Macleod and his Highlanders landed at Madras in January 1780, just a year from the time they embarked at Portsmouth.

It was not long before the 73rd were to smell powder in earnest. Eleven years before this the Madras Government had been heavily pressed by Hyder Ali Khan, Regent of Mysore, and had made an offensive and defensive treaty with him, by which each was bound to help the other against its enemies. Shortly after the conclusion of the treaty, Hyder Ali found himself at war with the Mahrattas, and applied to Madras for help. This was flatly refused, so the Regent went to the French, and demanded and obtained not only arms and ammunition, but white officers as well for the drilling of his troops. Aided by these he had little difficulty in disposing of the Mahrattas, and then turned his attention to improving the efficiency of his army with a view to getting on equal terms with his faithless ally the Honourable East India Company.

Soon after this, the Company at Bombay, in pursuance of their usual policy of land-grabbing at the expense of

their neighbours, extended the light of their countenance and protection (for a consideration) over one Roganat Rau, who, having murdered his nephew the Rajah of Poona, now aspired to the throne of the Mahrattas, and was prepared to hand over a considerable territory as the price of British protection. The main body of Mahrattas, however, did not see the question in the same light, and formed a coalition with most of the powerful rajahs of Southern India, including Hyder Ali Khan, to get rid of the English altogether and drive the Company into the sea. The Madras Government blunderingly complicated the situation at this critical moment by marching some troops across Hyder Ali's territory without his leave, and by seizing the French settlement of Mahé, a town which he declared to be under his protection and in his own dominions.

The next intimation that the Government had of Hyder Ali's views was the appearance of his army, over 80,000 strong, and officered by Frenchmen, within measurable distance of the city. Of the 6000 troops forming the garrison, only the 73rd was ready to march at a moment's notice; the remainder were not properly equipped. After a most anxious month of deliberation and divided councils, Sir Hector Munro, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Presidency, started on August 25, 1780, with the 6000 to effect a junction with Colonel Baillie, who was coming with 3000 men from the Northern Sirkar, at Conjeveram. Baillie was attacked on the way by greatly superior numbers of the enemy under Tippoo, Hyder Ali's son, and although much weakened, beat them off with serious losses on both sides. This necessitated aid being sent, and Colonel

Fletcher, with the flank companies of the 73rd under Baird, two other white and eleven other native companies, was sent to Baillie's assistance. The two parties, not 3000 in all, joined in safety, but on the way back they were attacked at Perambaukum by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, assisted by a detachment of French troops. With desperate gallantry the British force repulsed the enemy time after time, and might even have come out victorious had not two of their ammunition tumbrils exploded, leaving them without artillery or powder. The enemy closed in round them, and after losing three-fourths of his men, Colonel Baillie hoisted a white handkerchief, ceased firing, and grounded arms; whereupon Tippoo's cavalry rushed on the unarmed men and began cutting them down.

Baird, who had particularly distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery in the action, received a bullet in the thigh, two sabre cuts on the head, and a pike wound in the arm, and when he recovered his senses amongst a heap of dead and dying, was almost put an end to by a prowling spearman. Eventually he was found by a sergeant and private (both wounded themselves) of his own company, and together the three limped in the direction of Sir Hector Munro's camp, which they imagined could not be far off. As they proceeded, however, no signs of the camp or of any British force were visible, and, faint from fatigue and loss of blood, they struck out for the French camp, luckily finding it before they became too exhausted to reach it. Here they were generously treated by the French, and their hurts looked to; but their despair was great on finding that they had, under strict orders, to be

given up to Hyder Ali. This was carried out, and on the following day Baird found himself a prisoner in the camp of the enemy, together with many of his unfortunate brothers-in-arms.

It may here be mentioned that Sir Hector Munro, although within earshot of the fight at Perambaukum, accepted implicitly the opinions of several fugitives from the field of battle, who imagined that all was lost. He not only sent no assistance to Colonel Baillie, but incontinently retreated with all his force to Madras, being harried by Hyder Ali's cavalry all the way, and creating terrible consternation in the town by his arrival.

Baird and his six fellow prisoners (including Colonel Baillie) were kept marching about with Hyder's army for some time, and were then sent to Seringapatam, where they arrived in the beginning of November. Here they were kept in a sort of cow-stable inside a courtyard enclosed by eighteen-foot walls, and given about sixpence a day to find themselves in everything. Gradually the prison became more and more crowded by the arrival of other English officers, till the number amounted to nearly thirty. At first the prisoners were left unchained, and a French surgeon was allowed to come and dress their wounds. But after six months even these slight indulgences were taken away, and all the prisoners were put in irons, each set weighing nine pounds. Baird, the wound in whose leg was still open, and who was weak from fever, was fortunate in being exempted through the great generosity of his friend Captain Lucas, who refused to allow the irons to be put on him, and when the gaolers insisted, offered to wear Baird's set in addition to his own. The book

of fate was thereupon consulted and was propitious; so for the time being Baird escaped.

Next November, however, he was ironed, and remained so till the following April. During his confinement he never lost hope, and his presence of mind was several times of great value to himself and his companions, notably in a case where one prisoner, a certain Lieutenant Stringer, went mad, and threatened to make injurious revelations to the Kiladar, or Governor. The remaining prisoners seriously thought of smothering him, as he would undoubtedly have made charges which would have put their lives in peril. Baird, however, pointed out the danger and futility of this course, and when Stringer, in presence of the gaoler, showed him a piece of bread and assured him it was poisoned by his brother officers, Baird snatched the bread out of his hand and ate it, which convinced the gaoler.

It is quite possible that during this time Baird's liver and temper may have suffered by the confinement—nothing more likely. For when it was reported to his mother at home—and it is a wise mother that knows her own child—that he was in prison and chained to another man, she only remarked, "De'il help the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!"

Month after month rolled on, and the only occupations for the prisoners were tending their own sick, who died with startling frequency, welcoming new arrivals, and making little articles of bamboo or dungaree shirting. Hyder Ali died in December 1782, but their condition was in no way lightened or improved by his successor, Tippoo Sultan, rather the reverse.

Three times did the prisoners drink the King's health on June 4, and a fourth year was working towards its close before they were released. In March 1784 peace was proclaimed, and soon afterwards Baird and his companions were informed that they were free.

On arrival at Madras Baird found that Lord William Murray, a junior Captain from half-pay, had been recommended over his head for the majority of the regiment, and was actually in command. Luckily for the peace of the regiment and of Baird's mind, a protest had been sent in to England before the latter's release, and eventually this nomination was cancelled; which was as well, for it was subsequently discovered that no majority was vacant at the time Murray was appointed!

For the next three years Baird did duty with his regiment at Madras, Arcot, and Bombay, and in 1787 he obtained his majority and went home on leave. After a time he heard that the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment (now changed in title to the 71st Highlanders) was vacant through the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, and he made desperate efforts to secure it for himself. In this he was successful, for Colonel Baring, who had already been appointed, did not wish to go to India; thus Baird was enabled, by a series of complicated arrangements, to obtain the desire of his heart, and started for India as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 71st in March 1791. It is worth mentioning, as a curiosity, that through his inability to find the necessary money at the right time, Lord Cavan and Sir John Moore were gazetted to Lieutenant-Colonelcies three or four days before our hero; this, of course, made them senior to him in the army. It

is odd to think how this trifling incident may have altered the course of history, judged by the light of after events in Egypt and at Corunna.

On arriving at Madras, Baird found that the 71st had taken the field under Lord Cornwallis against our old enemy Tippoo Sultan; he himself was given the command of a brigade of Sepoys. The Mahratta forces had now joined armies with us against Tippoo, and the latter, becoming alarmed, had endeavoured to open peace negotiations for the purpose of gaining time. Lord Cornwallis, however, had refused to be led into a trap, and in a short time attacked and reduced several of his hill forts. Immediately after Baird's arrival the capture of Nundydrug was decided on, and was carried out on October 17. Savendrug, a formidable fort on a hill top eighteen miles west of Bangalore, was then attacked, and stormed on December 21. Baird's part in this consisted in taking his brigade round to the rear, and attracting the enemy's attention from the real point of attack. This was most successfully carried out, and the fortress fell with a loss to our side, in open day, of only one man wounded!

Having disposed of these obstacles, Lord Cornwallis turned his attention towards Seringapatam, and arrived there on February 5, 1792, with a force of nearly 9000 men. On the next evening he attacked with three "divisions," our hero commanding 500 of the 72nd and 1200 Sepoys on the left wing. Dashing forward with extraordinary keenness, Baird soon cleared the fortified camp of the enemy on Carrighaut Hill, and rushed ahead of his men down a narrow rocky path. Somewhat to his surprise, he found that it ended abruptly in a *cul-de-sac*, and also

that of his whole force only twelve of the 72nd were with him. However, he pushed on under fire, and luckily rejoined the rest of his men, who had come down by an easier path. Thence he joined forces with a few other separated detachments, and insisted on fording the deep Cavery. The result of this was that he found himself on an island, under fire, in the dark, and all his men's ammunition sopping wet. Nothing daunted, he proceeded to charge the battery in front of him, but luckily for his party found that the enemy had just been driven out by part of the centre division. The action ended by Cornwallis establishing himself close to the town, and Tippoo shortly afterwards sued for peace. The terms of the treaty brought the Sultan to his knees, and for several years he refrained from hostile operations.

Baird now took his regiment to Secundumali, and thence to Wallajahbad, and for the next five years devoted himself to raising the discipline and efficiency of his corps to a point rarely witnessed in India in those days. Not only was this often acknowledged in orders by his superiors, but it became the custom, on new corps arriving at Madras, to send the commanding officers up to Wallajahbad to see the 71st, and get a few hints as to interior economy and smartness. Amongst other regimental institutions, he established an officers' mess, which appears to have been a very rare thing at that period.

In 1793 the 71st were witnesses of the peaceful surrender of Pondicherry by the French, and afterwards were sent to Tanjore, Baird being appointed commandant of the town.

We have seen Baird as a soldier, and seen too how well he acquitted himself. Unfortunately he was not so

successful when confronted with the political intrigues and, we must confess, rather shady conduct of the East India Company when dealing with native potentates. His keen sense of justice conflicted with the orders of the Company delivered through the somewhat jack-in-office Resident at Tanjore; and by mixing himself up in political business, with which, it must be allowed, he had no right whatever to interfere, he received a severe snub from the Madras Government, and was removed for a time with his regiment to Pondicherry.

A much heavier blow was, however, in store for him. Soon after receiving a most flattering public encomium from the Commander-in-Chief on the excellence of his regiment, orders were sent him one morning to disband it at once, and draft the efficient men into the 73rd and 74th. Baird's own feelings can be imagined, but his sense of duty was strong. He had the order read on parade by the Adjutant, being unable from emotion to do so himself, and on the men breaking out into perhaps excusable murmurs at the injustice of the order (which ruined the prospects of many), he quieted them with "My poor fellows—not a word—the King must be obeyed."

The regiment was marched at once to Madras and there disbanded. Only the officers, non-commissioned officers, band and drums were embarked for England, leaving all the privates on shore, with little chance of ever seeing their beloved Scotland again.

Baird arrived with the skeleton of his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope in December 1797. Here he found both the garrison and the fleet in a state of partial mutiny, and was begged by the Governor, Lord Macartney, to

remain as Brigadier-General. After some hesitation Baird consented, and took up his duties at once. A difficult task it was to restore order and a proper spirit in the garrison, for all, officers and men, were violently opposed to the Commander of the Forces, General Francis Dundas, and showed it openly on many occasions. In the end matters quieted down, and Baird speedily got to work at his brigade (86th and Scotch Brigade [1]), doing wonders to raise its tone and efficiency.

After a year in the colony, Baird found himself promoted Major-General, and received orders from home to return with his brigade and the 28th Dragoons to India, where operations were going to be renewed against Tippoo Sultan. The latter had shown himself again most hostile and insolent towards us, and had in addition committed the crime of allying himself with the French. Lord Mornington, therefore, who had just arrived as Governor-General, determined on crushing him for good and all before the French could arrive from Egypt, and with this view assembled as large a number of troops as he could collect in the time at various points in the Madras Presidency. The intelligence of the battle of the Nile, and a successful disarming of 11,000 French troops at Hyderabad, relieved the tension considerably, but it was considered advisable, as an additional measure of safety, to secure the alliance of the Nizam of the last-mentioned city.

On arrival at Madras in January 1799, Baird found himself appointed to the command of a brigade consisting of the 12th and 74th and the Scotch Brigade. This one might have thought a sufficient command for a recently

[1] Later the 94th Foot.

appointed Major-General, but Baird was not satisfied. The Nizam of Hyderabad's troops, amounting to 12,000 men, had, at his Highness' request, been placed under the charge of Colonel Arthur Wellesley, as brother of the Governor-General, and Baird remonstrated with General Harris, commanding the army, at being superseded in a big command by a Lieutenant-Colonel. Before, however, the matter took a serious turn he acknowledged himself in the wrong, seeing that the appointment was more political than military; that Colonel Wellesley was not in real command of the Nizam's troops, but as his regiment, the 33rd, was attached to these forces, was only the senior European officer present with them; and thirdly, that the agreement with the Nizam himself permitted of no officer of higher rank than that of colonel being attached to his troops. The matter therefore dropped.

Hostilities began by an uncalled-for attack by Tippoo on the Bombay army—war not having yet been declared—in which he was beaten off with a loss of 1500; then followed the Battle of Mallavelly (March 27, 1799), in which the impetuosity of the 74th, of Baird's Brigade, nearly caused a serious disaster. This was, however, staved off by their commander's presence of mind, and then the march on Seringapatam was resumed.

On April 2 the army, well found and numerous, amounting to over 30,000 men, besides 6000 of the Hyderabad cavalry, arrived within five miles of their objective. Tippoo, on seeing this large array, adopted a tone of injured innocence, and tried to delay operations by wasting time over negotiation. General Harris, however, cut him short, and by May 1 the batteries were in position.

On May 3 a sufficient breach was made in the outer wall, and Baird volunteered to lead the storming party.

His request was complied with, and it was settled that the assault should take place on the following day: this was

indeed necessary, as only two days' supply of rice remained in the Commissariat for the native allies.

The assaulting force numbered about 4800 men, including the 12th, 33rd, 73rd, and 74th regiments, flank companies of the 75th, 77th, Scotch Brigade, De Meuron regiment, and Bombay European Regiment, besides twenty-four companies of Sepoys: these were all formed up in the trenches before daybreak on the 4th.

During the forenoon Baird received orders to attack at 1 p.m., and at 1.10 the troops, formed into right and left columns under Colonels Sherbrook and Dunlop respectively, left the trenches with Baird at their head. A tremendous fire was poured on them as they emerged and crossed the Cavery river, but although losing a good many men here, they reached the opposite bank, and, led by Baird, rushed at the breach, which had been surrounded by about twenty of the enemy's guns. The result was not long in doubt. After a short but desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which Baird was almost the first arrival, the breach was won, and the British colours hoisted.

The troops quickly divided to the right and left, Baird being with the right column, and cleared the ramparts. A broad ditch, the existence of which was previously unknown, checked the assault for a moment, but scaffolding poles and planks were soon discovered, and the storming party poured on. The hour had been carefully selected, so that the enemy were surprised in their midday siesta: to this may be attributed the comparatively small loss on our side of 386 men killed and wounded. Tippoo himself fought with the courage of despair, but was twice wounded, and finally killed by a bullet through the head at close

quarters. Within an hour of the commencement of the assault, Seringapatam was practically ours ; the remainder of the day was spent in completing the victory, and in putting an end to the universal looting that was going on. It was not till night fell that Tippoo's body was discovered under a heap of dead, and that Baird, exhausted by eight hours of violent exertion, asked to be temporarily relieved. To this request General Harris answered by sending Colonel Wellesley to take over the post of Commandant of Seringapatam, as he happened to be next for duty.

Baird was furiously angry at being, as he called it, superseded in the moment of victory by a junior officer, and wrote a most ill-advised letter to the General on the subject. As a matter of fact, the incident had occurred in the ordinary course of things, but Baird again saw the hand of favouritism and tyranny in this, and his fiery temper found vent on paper. General Harris wrote him a severe answer, but by this time Baird had cooled down, and requested leave to withdraw his objectionable letter. Harris at once complied, and, never even mentioning the matter to the higher authorities, was loud in praises, official and personal, of Baird's gallantry and success. The Prize Committee presented him with the late Sultan's state sword, and the field officers who served under him with another one of the value of 200 guineas. He received the thanks of the House of Commons and (indirectly) of the East India Company, and was recommended by Lord Mornington (who had now been created Marquis Wellesley) for a K.B.,[1] which he did not receive.

[1] In those days the Order of the Bath consisted of only twenty-four military and twenty-four civil knights.

General Baird was now appointed to the command of Dinapore, but on learning that an expedition was going to set sail from Madras, and that his old rival Colonel Wellesley was probably going to command it, he interviewed Lord Wellesley on the subject, and obtained the command for himself, with Colonel Wellesley as second in command. The object of the expedition was to seize first Batavia (in Java, then under French dominion) and then Mauritius. Elaborate instructions were drawn up by the Governor-General, and Baird had just, on February 5, 1801, embarked for Trincomalee, where he was to pick up his main force, when despatches from home completely altered the objective, and directed the expedition to be sent instead to Egypt, *viâ* Suez, to assist Sir Ralph Abercromby in driving out the French.

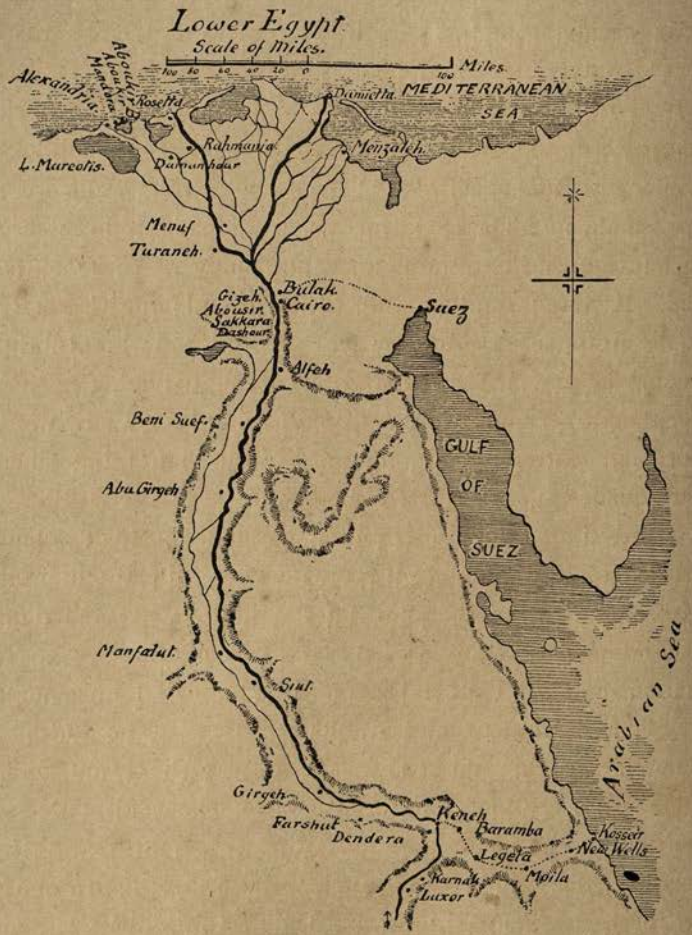
It is unnecessary to give details of the preparations, but the difficulties of counter-ordering matters and altering the whole plan were such that General Baird did not leave Bombay till April 6, and even then he had to leave Colonel Wellesley behind, as the latter was laid up with a serious attack of fever.[1] Most of his force had preceded him in small detachments, but on his arrival at Mocha, April 24, and then at Jedda, May 18, he found that some had gone to Suez, and some to Kosseir, whilst his troops and provision ships from the Cape had not arrived, and he had not yet met his Naval coadjutor, Admiral Blankett. After many days spent in trying to get his troops and stores together from literally all four points of the compass, and in securing the friendship of the authorities along the

[1] This fever probably preserved for us the Great Duke, for the vessel on which he was to have sailed was lost on the way to Egypt.

Arabian coast, including that of the Sherif of Mecca, Baird arrived at Kosseir on June 8. Owing to the lateness of the season, and the consequent contrary winds, Suez could not be attacked; Baird therefore determined to carry out his part of the programme by marching overland to the Nile at Keneh from Kosseir, a distance of 120 miles.

This period of his life perhaps shows up the subject of this memoir at his best, for never did his indomitable tenacity of purpose and his great powers of resource appear to better advantage. In truth his position was full of difficulties, for he was working in the dark. In the first place, not half his troops had yet arrived, nor had the greater part of his provisions; he did not know what was going on in Egypt, for he had heard nothing since the news of the victory at Alexandria and the death of Abercromby on March 21; he had only vague instructions from home, and none at all from the General (Hutchinson) commanding in Egypt; he did not know what the difficulties and dangers of the desert route might be, except that they were likely to be great; and he had no camels or water-casks. To add to his perplexities, he did not know how the people of Upper Egypt or the Mamelukes would receive him, and there were excellent grounds for believing that a French force lay between him and the English army in Lower Egypt. Lastly, the rumours which had reached him caused him to doubt whether, after all, his force would be required in Upper Egypt, and whether they would not be better employed in their original plan of turning the French out of Batavia and Mauritius. Yet did he not waver for one moment in his

purpose, but proceeded forthwith to make preparations for getting his troops across the desert.



The only force which he found on arrival at Kosseir was an advanced detachment under Colonel Murray,[1] con-

[1] Quartermaster-General of the Expedition.

sisting of about seven hundred men. These he determined to make the advance guard, and he devoted his first efforts to supplying them with adequate transport. Bullocks had been brought from India with their carts, and large mussucks (water-skins) had also been supplied; but it was very shortly evident to the General that, even if the track across were good enough for wheeled transport, the bullocks would get little to drink on the way, for the wells were few, small, and far between. It was therefore necessary to buy camels; but there were not many of these to be had. A certain number were collected and bought, mostly in the Arabian ports, and orders were given to go on buying for the present; eventually (according to one authority) five thousand camels were collected, utilized for water transport, and distributed among the different units, but when the advanced guard started there were very few indeed.

Baird commenced operations by sending on advanced parties to dig wells at a point eleven miles out from Kosseir, and at another point forty-three miles further on. This done, he despatched stores of sheep and biscuits to various points to act as depôts on the road, and sent off the first detachment, under Colonel Beresford, on June 21, himself accompanying it to the first wells eleven miles out. To every one's consternation, the mussucks leaked so terribly on this short journey that they became practically useless; the wells gave but little water, yet it was necessary to push on: so the only thing to be done was to send the water camels of the second party after the first, thus considerably delaying the march of the former, and not much improving the chances of the latter, for the mussucks were nearly empty by the time they received them.

This break-down of the mussucks was a serious matter

indeed, for it imperilled the whole of the expedition. However, Baird's view was that, since casks (of which he had none) would probably warp when emptied of their contents, it was no use sending for any; in his words—"We must either trust to the puckallies (large mussucks), or find water on the desert, or re-embark." The mussucks were therefore carefully soaked, overhauled, and mended, and further wells were dug on the road. This delayed the advance for some days, but these measures were obviously of vital necessity, and ultimately conduced to the success of the whole undertaking.

The official programme for the march—the first one ever undertaken by British troops across an unknown desert—was as follows:—

DAY.		MILES.	
1st.	New wells	11	Water.
2nd.	Half way to Moila ...	17	No water.
3rd.	Moila	17	Water and provisions.
4th.	Advanced wells ...	9	Water.
5th.	Half way to Legeta ...	19	No water.
6th.	Legeta (El Gaita) ...	19	Water and provisions.
7th.	Baromba (Abu Amram?)	18	Water.
8th.	Ghennah (Keneh) ...	10	The Nile.
	Total	120	

Detachments to halt at Moila and Legeta if necessary.

Marching was generally to be done at night and in the early morning. Each man was to be limited to one gallon of water per diem, given to him on arrival in the morning; no water was on any account to be distributed whilst on the march.

Subsequently these orders were slightly modified, for tea or wine was issued on marching days (at the rate of one pint per man), whilst an additional taste was given

to the saltpetre-impregnated water that was found at Kosseir and the brackish liquid from the wells, by causing the ration rice to be boiled in it. The wisdom of this step can be fully borne out by any desert traveller, for experience shows that the more taste (especially if it is nasty) there is in your water the less do you drink of it.

On June 30 General Baird left Kosseir, to superintend from a central position, Moila, the march of his troops. The following extract from a letter from Colonel Auchmuty, his Adjutant-General, dated Moila, July 2, gives an idea of the position :—

"The 10th (Foot) were met on the march, suffering greatly, and getting on badly. We are certainly in a bad scrape. We can hardly get forward or go back, and the prospect does not brighten ; but we must not despair. Among many causes for uneasiness, is not hearing from Hutchinson. The General is much alarmed at it, etc. etc."

Baird arrived on July 6 at Keneh, and matters began to look more cheerful. The first two or three detachments had suffered severely from thirst, heat, and even hunger, for the advanced provision stores had run out, but it was a case of "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" For after the machinery was once set in working order, the troops poured across quickly. Additional wells were dug and the existing ones deepened ;[1] water was found underground almost throughout the desert, even in unlikely places, and the camel transport grew in size and efficiency.

Although Baird fretted and chafed at the delay with which his troops arrived at Kosseir, it is probable that

[1] It is worthy of note that the "New Wells," thirteen miles out from Kosseir, still bear the name of Bîr Inglizi (English wells).

this was of ultimate benefit to him, for he was obliged to send them across to Keneh as they arrived, in small detachments; whereas, if they had all arrived together, the chances are that he would have had much difficulty in supplying them with water at Kosseir, and would have lost a large number[1] at this insalubrious spot. As it was, very few men of his force were lost on the journey, and these few mostly by their own fault; for when occasion offered, men would sometimes in the darkness leave the ranks and hide themselves among the rocks, so as to get a few hours' sleep—with little chance of finding their way on when they woke. This desire for sleep, we are told, arose from the impossibility of sleeping in the excessive heat during the day, the thermometer showing 110° to 115°, even in the tents, which were at every halting-place; and also to the slow and lengthy marches undertaken at night, for although the total distance was correctly given as one hundred and twenty miles, it appeared to the wearied troops to be considerably more.

The following is the composition of the force which was brought across from Kosseir to Keneh:—

A. BRITISH TROOPS.

	OFFICERS.	N.-C.O.'S & MEN.	TOTAL.
8th Light Dragoons[2] ...	5 ...	80 ...	85
Royal Artillery[2]	2 ...	44 ...	46
Royal Engineers	1 ...	0 ...	1
10th Foot	36 ...	918 ...	954
61st[2] „	43 ...	931 ...	974
80th „	17 ...	343 ...	360
86th „	16 ...	341 ...	357
88th „	21 ...	436 ...	457
			3234

[1] By dysentery and ophthalmia.

[2] From the Cape.

B. NATIVE TROOPS.

	OFFICERS.	N.-C.O.'s & MEN.	TOTAL.
Bengal Artillery	8 ...	307 ...	315
Bombay „	6 ...	314 ...	320
Madras „	5 ...	248 ...	253
Engineers of 3 Presidencies	5 ...	0 ...	5
Madras Pioneers	2 ...	92 ...	94
Bengal Infantry Volunteers	26 ...	605 ...	631
1st Bombay Infantry ...	36 ...	786 ...	822
7th „ „ ...	38 ...	723 ...	761
			3201

Grand Total, 6435

The guns numbered about thirty, and were drawn across the desert by bullocks.

On arriving at Keneh Baird made strenuous efforts to communicate with General Hutchinson at Cairo, and obtain decided orders from him. Being in the dark as to what the position was in Lower Egypt, and hearing vaguely that the French had been practically driven out of the country, Baird knew not whether to bring his troops down stream, or whether, in case they should be no longer required, to take them back again to Kosseir and re-embark them there for Batavia and Mauritius. At last, however, he received the long-expected despatch, dated July 5, which informed him that, owing to General Menou's resistance, and to intelligence received that the French were despatching a great expedition, probably against Egypt, General Hutchinson would be extremely glad to have General Baird's able assistance and co-operation.

Baird at once issued orders for the movement down stream, and collected as many boats as possible from the river above and below him. The Nile was rising daily and threatening to swamp the banks, so it was

necessary, since part of the force was obliged to go by road, to move as quickly as possible. The movement was carried out more easily than Baird expected, for the country was with him, and brought in large quantities of supplies and boats. The troops were packed into the boats as quickly as they arrived from the desert, and on July 31 the General, having despatched a portion of his force to march along the banks, and having left Colonel Murray in charge at Keneh, and some troops there and in the desert to keep the route open to Kosseir, embarked in his boat for Cairo.

On August 8 General Baird reached Ghizeh (opposite Cairo), and proceeded to make arrangements for encamping his troops here, the last orders from General Hutchinson having been to this effect.

The state of affairs in Egypt was not at all to Baird's liking, for he now found that after all his difficulties had been successfully surmounted, and his wearisome marches concluded, there would probably be no fighting in which to display the mettle of his troops.

It seemed indeed as though there would be little for the Indian army to do, for although the French in Alexandria, under General Menou, were still holding out, there was a sufficient force of British, Turks, and Mamelukes surrounding the town to make an ultimate surrender a matter of only a few weeks. Cairo, with a French garrison of nearly 14,000 men under General Belliard, had capitulated on June 27, so there was nothing further to be done in this direction for the present. It was a sad disappointment to all concerned, and could not but raise a doubt in their minds as to whether the force might not, after all, have

been better employed in the cherished project of an attack on Batavia and Mauritius.

By the middle of August the expedition, coming down stream in detachments, had concentrated at Ghizeh. Never had there been seen, by all accounts, a finer body of men, and their discipline was only equalled by their efficiency.

In accordance with orders received, Baird broke up his camp towards the end of the month and moved down stream towards Rosetta, to assist in the reduction of Alexandria. But here again were the Indians destined to disappointment, for on the very day on which they arrived (September 1) the French garrison capitulated.

The events which occurred in Egypt during the next nine months may be briefly summarized: the difficulties between ourselves and the Turks with regard to the disposal of the Mamelukes (who subsequently obtained possession of all Egypt), the uniting of the Indian and British armies, in spite of Baird's protest, under Lord Cavan (who succeeded General Hutchinson as Commander-in-Chief in Egypt), the arrival of the news on November 15 that the preliminaries of a treaty of peace had been signed with France, the splitting up of Baird's army, and the return of the Indian portion across the desert to Suez in the late spring of 1802—all can only be touched on. It may not be out of place here to mention the opinion expressed at this time by Count de Noë, a French Royalist officer serving in our 10th Foot, on the character of his General. "Nous nous en séparâmes avec regret; ce digne chef s'étoit toujours distingué par le vif intérêt qu'il prenoit aux officiers sous ses ordres, et par sa sollicitude envers le soldat. Sévère, mais juste, dans l'exercise de ses fonctions

il étoit également chéri et respecté de tous ses soubordonnés" (*sic*).

The crossing to Suez was effected during the latter end of May without difficulty, in consequence of the help extended by Lord Cavan and the Turkish Pasha of Egypt. By June 7 all were embarked, and on July 6 Baird arrived at Madras.

After a brilliant reception had been accorded to the General and his troops, and a special General Order issued thanking them for their services—and be it noted, that all the natives employed on the expedition received "honorary" medals, a rare distinction at that period,—Baird was appointed Commander of Fort William (near Calcutta), and transferred in September to Fort St. George (Madras). As a recompense for his services the Sultan of Turkey appointed Baird Knight of the Crescent, but the honour does not appear against his name till 1808.

Shortly after his arrival hostilities again broke out between ourselves and a combination of native princes, and Baird was given command of a division. After a series of harassing marches, during which considerable difficulty was experienced in feeding his troops, the General reached the Tumbudra river. His personal activity had been most noticeable during this time, and some officers, not blessed with the same energy, even affected to consider that such constant exertion was hardly necessary, especially under the burning Indian sun. After the day's march Baird would visit each corps and department in his division, and afterwards reconnoitre the country to be traversed on the morrow, finishing up with an evening parade. No detail was too minute to

escape his eye, and although he was aware of the opinions entertained by the above-mentioned gentlemen, he used himself to say that he considered his actions absolutely necessary for the discipline and efficiency of his troops, and that although they might grumble on the march and in quarters, they would be only too thankful to him when they found themselves opposite the enemy. With which sentiment few will disagree. Strange to say, after a few days at the Tumbudra, Baird applied for leave to relinquish his command and return to England. The reasons must have been serious which prompted him thus to give up an important command on the eve of hostilities, but beyond the fact that he considered himself slighted by having to send considerable drafts to General Wellesley's force, and in other ways, little has transpired as to his motives. Whatever the reasons may have been he returned to Madras, and embarked on the *True Briton* for home; this was in February 1803.

On her voyage across the Indian Ocean the vessel was driven to the south by a violent storm, and failing to make the Cape of Good Hope, she steered her course for St. Helena. Here Baird was met by the intelligence that we were again at war with France, and the *True Briton* being detained for convoy work, he engaged a passage in a South Sea whaler. His ocean troubles, however, were not yet over, for in the Bay of Biscay the whaler was chased and captured by a French privateer. The prize-master was taking her towards Bordeaux when the fortune of war again intervened, this time in Baird's favour, for H.M.S. *Sirius* espied the whaler and quickly recaptured her. Baird transhipped to H.M.S. *Mary*, which was pro-

ceeding homewards, and whilst in her nearly terminated his career for good and all, for a round shot coming from a French coast battery near Ushant, which they had happened upon during a thick fog, passed within a few inches of his head whilst he was standing at the gangway. Eventually he reached Falmouth in safety, and a French prisoner of equal rank having been liberated in exchange in consequence of Baird having given his parole not to try and escape, he was shortly appointed to the Staff of the Eastern District, under Sir James Craig. In 1804 he was knighted.

The next exploit of General Baird was the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, which, since his sojourn there, had been handed over to the Dutch in accordance with the terms of the Peace of Amiens (March 25, 1802). In July 1805 he received secret orders from Lord Castlereagh to take command of an expedition consisting of half the 20th Light Dragoons, some Artillery, and the 24th, 38th, 59th, 71st, 72nd, 83rd, and 98th regiments, which were embarking at Cork and Falmouth, ostensibly for the West Indies and India respectively. Sir Home Popham, already well known (and well trusted) by Baird in the Red Sea in 1801, was to have command of the fleet (six ships), and the expedition was to rendezvous at Madeira and capture Cape Town as quickly as possible. The total number of bayonets and sabres (exclusive of seamen and marines) was 6654.

We can imagine Baird's joy at receiving these orders, and he was not long in putting them into execution. He was quickly at work in Cork, superintending the arrangements, and fostering the idea that the destination of the expedition was the Mediterranean. Funchal was reached

on September 28, and the concentration was effected at San Salvador (or Bahia in Brazil), a measure rendered necessary by the bad weather encountered, and by the loss of two transports [1] on a reef off the South American coast. Here the force was carefully inspected by Baird, and the final touches put to it. On November 28 the fleet left this port, and made the coast of Africa, a little to the north of Cape Town, on January 4, 1806.

The garrison of this town was numerically superior to the troops under Baird's command, and consisted of a mongrel force of Dutch infantry and artillery, Boers, Germans, French sailors, and Hottentots, the numerous cavalry being "composed of Boers and farmers, well mounted and armed with long guns, capable of throwing shot to a much greater distance than ordinary muskets." [2] The Joubert of those days was one General Janssens, an officer much esteemed for his kindness of heart (of which Baird took full advantage later on), his administrative capacity, and his military talents. This officer was as cunning as he was worthy, for he had determined to let the town take care of itself, and capitulate if it liked, whilst he guarded the land approaches to it, and cut off the food supplies for our troops and fleet once we were in possession.

The fleet anchored off Table Bay beyond the range of the batteries, and Baird and Popham gave anxious thought to the plan of attack. Eventually they settled to land at Leopard's Bay,[3] sixteen miles north of Cape Town, but

[1] But only three lives.

[2] Compare Majuba, seventy-five years later.

[3] Close to the present Melkbosch Point.

on the following day the surf was so heavy that it was found to be impossible; the 20th and 38th were therefore sent to disembark as an advanced guard further north, at Saldanha Bay. However, on the following morning the surf had so moderated that landing was found to be possible at Leopard's Bay after all, and by the morning of the 8th the whole of the troops, with six small guns, had been landed, meeting with no opposition to speak of. After four miles of the sandy Cape Town road had been traversed, the enemy was found in strength on the Blauweberg, prepared to dispute our passage. The British force therefore advanced in two brigades of three battalions each, and on the enemy's cavalry threatening to turn our right flank, the right brigade engaged and contained them, whilst the left brigade advanced under a hail of bullets and prepared to charge the Dutch infantry. The latter, however, did not wait, but broke and fled, leaving a large number on the field. The remainder of the enemy's force followed their example, and retreated in an easterly direction towards the interior.

With a loss of fifteen killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded our troops pushed on towards the town, but were much distressed by the want both of condition and of water. They halted at Riet Wallery for the night, and Baird here passed several anxious hours, for Janssens was threatening his line of communications with the fleet—a precarious base in this case, dependent on the weather; he was short of supplies and water, and he expected a tough resistance on the morrow from the formidable works round Cape Town if he ventured on an attack with only 3500 men and a few six-pounders.

On the following morning, therefore, he took up a position on the shore which offered favourable conditions for communicating with the fleet, with a view to landing more guns, men, and supplies. Much to his relief, however, a flag of truce shortly appeared from the town with offers of capitulation, and these were carried into effect on the same day.

General Janssens had now to be dealt with. He had taken up a position at Hottentot's Holland Kloof, and was preparing to cut off the supplies to the town. Baird therefore sent the 59th and 72nd to threaten his rear, and another detachment, by sea, to land on his left rear. At the same time he heard that Janssens was wavering between his previous determination to cut off supplies and thus ruin many of his fellow-countrymen, and a desire to surrender in view of the hopelessness of further resistance. He therefore despatched a conciliatory letter, which we can only describe as being a model of "soft sawder"; he pointed out that Janssens had behaved gallantly, that no more could possibly be expected of him, that further resistance would only mean the useless spilling of his countrymen's blood and the destruction of their property; and he concluded by suggesting, most politely, a complete surrender. After several days' hesitation (during which the 83rd was despatched to cut off his possible retreat), and endeavours to obtain better terms, Janssens' solicitude for his countrymen's property gained the day, and he surrendered with all the honours of war.

General Baird thereupon assumed the Governorship of the colony, in accordance with his instructions. The results of his administration may be gathered from the

respect with which he was regarded by the inhabitants, and afterwards by the remarks of his successor, General Grey, who wrote—"On my arrival at the Cape I found much to admire and nothing to change."

In February Baird made elaborate preparations for giving a warm reception to Admiral Villeaumez's squadron, which was reported to be coming to the Cape; but all in vain. The squadron must have got wind of the British occupation, for the only French vessel that arrived was the *Volontaire* frigate, which, misled by our perfidious hoisting of Dutch colours, innocently entered the harbour, and was promptly captured.

We now come to an episode in General Baird's life in which his action got him into serious trouble with the home authorities, and eventually brought about his recall from the Cape. Though it is not for us to say whether his conduct was correct or the reverse, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that his action was dictated by the highest motives, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred British officers would have acted as he did. It came about in this wise. Commodore Sir Home Popham had for some time past had his attention directed to the defenceless condition of the rich Spanish colonies in what is now known as the Argentine Republic, and had determined to try and secure them by means of an expedition on his own account. For this purpose he required men, and asked Baird to lend him some of the troops under his command. Baird for a long time felt it his duty to refuse to lend a hand in an undertaking apparently unauthorized by the home Government, though Popham assured him that the enterprise was founded on an understanding with the British Ministry,

whom he had sounded on the subject. Baird, whose characteristic Scotch caution forbade him to act without written orders, hesitated for some time; but on Popham limiting his demands to one regiment of infantry and some artillery, and assuring him that he would carry out the expedition in any case, even if he had to do it without troops, the General gave way, and lent him the 71st Regiment and some field guns, with a small detachment of gunners, and Colonel (Brigadier-General) Beresford in command.

On April 13, 1806, this force sailed from the Cape *viâ* St. Helena for the River Plate, and on June 27 captured with little bloodshed the town of Buenos Ayres. So far so good; but on August 12 an unexpected rising took place, and the British troops, outnumbered and exposed to a murderous fire from the tops of the houses, were obliged, with a loss of 165 out of 1300, to lay down their arms. The home Government, willing enough to reap advantage from the first success, had already despatched reinforcements, and issued orders regulating the trade of their new possession; but even before the news of the disaster arrived in England their tone had changed completely. Sir Home Popham was recalled and tried by court martial, and Baird received a letter, dated July 26, by which he was informed that his action was not viewed with favour at home, and that he was to return home directly his successor arrived.

In January 1807 Major-General Grey disembarked, and took over the government. General Baird therefore proceeded home nominally in disgrace, but his embarkation partook rather of a heartfelt farewell to a national hero,

Addresses of sympathy and regret poured in on him, even from the Dutch burghers, and from the text of these addresses it is evident that he had succeeded in winning the affection and respect of the people under his rule.

It was not long before the country again required his services, this time in an entirely novel direction. The treaty of Tilsit had raised grave suspicions that Napoleon intended to use the Danish fleet to assist him in reducing the maritime strength of England, and the strong but necessary step was taken of sending a powerful expedition against a neutral capital to Copenhagen. Sir David was attached as G. O. C. First Division under Lord Cathcart; and by the beginning of September the town, arsenal, and fleet were in our hands. This expedition must be referred to in the briefest terms, for although Baird's division took part in the bombardment of Copenhagen, the circumstances were such as to offer no particular opportunity for distinction. He was, however, twice slightly wounded, once in the collar-bone and once in the left hand.

On his return to England Sir David was ordered to form a camp of instruction on the Curragh of Kildare, with a command of 13,000 men, and was busily employed during the next nine months in organizing that establishment, the success of which eventually led in after years to the formation of Aldershot.

Baird was not long left in pursuance of this peaceful occupation, for in August 1808 he was ordered to take command of a division of 11,000 men, embark them at Cork and Falmouth, and proceed to Corunna, thence to

unite with Sir John Moore's army, and assist the Spaniards in driving the French out of the Peninsula.[1]

By October 13 Baird's force had anchored at Çorunna; but already here his difficulties began, for the local Junta refused to allow the disembarkation until leave to do so had been obtained from the Central Junta at Madrid! When the leave arrived, the country people were not more complaisant than their superiors, for they looked upon their British allies with suspicion, and refused to provide them with fresh supplies or assistance in procuring transport, except at most outrageous prices.

Sir John Moore was meanwhile at Lisbon. The plan of campaign was to advance the two armies from their then bases, and unite at some point in Leon, the Spanish armies under Blake, Romana, Palafox, and Castaños meanwhile covering their concentration from the French, who were pouring troops into Spain in the direction of Madrid. Baird was instructed to form his advanced depôt at Astorga, and began his march thither on October 28, only six days after disembarking.

It is not necessary to follow the details of the march of the two armies towards each other. Both Baird and Moore had the greatest difficulty in collecting and forwarding supplies, for the Spaniards, instead of, as had been confidently expected, welcoming them as deliverers, helped them little or not at all, and the destruction of the Spanish armies one after the other before the two British forces had joined, left the latter in a perilous condition, liable to be defeated in detail by the French armies which were now advancing on them from several points.

[1] These operations may be followed on map at p. 426.

On November 28 Sir John at Salamanca had become so anxious for the safety of the British forces that he determined to retreat, and ordered Baird to fall back on Corunna. On December 5, however, hearing that Madrid was still holding out, and being pressed on all sides to consider his determination, General Moore countermanded these orders, and the two armies eventually effected their junction, on the 20th, at Mayorga. Hardly, however, had this been accomplished, and orders issued for the advance on the 23rd, when Sir John received information that the whole of the French forces, numbering over 80,000 men, with Napoleon in command, were advancing to cut him off from Galicia. He therefore abandoned all forward movement, and, much to the disgust of his army, ordered a retreat on Vigo, *viâ* Astorga.

The horrors of this march have often been described, and need no more here than a slight reference. In the depths of winter, over mountainous and barren country, with a disorganized Spanish army of fugitives hampering every movement, and with Soult's pursuing columns in their rear, the British troops were obliged, sorely against their will, to make forced marches, day and night, back to the sea. After suffering frightful hardships from the weather and from want of supplies, the army arrived at Corunna, to which the destination of the retreat had been changed, on the 14th, but no ships were in sight. Sir David Baird had during this terrible time shown the most conspicuous devotion in trying to keep his Division together, and looking after their wants to the best of human ability; but his men had suffered severely, chiefly from the exhaustion following the day and night marches ordered

by Sir John, against which Sir David had protested in vain as being most harmful and unnecessary. Although it was obvious that the troops could, and were most anxious, to make a stand against the pursuing enemy, Moore appeared to have but one idea—retreat at all costs; and Baird, his loyalty and discipline strained to the utmost, did his duty manfully, and carried out to the full these most distasteful orders.

On the 15th the transports arrived from Vigo, and the work of embarking the sick and the wounded was soon in full swing, covered by the army in position on the hills surrounding the bay. On the 16th the French made preparations for the attack, and the disheartened British troops revived as if by magic. Sir David's division was on the right of the line, and seeing the French columns advancing against this point, he asked his General whether it was not time to move forward, and if so, whether he would not give the order. "No, Baird, do you give the word," said Sir John, and Baird at once ordered his division to advance. This was the last word of command he ever gave in action, for a few minutes later a grape shot struck him in the left arm, immediately below the shoulder. Almost stunned by the blow, he dismounted, and then tried to mount again, but it was impossible. Although the bone was shattered, and his side was laid open by the same shot, he *walked* so quietly into Corunna that several officers who passed him on the way did not even notice he was wounded. After a short rest in his quarters, he was taken on board the *Ville de Paris*, and there the surgeons immediately performed the painful operation of cutting the arm out of the socket. During the progress of

the amputation Baird remained quietly seated at the table, and only once uttered an exclamation of pain. Even when urged to lie down, and whilst the surgeons were dressing the wound, he was much more concerned about the progress of the action than about himself.

Sir John Moore's death, which occurred a short time after Baird received his wound, left the latter in command of the army, but under the circumstances the command was assumed by General Hope, who successfully carried out the brilliant victory which followed, and embarked the army.

It was long before Sir David recovered from the effects of his wound, but his sufferings were alleviated by the sincere sympathy which he received from all, by the vote of thanks which Parliament gave him, and by the honourable though tardy recognition of his services by the immediate bestowal on him by the King of the red ribbon of the Bath, and of a baronetcy in the following April.

* * * * * *

The record of Sir David Baird's career now draws to a close. The only subsequent appointment which he was able to hold was that of Commander of the Forces in Ireland, from 1820 to 1822, and the command being reduced in the latter year to that of a Lieutenant-General, he resigned it in favour of his old Adjutant-General in Egypt (now Sir Samuel) Auchmuty. Thereafter he retired into private life, and having married a Miss Preston in 1810, and been created G.C.B. in 1815, he spent his remaining years in peace and happiness.

He died on August 18, 1829, from the effects of a bad fall from his horse six years earlier.

The memory of Baird will long remain in British history as that of an incarnation of almost all the military virtues. Cool, resourceful, self-reliant, brave, active, energetic, just, and, above all, devoted to his duty, he had in addition the qualities of the born organizer and leader of men, and the power of making himself respected and beloved by all who came under his influence. Of his powers as a strategist and a tactician we have but few examples, and great, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he could hardly be called. But as a thorough soldier he stands in the front rank of this world's heroes, and Great Britain may consider herself lucky in being able to claim him as a son of hers in the time of the great struggle.

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MOORE

1761—1809

AMONG the men who took part in the building up of the world-wide British Empire, a prominent place belongs to Sir John Moore, whose character combined in a very remarkable way firmness and decision with gentleness and affability, prudence with daring, patriotism with sympathy for a distressed foe, and a deep sense of duty with a keen sensitiveness or touchiness as to the manner in which he was treated by his official superiors. He had strong and well-cultivated intellectual powers, which enabled him to make correct judgments, and during all his life he displayed much affection for the members of his family. He was never married, as he considered his means inadequate to support in a proper manner the lady to whom his affections were given.

John Moore was born at Glasgow on November 13, 1761, and died at Corunna, in Spain, from the effects of a wound received in action, on January 16, 1809. He was the third son of Dr. Moore, a Glasgow physician of high character and learning, and as he remained under his father's care until he was fifteen years old, there can be no doubt that his character, at first fiery and intractable, was largely influenced for good by the judicious and firm influence of his father. His figure was tall and graceful, and though his facial expression was cheerful and kindly in character

MOORE.

yet his firmly-set mouth gives some indication of the fearlessness and strength of mind that characterized his whole career.

His education began at the High School at Glasgow, but in 1772, when the boy was eleven years of age, his father took charge of the young Duke of Hamilton during a prolonged tour on the Continent of Europe. John accompanied the party, and though the Duke was five years his senior, a warm friendship sprang up between them—a friendship which proved very beneficial to Moore, in an age when men as a rule could procure advancement only by patronage or purchase.

Dr. Moore and his two young charges visited Paris, Geneva, various places in Germany, as well as Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Naples; during all this time John's education was continued with a view to fit him for a military career, for which he had shown an inclination before he was twelve years old. His curriculum included mathematics, engineering, geography, history, general literature, fencing, and riding; besides which he learnt French and Italian, a knowledge of which proved of the greatest use to him in after years. When in Berlin in 1775, the travellers were received by Frederick the Great, who gave them permission to be present at his reviews, the effect of which was to increase young Moore's desire for a military career. While they were at Naples in 1776, the glad tidings arrived that the Duke of Argyle, at the request of the Duke of Hamilton, had obtained an ensigncy in the 51st Regiment for Moore. But as he was only fifteen years old, he obtained leave from his regiment, then at Minorca, and after remaining some months longer in Italy

he rejoined his mother at Glasgow towards the end of the year, preparatory to joining his regiment.

After a short stay at Glasgow he hastened, early in 1777, to Minorca, *viâ* Marseilles, to join his regiment, then stationed at Port Mahon. His life there was uneventful, but the bent of his character showed itself plainly. Though only sixteen years old, he persevered in his studies, showed strict obedience to orders, paid scrupulous attention to details, and avoided the somewhat fashionable evils of excessive drinking, gambling, and quarrelling; rather unusual characteristics for lads of his age at such a period. But the dull routine of garrison life weighed heavily on a young soul burning with ardour for active service. In his letters to his father he expressed his longing to take part in the American War, which was then at its height. This desire was soon gratified, for the Duke of Hamilton, also seized with military ardour, had raised, with the consent of the Government, a Highland regiment for active service in America, in which he secured for young Moore both a lieutenancy and the post of paymaster.

His regiment proceeded to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and in June 1779 formed a portion of the expeditionary force to the Bay of Penobscot, under MacLean. In this expedition young Moore more than once distinguished himself by coolness and daring, and in this way won for himself the warm friendship of MacLean, who, on their return to Halifax, placed at Moore's disposal his own valuable professional library. Needless to say, Moore made full use of his opportunity. This incident forms rather a happy picture of a distinguished general, not only equipping himself with the best military literature of the day, but also personally

undertaking the instruction of a promising young officer. Unfortunately after some time MacLean's health gave way, and he died at Halifax.

The quiet routine of an uneventful garrison life again began to weigh on Moore, who had been promoted to a captaincy. So in 1781 he went on leave to New York, the head-quarters of the British Army in America, in the hopes of seeing service, but while he was there the news arrived of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town. This surrender virtually ended the land operations of the American War, and Moore returned to England on leave.

While he was at home the Peace of Versailles was signed in 1783, and one result of this peace was the disbandment of the Hamilton Regiment. Captain Moore was now placed on half-pay, but he spent much of his spare time studying military history and field-fortification.

The failure to bring the American War to a successful conclusion brought about a change of Ministry at home, and in the new Parliament Moore was elected, through the influence of the Duke of Hamilton, as the representative of four Scottish boroughs. In Parliament he held himself independent of the recognized political parties of the day. However, he generally voted for Pitt's measures, and though he did this, Burke, then in the Opposition, was so convinced of the honesty of his convictions, that he spoke to Dr. Moore in commendatory terms of his son's political conduct. Moore's moderation and straightforward character won for him many friends on both sides of the House, and also the permanent friendship of the Duke of York. Moore's parliamentary experience proved of great value to him in subsequent years, for it gave him a

practical insight both into the fabric and spirit of our national government, and also into the influences that controlled the conduct of the statesmen of the day.

But Moore's ruling passion was for a military career. The reduction of establishments that followed the peace of 1783 offered no opportunity for the satisfaction of this desire until 1787, when, owing to a probable renewal of war, the strength of the army was increased. Amongst other increases, two new battalions were added to the 60th Regiment, to one of which Moore was appointed as major. He joined this battalion at Chatham, and his strong, firm, and just character was conspicuously displayed in effecting the rapid disciplining and training of the officers and men entrusted to his care. But in the following year, 1788, he was transferred to his old regiment, the 51st, which was then stationed at Cork.

When Major Moore joined the 51st he found it in a very disorganized state. His suggestions for improving it were ill-received by his Lieutenant-Colonel, who considered them as an uncalled-for interference. Moore tactfully accepted the situation and bided his time, acting with loyalty to his commanding officer, and winning the devotion of those under him, many of whom owed their promotion to him in after years, among them Ensign Anderson, subsequently his inseparable companion. Further than this, during his whole stay in Ireland, up to 1792, Moore closely studied the condition of affairs in that island and the character of the people—a knowledge which, later, proved of the utmost value to him. Moore had one strong characteristic, and that was the desire to gather information of every kind wherever he might be. In after years

we have him, wherever stationed, finding out all that he could about the country and the people among whom he was living—information of the greatest value to every soldier who recognizes the fact that war is a political act entered into for a political purpose, by which it must be directly or indirectly controlled from beginning to end.

While Major Moore was stationed in Ireland, a probable rupture with Spain in 1789, over the ownership of St. George's Sound,[1] on the Pacific coast of North America, led to the preparation of an expeditionary force to attack the rich Spanish colonies in South America, from which Spain derived so much revenue in gold. The rumour of war induced the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 51st Regiment to apply for leave to retire for family reasons. The leave being granted, Moore purchased his commission, and thus succeeded to the command of the regiment. He at once set about improving its discipline by strictly enforcing obedience to the existing military regulations, while at the same time cultivating friendly relations with his officers and men. The battalion was soon thoroughly practised in drill and other military duties, and while discipline was strictly enforced, the welfare of the men was at the same time carefully considered and provided for. At this period drunkenness was very rife among the officers of the army, but Lieutenant-Colonel Moore strictly set his face against the custom, and made those of his officers who would not conform to his views either leave the service or exchange into other regiments. The splendid spirit and discipline that the 51st Regiment subsequently displayed in the long Peninsular War were admittedly due to Moore's training.

[1] Then known as Nootka Sound.

Moore's genius enabled him to see that training men to a mere blind obedience to orders was not a healthy or a high ideal to work for, as it cannot ever draw out of them the maximum of energy and will. This can only be done by affection. And so, side by side with a strict disciplinary system, we find Colonel Moore adopting a friendly and cordial attitude towards his officers and men, while exercising careful and considerate forethought for their personal requirements and future well-being.

On the friction between Spain and England being smoothed over, the expeditionary force was broken up again, and the 51st Regiment remained in Ireland until 1792, when it received orders to embark for Gibraltar, which place was reached by the end of March 1792. Colonel Moore's active spirit again found relief from the monotonous routine of garrison duty in travelling about Southern Spain and acquiring a knowledge of the Spanish character and habits.

In December 1793, the 50th and 51st Regiments were sent from Gibraltar, and joined the expeditionary force to Corsica under General Dundas; the Corsicans having applied to England for help and annexation. Colonel Moore and Major Kochler, an artillery officer, were sent in advance to report on the practicability of the proposed enterprise, and to investigate how far the Corsicans were in earnest in desiring English help and rule. They were accompanied by Sir Gilbert Elliot, the King's Commissioner in the Mediterranean, who was to communicate with Paoli on political points. This small party sailed in January 1794, and were enthusiastically received by the Corsicans. They learnt that the French still held St.

Fiorenza, Bastia, and Calvi. When the fleet appeared, Moore made his report in favour of immediate action, before the French could strengthen their defences, provided the Corsicans gave them hearty co-operation. But Moore had unwittingly under-estimated the French strength, relying on Corsican estimates. He reported the French forces as only 2000, whereas in reality they were 7000 strong.

Moore's report was approved, and the fleet sailed to Porto Ferrara, to assemble the troops and to collect the ordnance stores required for the land operations, and it was not until February 1794 that by the taking of St. Fiorenza the operations began,[1] which ended in the freeing of Corsica from the presence of French troops. Moore took a prominent part in them all, and led the assaults on the fortified places with great bravery and determination, after these assaults had been duly prepared by artillery fire, from pieces which in some cases had been dragged with great difficulty to their emplacements. After St. Fiorenza, Bastia was next attacked, and finally, in May 1794, the French garrison of 6000 men capitulated from famine. Soon after this, General Sir Charles Stuart arrived from England and took command of the troops, General Dundas having left for England. Between Moore and Stuart a great friendship sprang up.

After the fall of Bastia, the siege of Calvi was begun on June 29, when the weather was oppressively hot and fever

[1] A Martello tower defended the bay of this place and held out for a week. It was the model on which the Martello towers were built along the south coast of England to resist the expected French invasion at the beginning of this century.

very prevalent, from the marshy character of the soil around Calvi. For these reasons Stuart determined to avoid regular siege operations, which would only cause his force to waste away with sickness. Consequently he decided to assault at an early date, after a preliminary bombardment, and for this purpose he hurried forward the landing of the necessary guns, ammunition, stores, and provisions. Lord Hood also sent him fifty men under Captain Nelson. Batteries were erected during the succeeding nights, and a fierce cannonade was kept up by both sides.[1] Stuart slept every night in the trenches, and very frequently reconnoitred the effects of the artillery fire. Moore expostulated with him at his exposing himself so much, but Stuart replied that he considered it the special duty of the commander to examine personally the state of the breach, lest he should expose others to the greater danger of storming before it was practicable. This noble answer was never effaced from Moore's memory. The assault on the outworks of Calvi was ordered to be made at the dawn of July 19 by three assaulting columns —two to make the assault and one to follow in reserve for use when required. Moore commanded the right column, and the assault, bravely led and carried out, was successful. New batteries were raised on the captured works, but the excessive heat and destructive sickness caused much delay. However, on August 22, the French garrison capitulated.

Shortly after this, the post falling vacant, Moore was made Stuart's adjutant-general; but on Sir Gilbert Elliot being appointed Viceroy of Corsica, with full civil and military authority, Stuart sent in his resignation.

[1] It was during this cannonade that Nelson lost his eye.

Moore's parliamentary experience convinced him that the Corsicans were totally unfitted for the imitation of the British constitution which Elliot tried to force on them, and in common with every other Englishman on the island, felt deeply for the Corsicans. This was displeasing to the Viceroy, so on the excuse that Moore was thwarting him in his policy, he ordered him away in October 1795. However it is to be noted, that he wrote home expressing a wish that Colonel Moore should be employed elsewhere, and acknowledging his great talents. Moore's departure was deeply regretted, not only by the troops, but also by the Corsicans.

On reaching England, Moore had an interview with Pitt, who was favourably impressed with his display of character and who was acquainted with Elliot's disposition. The Duke of York also took up his cause, and Moore was soon astonished by being promoted to the command of a brigade forming part of an expedition that was being sent under Sir Ralph Abercromby to the West Indies, which at that time formed the chief centre of England's external trade. His brigade was forming in the Isle of Wight, and consisted of foreign corps, chiefly of French emigrant Royalists. The post of brigade-major he kept open for his old friend Anderson of the 51st Regiment, who, he heard, had already sailed to Barbados.

On February 28, 1796, the expedition sailed from Spithead, and reached Barbados on April 15. From here two strong detachments were sent off, one to St. Domingo and the other to Demerara and Berbica, and on April 22 the remainder of the force with Moore's brigade sailed for St. Lucia.

The first objective was the harbour of Castries, the chief town of St. Lucia. The landing had to be forced, and was actually effected during a high wind by Moore at the head of the 42nd Highlanders. In fact, the operation would have been delayed but for Moore's protests and energy. In the subsequent operations Moore was the moving spirit, and on several occasions showed complete readiness to accept responsibility when unexpected events occurred, or when his orders were not clear and Abercromby was not present to issue fresh orders. Moore's personal bravery and daring were also conspicuously displayed, and his judgment was so sound that Abercromby invariably approved of whatever he undertook on his own authority. In the siege operations that followed, Moore's previous experience at the siege of Calvi proved of great value. He thoroughly recognized the necessity for guns of powerful calibre pushed forward to as short a range as possible.

It was at this time that an incident occurred showing Moore's large-mindedness and disinterestedness of character. The siege batteries having been erected more or less within the limits of the ground held by Moore's troops, the work of superintendence almost entirely fell on him, and he found the work too much for his physical powers. Consequently he asked Abercromby to order General Knox, Moore's senior, to take over part of the work. Sir Ralph replied that he had no intention of superseding him, and was surprised at Moore's request. Moore replied that he had only asked for a good officer, "for it is of the utmost importance that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands."

Next day General Knox was put in orders for the duty, and he and Moore subsequently acted in perfect harmony.

The French capitulated towards the end of May 1796, but not before several hard-fought sallies had been undertaken, in the repelling of which Moore took an active and leading part. In fact, throughout his career, Moore seems to have delighted in being foremost in all hand-to-hand fighting, in which he invariably displayed the most determined coolness and bravery.

Abercromby could not stay longer in St. Lucia, which was as yet far from being subjugated; and on June 4 he sailed with most of his force, to reduce the revolted islands of Grenada and St. Vincent. But before leaving he pressed Moore to accept the post of Governor of St. Lucia on the plea that his military talents were necessary to complete the subjugation of the island. The work before Moore was one of very great difficulty. The wooded and intricate mountains were full of armed negro bands called "Brigands," who had been declared free by French revolutionary agents. The only result obtained by these political fanatics was to kindle in the emancipated slaves an unbridled ferocity, which developed into a savagery sullied by unmentionable horrors, sparing neither women nor children. Unfortunately the woods were full of succulent roots, on which the brigands were able to live, and Victor Hugues, the French Commandant at Guadeloupe, was able, in the absence of any British ships, to send frequent supplies of arms, ammunition, and provisions to the revolted negroes.

The white troops that had been left with Moore were

chiefly recruits with inexperienced officers, for the reasons already stated, and he more than once complained to Abercromby both of the shameful ignorance and want of zeal of the officers under his command, and also of the want of discipline that existed among the men—a state of things that proved a great source of trial to him, and compelled him to be constantly moving up and down the island to see that his orders were being carried out. He believed in seeing that the orders he issued were put into effect. But besides his European troops, he had a small corps of black troops of which he thought highly, considering them to be the best kind of troops for the country, because they were possessed of many excellent qualities and, with proper training and attention, could be made fit for anything.

The housing of his troops was Moore's first great difficulty, as the destruction effected by the brigands had been so excessive that there were not sufficient buildings remaining either to shelter the troops or to form a hospital, and, the rainy season having set in, much sickness prevailed from the outset.

Moore was overwhelmed with applications for troops to protect the various plantations, but he wisely saw the danger and weakness of splitting up his troops into numerous small detachments. As soon as possible he made a tour of the island, in order to become acquainted with the principal people and to address meetings, assuring the planters of protection, and asking them to treat their slaves with kindness and justice, so as to tempt back those who had joined the brigands. He then proceeded to act as many others have done under similar circumstances, as

Cromwell in the Eastern Counties, Hoche in la Vendée, Roberts and White in Burmah, and Carrington in Matabeleland. He established a line of fortified posts at certain important points covering the plantations, and told off flying columns to act offensively against the brigands wherever they could be found, and to give them no rest until they laid down their arms. He also arrested some of the few known agitators. The coast was also guarded as far as possible by detachments, to prevent supplies coming to the brigands by sea, and all boats were ordered to be destroyed. Vigilance and strict discipline were strongly inculcated on all concerned. Orders were also issued to destroy all the root crops found in the woods, as well as all the huts built by the brigands. Moore himself constantly visited the posts in succession, and took part in some of the offensive operations against the enemy whenever he got intelligence of their being assembled. In a letter to his father at this time, he complains that he had very few officers that he could depend on, and that his troops were bad and were so ill-commanded that his presence was necessary at every quarter. He found that the troops were healthier when kept actively employed than when at rest; he asserted that the greater part of the sickness suffered proceeded from a want of discipline and interior economy in the regiments, and accordingly he insisted on great attention being paid to the cleanliness and neatness of the soldiers' person and to the regularity of his diet, to extra food being issued instead of rum, to sea or river bathing, and to constant activity and movement; for, he adds, ordinary parades leave "the soldier to lounge the whole day in a barrack, where the air cannot

be good, and where, from indolence, his body becomes enervated and liable to disorder."

Moore's arrangements proved successful, and would have succeeded better had he been better able to prevent the brigands receiving supplies from Guadeloupe, but the coast-line was too extensive to enable him to watch it efficiently without war vessels. The brigands were gradually succumbing to famine, but his troops were also being diminished and disheartened by sickness, especially as they were without much zeal for their work. And in the end he was himself attacked with yellow fever, by which he would have been carried off but for the care of his Brigade-Major Anderson. He was then relieved by Colonel Drummond, who by continuing to carry out his views, successfully reduced the island to order, and Abercromby, seeing his feeble state, sent him home to England in July 1797, where he was well received by the Duke of York.

Soon after this, a French invasion being seriously apprehended, Major Hay of the Engineers was deputed to make a reconnaissance of the southern coast of England. Moore accompanied Hay in making this reconnaissance.

Moore's next employment was in Ireland, where a rebellion had broken out in 1796 at the instigation of French emissaries. To quell this rebellion, Abercromby, who had by this time also returned to England from the West Indies, was given command of the troops in Ireland. At his request, Moore was appointed to a brigade command under him, and they both reached Dublin early in December 1797.

Moore's head-quarters were at Bandon, and his force consisted of over 3000 Irish Militia, who had very little

idea of discipline. But by kindly, though strict and just treatment, he gradually brought them into tolerably good order. In April 1798 he received orders to disarm the population in his vicinity. This he carried out by keeping his troops collected, and ordering the various parishes to bring in the food required for his men, which was paid for. This enabled discipline to be preserved and prevented any plundering. Notice was then sent out for all arms to be brought in, on threat of permitting the troops to live at free quarters. This threat was effective, and as soon as the order was obeyed the troops were moved on to the next district. Moore everywhere urged the landlords to try and gain the good-will of their tenants. At the same time he kept a vigilant watch for assemblies or threatened risings, and wherever these were considered likely to take place, he appeared on the spot with such a strong force of cavalry and infantry as to overawe the malcontents. By such means, though his district was considered to be the most disaffected of all, no insurrection broke out in it.

In May the insurrection broke out furiously in Kildare, and General Lake determined to assemble all his disposable troops. In accordance with this resolution, Brigadier Moore was ordered to march from Bandon to Dublin, 200 miles. The fear of a rising in Cork kept him there for three days, but after that, by rapid marching, he reached New Ross in a week, where he joined General Johnstone, who had been severely attacked by the rebels. The enemy was attacked next day, but they did not wait for the assault. Moore was then ordered to proceed with 1000 men to Taghmon, seven miles from Wexford, after

joining with Lord Dalhousie, who was to meet him on the way. Moore, on reaching the place of rendezvous, sent out patrols to find intelligence either of the enemy or of Lord Dalhousie's force; but getting no information proceeded on towards Taghmon. However, before he had gone far he encountered a strong rebel force of about 6000 men, who charged boldly. Moore's inexperienced troops wavered, but he placed himself at the head of his right wing on foot, and, charging sword in hand with his men, drove the enemy back. Hearing that his left was also wavering, he galloped there, again led his men successfully forward, and the enemy fled. After resting on the battle-field that night, and having been joined by Lord Dalhousie, he advanced next day to Taghmon, but hearing of the distressed condition of Wexford, he determined to push on there before the rebels had time to recover from their defeat. He entered Wexford without resistance, and released the people who had been shut up as prisoners and who were on the point of being murdered in cold blood.

In the meantime Lake had combined with Johnstone, and defeated the main body of the rebels at Vinegar Hill. The rebellion was practically crushed, but order had to be restored. Moore was now promoted to Major-General, and was given command of a strong flying column to reduce those refractory rebel bodies that still entertained hopes of aid from France, and who for this reason persevered in hostilities. Large bodies of them lurked in the mountains of Wicklow. Moore pleaded with the landlords and tenants for mutual toleration; but to break up the irreconcilables he divided his force into four columns

with orders to keep up communications with each other as they advanced, to maintain strict discipline, and to avoid injuring the unarmed inhabitants. The rebels were then relentlessly pursued, and given no peace, until in three weeks they had either dispersed or laid down their arms.

News now arrived of the landing of a French force in the South of Ireland, and all the troops were hurried southwards, but before any serious fighting occurred, the French commander, Humbert, laid down his arms. General Moore's brother, who was present during the advance, gives a very interesting account of Moore's great energy and untiring exertions in gaining intelligence, in placing his outposts, and in seeing that the comforts and requirements of his men were supplied. Moore's sound judgment and tact won for him the warm respect and confidence of the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Cornwallis.

Next year, in 1799, when Bonaparte had been repulsed before Acre, and Suwarow was overrunning Northern Italy with a Russian force, the British Government determined to land a force in Holland to free that country from the domination of France. A Russian force of about 17,000 men was also subsidized to take part in the expedition. Sir Ralph Abercromby was accordingly ordered to begin the invasion with a force of 10,000 men, and Moore was appointed to the command of a brigade of this force. His brigade was formed in Hampshire, and the troops being mostly raw soldiers, he energetically threw himself into the work of training them in field duties. The troops were embarked at Ramsgate, and on August 27 Moore was the first to effect a landing, with about 300 men,

with whom he held the beach until the rest of his brigade had got on shore; after which he advanced, and covered the landing of the other brigades. The Dutch had no desire for British help, and so made no effort to rise against the French. Throughout the whole campaign[1] Moore distinguished himself frequently by his bravery and cool judgment, and in the final fighting was wounded severely. For his services in Holland he was appointed Colonel of the 52nd Regiment, and when his health was restored was given the command of the troops at Chelmsford.

But Moore was not allowed to remain long in peace. By June 1800 he found himself in Minorca, again employed under Abercromby. Here he spent his time instructing and disciplining the raw troops sent out from England until October, when he joined Abercromby's expedition to Egypt. Aboukir Bay was reached at the beginning of March 1801. On the morning of March 10 a landing was effected by the 1st Division. Moore's brigade was the first to reach the shore, and to charge the enemy, he himself leading the way. The French were driven back. On the following day the English advanced again, with equal success. On March 21 the French attacked, when both Abercromby and Moore were badly wounded, the former fatally, to the great loss of the English army. Moore, however, remained in Egypt until after the fall of Alexandria, and then obtained leave of absence to England.

After peace with France was signed at Amiens on March 27, 1802, the reduction of the army for a time took away Moore's employment. But early in 1803 the

[1] Of which a sketch is given in the life of Abercromby.

52nd Regiment, of which he had been colonel in 1801, was ordered to be trained in light infantry tactics,[1] and Moore was entrusted with this duty, as the idea was suggested by him as preferable to raising special new corps. On the renewal of the war with France, in May 1803, the army was augmented, the militia called out, and a new volunteer force of 400,000 men enrolled for local defence against a projected invasion of England by Bonaparte. The principal portion of the regular army was posted between London and the nearest sea-coasts, under the command of Sir David Dundas, and Moore was nominated to a brigade, first at Brighton, and afterwards at Canterbury. But on July 9, 1803, he took command of a brigade at Shorncliffe, consisting at first of the 4th, 52nd, 59th, 70th, and 95th Regiments. Some of these units were subsequently changed, and Moore's reputation, as a disciplinarian, was so great that the 43rd Regiment, which had been in an unsatisfactory state, was also put under him.

Moore's brigade was carefully trained to light infantry duties. There has been some dispute as to who should have the credit of instituting this system into the English army. While at Minorca in 1800 Moore's attention had been directed by Abercromby to the need in the British army of a light infantry corps, similar to that of the French Voltigeurs.[2] He had, moreover, noticed with

[1] This consisted in breaking up the battalion into skirmishers, supports and reserves, similar in some respects to the modern system of tactics now taught to all foot regiments. The ordinary fighting formation for British infantry at that time was the line.

[2] See autograph letter from Abercromby, exhibited in the Edinburgh Naval and Military Exhibition of 1889.

approval the system adopted by Major Kenneth MacKenzie, when this officer was in temporary command of the 90th Regiment at Minorca.[1] However, while at Shorncliffe, he not only introduced the system of light infantry drill and manœuvres into his brigade, but also that admirable system of discipline and interior economy (on which he laid such stress in St. Lucia) that laid the foundation of the famous Light Division in the subsequent Peninsular War.

On November 14 Moore was made a Knight of the Bath. He chose, as the supporter of his arms, "a light infantry soldier, as being colonel of the first light infantry regiment, and a 92nd Highlander, in gratitude and acknowledgment of two soldiers of that regiment who saved my life in Holland."[2]

The eventful year 1805 arrived. Trafalgar had been fought and won, and France had humbled Austria and Russia, overrun Italy, and driven the King and Queen of Naples into Sicily. To preserve Sicily from France 12,000 British troops were placed in that island. They were first commanded by Sir John Stuart, who was superseded in June 1806 by General Fox, brother to the English Prime Minister, and British Minister at the Neapolitan Court at Palermo. As General Fox was more or less infirm, Sir John Moore, who had been promoted Lieutenant-General in November 1805, was nominated as his second in command.

In 1807, on Fox being recalled, the command in Sicily was given to Sir John Moore. In September he received instructions to embark, and proceed with 7000 men to

[1] See Stewart's *Scottish Highlanders*. [2] *Ibid.*

Gibraltar. On his arrival at Gibraltar he was ordered to leave two of his regiments there, and proceed with the remainder to England, where he was well received by the Duke of York, and was praised for his judicious conduct in regard to Sicilian affairs.

In May 1808 Moore was sent in command of a force of 11,000 men to aid the King of Sweden against Russia, which had now joined hands with France. He was ordered not to place himself under the command of the King, whose sanity was doubted, nor to engage in any enterprise so far from the coast as would endanger his chance of re-embarking. The actual line of action he was to take was left to his own discretion. When Gothenberg was reached, the King refused to allow the troops to be landed from their crowded transports, though after a few days the regiments were allowed to land in rotation on a small island for exercise and bathing and for practising disembarkations. After some fruitless negotiations through intermediaries, Sir John went to Stockholm to confer with the King. The King's ideas were thoroughly unpractical; he thought that with the small forces at his and Moore's command, he could drive either the French out of Zealand or the Russians out of Finland. As Moore would not agree to these wild projects, he was practically placed under arrest by the King, but escaped from Stockholm in the guise of a peasant, and on reaching Gothenberg returned to England, in July 1808. But on reaching the Downs the troops were ordered to proceed to Portsmouth, while Moore was ordered to report himself in London, where he was informed that his action in Sweden was approved.

Bonaparte's attempt to confiscate Spain had by this time

begun, and Spanish appeals for help had reached England. Arms, ammunition, and money had been given, and Sir

NORTH-WEST SPAIN

Arthur Wellesley was sent on July 12 with 9000 men from Ireland to Portugal, with orders to effect a landing if he was strong enough, but if not to wait for reinforcements which would be sent to him under Moore and other

commanders. Moore was informed that he would have to serve under Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard. He expressed his indignation at having to serve under two officers, one of whom had never been before employed as a general in the field, after his having held the chief commands in Sicily and Sweden. However, he acted loyally to his new chief, Sir Harry Burrard, and having handed to him the troops he had so long commanded, he sailed with him as his second in command. At the end of July, off Cape Finisterre, information arrived that Wellesley had already landed in Mondego Bay. Burrard pushed on there at once, directing Moore to proceed to Vigo with his troops and to wait there for orders. But as the wind was unfavourable for this, he went to Oporto and then to Mondego Bay, where he received orders to land the troops. During the disembarkation he was ordered to stop it, and to proceed further south, so as to be nearer to the advancing army. Contrary winds prevented him reaching Marceira for four days, and then the surf on the beach was so violent that it took five days to land the troops. In the meanwhile the convention of Cintra had been signed; Sir Arthur Wellesley as well as Dalrymple and Burrard had gone home; this left the chief command to Sir John Moore, in which position he was confirmed by orders from England.

Portugal having been cleared of French troops, the next thing to do was to assist Spain, which was in a most unhappy condition. By an official letter, dated September 25, 1808, Moore was informed that an army of not less than 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry was to be employed under his orders in the north of Spain, in order

to co-operate with the Spanish armies; that to make up this force, 15,000 men under Sir David Baird would be sent out to join him by way of Corunna; and that it was left to his judgment whether he should fix on some point of rendezvous in Galicia or on the frontier of Leon, or transport his troops by sea from Lisbon to Corunna.

In Spain everything was in confusion. The local provincial Juntas were jealous of one another, and refused to let their provincial levies go far from them. The Spanish generals were under no recognized head, and looked only to their respective provincial Juntas for orders. Apathy, arrogance, and self-satisfaction reigned everywhere. In this chaos of affairs the Spanish troops were completely neglected, and were soon in want of food, clothing, shoes, arms, equipment, means of transport, and every other necessary for ensuring military efficiency. This destroyed all discipline, and led to much deserting and brigandage. The Spaniards were full of self-conceit as to what they could do, but they never at any time tried to do it. In fact, there can be but little doubt that among the leading men in Spain there were many who were traitors to their country, and who really desired French domination, hoping to profit thereby. The English Minister Frere was completely deceived by their promises and assurances, none of which were fulfilled. And being deceived, he was constantly giving Moore faulty information and faulty advice.[1]

[1] But little is here said of Moore's relations with Mr. Frere, the British Minister in Spain, but these relations were anything but pleasant to Moore, and were borne with great patience and forbearance in the face of a common danger, requiring united and harmonious action and not hard words and disunion.

The information that Moore received from Madrid concerning the strength of the Spanish and French armies was most misleading—the Spanish strength was grossly exaggerated at 160,000 men, and the French strength grossly minimized at 53,000 men. Nor was this all Moore's difficulty. England had been for so long the enemy of Spain, that there was no enthusiasm among the people for the presence of the British troops. In fact, often Moore was unable to purchase, at exorbitant rates, provisions which a few days after were freely given to the French, and he found it almost impossible to obtain any information concerning the French from the country people. Besides this, Moore was hampered by an inexperienced administrative staff, and many of his troops were only raw levies lately raised and but ill-officered.[1] But before he began his operations, he, like every other Englishman at that day, believed in the reality of the Spanish patriotism against the French.

His first difficulty was to obtain information concerning the roads leading into Spain, and the means of subsistence available while traversing them. The information that he did receive proved to be erroneous. Three Spanish armies, he was informed, were posted along the Ebro containing the French, with a small Spanish force at Burgos, while the whole country was described as enthusiastic and rising in arms. Consequently Moore considered himself as free

[1] It has been said that our troops in the Peninsula were the sweepings of our gaols. But in those days the gaols were filled by men who would not be considered as criminals now-a-days, and who, being men with much superfluous energy, were imprisoned for breaking oppressive and unjust laws that prevented them exercising their natural energies in useful ways.

from any danger of attack while concentrating his own force. Accordingly, he determined to concentrate his and Baird's forces at Valladolid. And as the direct road was said to be impassable for artillery (this turned out to be false), he sent all his guns under General Hope by Badajos, Talavera, and Madrid to Valladolid.

Baird arrived at Corunna on October 13, and the Junta there refused to let him land. Probably they feared an English ruse to secure the harbour and fortifications of Corunna, for shortly afterwards the neighbouring harbour of Ferrol was strongly garrisoned, and not an Englishman was allowed within its gates. After some delay in getting permission from Madrid, Baird was allowed to land, but he found the greatest difficulty in getting transport and food, even in spite of the arrival of Romana,[1] and it was not until October 28 that he was able to move. Moore had requested him to prepare a large depôt at Astorga and to leave a small garrison at Corunna, which "must be" the principal base of supplies for the English army while in the north of Spain. Baird reached Astorga on November 19, but before this date the whole military situation had changed.

Bonaparte, having returned from Erfurt, now determined to settle the Spanish matter *in person*, and unknown to Moore, who could not get any information from Madrid or elsewhere, began to increase his troops in Spain to nearly 200,000 men. Moore, having sent off his troops in different

[1] A Spanish general who had brought home several thousand Spanish troops previously serving with Napoleon's armies on the southern shores of the Baltic.

directions, left Lisbon on October 27,[1] and reached Salamanca on November 13, where he had only three brigades. But the French had begun their advance, had burst upon the Spanish armies, which were so widely separated that they could not help each other, and on November 11 had severely defeated Blake in the north and on November 13 the Spanish force at Burgos. It was only on November 15 that Moore, to his amazement, heard that the French were at Valladolid, and that the Spanish forces, supposed to be covering and protecting his concentration, had been swept away. He now began to consider the probability of having to retreat, and warned Baird of such a probability; he had not been sent to fight single-handed an overwhelming French force, but to act in conjunction with the Spanish armies. However, he still hoped for the best, relying on Spanish assurances that the country was arming and that the other armies were efficient and numerous, both of which statements were false. Moore doubted but he could not deny them. Baird wrote in reply that he was making arrangements to secure his own retreat if necessary.

On November 28 Moore received information of the utter defeat of the other Spanish armies, and knowing now that he could not rely on any Spanish help—that he might he

[1] On October 9 Moore issued an order calling attention to the amount of sickness among his troops owing to their intemperate habits, and on October 10 he issued an appeal to his regiments requesting them to leave their women and children behind. This appeal was not responded to, and in consequence the women and children suffered terribly during the retreat to Corunna, and great numbers of them fell into the hands of the pursuing French.

attacked by the French in overwhelming force, with his own troops unduly separated, and that if he moved towards either Baird or Hope he left the other still more exposed to defeat—he sent definite orders to Baird to retreat, and to Hope to get back, if necessary, into Portugal by the best way he could, while he would retreat on Lisbon by the road he had advanced on. Moore did not in the least fail to recognize the advantage of a retreat on Corunna, for he fully appreciated the value of sea power. His orders were for Baird to get back to Corunna, and to come round by sea to Lisbon, where he and Hope would meet him, and the whole force would then proceed by sea to Cadiz, and help the southern provinces, with Gibraltar as a base. Moore's officers were very averse from the idea of retreat, but they did not grasp the gravity of the situation as Moore did. Moore certainly did not positively know the French strength and dispositions, but he did know that Bonaparte, who never did things by halves, was in Spain, and he also grasped, what the other officers did not, the utter worthlessness and unveracity of the Spanish assurances and information.

However, Frere, the British Minister, and the Central Junta at Madrid, were bitterly opposed to any retreat, and on December 5 Moore, who had not yet moved from Salamanca, received a letter dated December 2 from the Central Junta, which was brought to him by two of their ministers, asserting the disastrous effect that the news of his retreat would have on the country, and assuring him that the forces around Madrid were ample to repel the enemy, and that the patriotic enthusiasm was intense against the French. On this Moore counter-ordered

Baird's retreat, who had only fallen back as far as Villafranca, and ordered him to form magazines at that town and at Astorga, in order to facilitate a possible retreat in case the Madrid news was false; and false it was, for on December 3, the day after the letter was sent, the very men who wrote to Moore opened the gates of Madrid to Bonaparte! Moore also wrote to Romana, now at Leon collecting the remnants of Blake's army, asking for his co-operation. On December 7 Hope joined Moore, having narrowly escaped contact with the French. Now for the first time Moore was free to move to his left without fear of deserting Hope, and at once wrote to Baird saying that he would move towards him to Zamora and Toro, and asking Baird to move to Benavente. Moore's plan now was to threaten the French line of retreat through Burgos, and thus to cause the French to move northwards from Madrid, which he still thought was holding out, and thus to relieve the pressure there on the Spaniards, and to give southern Spain time to raise fresh troops and send them forward.

But Moore learnt the truth on December 15. However, he hoped that the influence of the Spanish resistance in the south and east would prevent all of the French troops from being turned against him. On December 14, at Alaejos, he received an intercepted letter sent from Bonaparte to Marshal Soult, giving fairly full information of the French strength and dispositions in Spain. He learnt that the French thought that he was in retreat; that Marshal Soult was at Saldanha in front of Romana with two divisions, that Junot was at Burgos, that Madrid had completely submitted, that the French there were

marching on Badajos, and that another French force was marching on Saragossa. He therefore asked Baird to march on Benavente, while he himself marched on Toro, with a view to attacking Soult while that general was in ignorance of the proximity of the English, and before he could be reinforced.

Moore reached Toro on December 16, and there received a report of the condition of Romana's so-called army, written by an English officer sent for the purpose. It was in a hopeless condition, and the mass of it could not be relied on. However, on December 18, he wrote to Romana requesting his co-operation, and asking him in case of his having to retreat to move into Asturias, so as to leave the road to Corunna open to the British army. On December 20 he was joined by Baird at Majorga, and the British army was now for the first time united, with a total strength of 23,000 infantry and 2200 cavalry, exclusive of the troops protecting the line of communication to Corunna. That night the French detachment at Sahagun were surprised and defeated by the English cavalry.

Moore moved to Sahagun on December 21, and on the following day wrote to Romana asking him to join in a movement to attack Soult on December 24. Romana agreed, but fortune which had so far been favourable to Moore now turned against him, and it was only Moore's deep insight into the real state of affairs—an insight which reached beyond the surface-appearance of affairs—that saved him and his force from utter disaster. This insight, like that of all other men of genius, was due to previous and frequent meditation of what might happen. "In war

it is the unexpected that happens," so runs the proverb—but not so in Moore's case.

On December 23 Soult had 18,000 men behind the river Carrion, and Junot's corps was known to be at Burgos. Moore fully understood the risks he was running—liability to be surrounded by superior forces and his communication with Galicia cut—for he stated them in a letter sent to Mr. Frere on the 23rd. But during the day various ominous reports arrived. A strong reinforcement had reached Soult; large quantities of provisions and forage were being collected at various points by the French; the French corps marching on Badajos had been turned back, and were at Talavera when the messenger left; the French troops at Madrid were advancing northwards by rapid marches; and Romana sent word that he had similar information, and that he had moved forward to Mansilla with 7000 infantry and eight guns. Moore at once countermanded his orders for battle, and issued orders for an immediate retreat, having, as he wrote to Romana, fulfilled his purpose in drawing the French from Madrid and so giving the south breathing time; to continue the march on Soult would end in the loss of his army, especially if Soult retreated to draw him after him; his only chance now was to defend the mountains of Galicia, with the sea at his back, and in this he expected the co-operation of Romana, who should hold Mansilla for a few days to hide the retreat from the enemy. As a matter of fact Moore had divined the intentions of Bonaparte, who was hurrying forward with 70,000 troops to cut off Moore from his base, and who had ordered Soult to retire before Moore, if Moore attacked, but if Moore retreated to delay him as much as

possible. Moore again requested Romana to move, when forced to retire, towards Asturias, and to leave the road to Corunna open to the English troops.

Moore's first object was to get behind the Eslar, and secure the three routes over it at Mansilla, Valencia, and Castro Gonsalo. Romana held Mansilla, and was asked to destroy the bridge and defend Leon, neither of which did he do; Baird was sent by Valencia, the shortest road, to cross by the ferry there; and as the Valencia road would not offer sufficient supplies for the whole army, Moore took the main part of the force to Benavente by the bridge at Castro Gonsalo. During the retreat several cavalry actions took place, in which the French were invariably defeated. Baird crossed the Eslar on December 26, and Moore on the 27th. The troops, which had up till this time shown such good behaviour, now broke down in discipline under the strain of a rapid retreat, and of their disappointment at not having been allowed to attack the enemy. Much of the disorder was caused by the Spanish authorities disappearing and leaving no one to provide the requisite lodgings and necessaries for the troops, who revenged themselves by ransacking the houses, and inordinately drinking the wine they found. On December 27 Moore issued a strong order on the subject at Benavente, throwing much of the blame on the regimental officers for not controlling their men properly. He pointed out that the situation was "such as to call for the exertions of qualities the most rare and valuable in a military body. These are not bravery alone, but patience and constancy under fatigue and hardship, obedience to command, sobriety, firmness, and resolution, in every different situa-

tion in which they may be placed. It is by the display of such qualities alone, that the army can expect to deserve the name of soldiers; that they can be able to withstand the forces opposed to them, or fulfil the expectations of their country." And he concluded by asking them to trust to his decision as to the time and place to fight.

Moore heard at this time that, in spite of the movement of the French troops towards himself, the Spaniards in the rest of Spain were doing nothing, but were supplying the French with all they wanted. But he hoped for the best, and determined to hold the mountains of Galicia unless compelled to retreat by overwhelming numbers. In case of further retreat, he was still undecided whether to move to Vigo or to Corunna for embarkation, and in order to hold the road to Vigo open, he sent 3000 men under General Crawford to that place by Orense, to prevent the enemy capturing it, and engineer officers to Vigo to report on the facilities it offered for embarkation. As he left Benavente for Astorga, the French Imperial Guard Cavalry attacked, but were repulsed, and their commander, General Le Febvre, taken prisoner. At Astorga Baird's force re-joined Moore, who was dismayed to find the town already occupied by Romana's troops, who, starving, half-naked, and rendered miserable with the intense cold of winter, had broken into Moore's magazines. Romana had given way without making any resistance before Soult, and was making for Vigo, consuming without leave the British provisions, and blocking the road with his mules and carts. From this point the necessary means of transport failed, causing much loss, and adding greatly to the confusion and distress of the march. The retreat

continued to Villa Franca, which was reached on January 1, 1809, and at this town the troops again broke out into terrible drunkenness and disorder. The men had been sorely tried by intense cold, pouring rains, bad roads deep in mud, scanty provisions irregularly issued, deficient transport, and insufficient shelter. The conduct of the Spaniards, who made no effort to aid the British nor to retard the French, had also roused the animosity of the troops. The retreat was now daily harassed by the French, who however were always driven back, but many drunken men, as well as the sick and wounded, had to be left behind, besides many of the women and children, for whom no transport could be secured.

Hearing that Corunna offered better facilities than Vigo for an embarkation in the face of an enemy, Moore decided to proceed there, and sent a message for the fleet at Vigo to proceed to Corunna. He also heard that the country near Lugo was good for defensive operations, and there he decided to make a stand. On January 7 an action took place with the French advance guard, which was severely repulsed. And on January 8 Moore waited for the attack of the French main body. The prospect of a battle had renewed the ardour and discipline of the troops. But Soult refused to attack. Moore had no longer to do with Bonaparte, who had quitted his army at Astorga for France, on hearing that Austria was again arming against him. Moore, fearing that Soult was only waiting for reinforcements to surround him, and knowing that his own supplies were nearly exhausted, as there was no means for bringing down the supplies lying at Corunna, was forced to continue the retreat, and he did so during the night of the 8th with-

out the French being aware of it until morning. But the weather was fearful, the men worn out with fatigue, and ever ready to give way to drunkenness, and consequently the disastrous disorderliness continued until Corunna was reached on January 11, after a march of 250 miles over difficult country in mid-winter. The bay was empty of transport, which had been delayed by adverse winds. On the 12th the French appeared before Corunna, and on the 13th, 14th, and 15th Moore was busy restoring discipline and preparing for the coming fight. On the evening of the 14th the transport arrived, and the embarkation of the sick, the dismounted cavalry, some of the artillery, and horses was immediately proceeded with, and the embarkation of the remainder of the force was ordered to be carried out on the night of January 16. But in the afternoon of that day the French attacked in force, and after a severe fight were completely repulsed. It was during this fight that Sir David Baird lost his arm, and Sir John Moore received his mortal wound. He only lived a few hours after this, and was buried at Corunna the same evening, during the embarkation of the force. The French had been so severely handled that they did not attempt to seriously disturb the British any further. The embarkation was continued during the 17th, and was completed on the morning of January 18, 1809.

Soult, before he left Corunna, showed his respect for his deceased foe by ordering the French Consul at Corunna to erect a memorial stone on the spot where Sir John Moore fell, but he was unable to carry this into effect before the French were compelled to evacuate the town. Subsequently the Marquess de la Romana raised a wooden

monument to the memory of Moore on the battle-field of Corunna. This was replaced in 1811 by the Prince Regent of Spain with a more permanent monument. His native city, Glasgow, erected a bronze statue to his memory, and the Rev. Charles Wolfe wrote the pathetic funeral ode known as "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

So lived and died a *beau ideal* of a British gentleman and officer. Gentle, just, and brave; filled with loyalty to his sovereign and country; ever ready to do his duty in any capacity whatever, fearless of responsibility, seeing the right and determined to do it; a chivalrous knight strong in mind, self-sacrificing in spirit, with noble ideals, and withal studious and observant. "No British commander was ever more popular with his officers, none have left a more lasting impress on the troops trained under them. In the Peninsula epoch, and long after, to have been 'one of Sir John Moore's men' carried with it a prestige quite *sui generis*. Napoleon said of him: 'His talents and firmness alone saved the British army (in Spain) from destruction. He was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him.'" A true and generous tribute, for probably Bonaparte never fully knew how badly Moore was served even by those who should have possessed the ability to obtain correct information and to supply him with it.

The majority of Moore's officers failed to realize the purpose of his movements after December 7, to draw the French northwards, and that his desire to accomplish this

had been pushed to the verge of possible disaster. The result of this was to cause much imprudent and even insubordinate language to be spoken by some of his general and other officers. The great losses and disorder of the retreat to Corunna, the only really contested part of Moore's career, were due mainly to factors apart from Moore's responsibility, such as the action of the Spaniards, who hindered and dislocated the movement; the English Government, who left him without the means of obtaining adequate land transport; the supineness of the officers, who did not loyally support their leader; a total want of experience among the administrative officers in the execution of their duties; the drunken habits of the men, and the want of experience and disciplinary character among many of the lately levied troops.

This memoir may be fitly concluded with the epitomized account of Sir John Moore's life given in the following extracts from the General Order issued by the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief, on February 1, 1809.

"The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander do not terminate at his death; his virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

"Sir John Moore from his youth embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier; he felt that a perfect knowledge and an exact performance of the humble, but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself with

energy and exemplary assiduity to the duties of that station.

"In the school of regimental duty he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others. . . . The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercromby. . . . [His military character] exhibits one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation. *The life of Sir John Moore was spent among the troops.* During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him the post of honour, and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory. . . ."

WELLINGTON.

WELLINGTON

1769—1851

AN author seeking for a novel subject of universal interest might do worse than choose that of the "decisive conversations of the world." Probably they would all have some common characteristics. Their exact date and their precise phrasing would, after all research, remain very uncertain. Between their immediate consequences and the ultimate effect of these on mankind, there would be, much as between seed-time and harvest, intervals of uncertain weather, threatening the crop, showers and sunshine bringing it to maturity. Among such conversations must certainly be reckoned one which took place in some lodgings over a pastry-cook's shop in Oxford Street, probably in the autumn of 1785. Two ladies and a lad were present at it. One of the ladies is only important to us because she heard the conversation and recorded it afterwards. The other was a stately widow, whose husband had died four years earlier, leaving her an embarrassed estate, the title of Lady Mornington, six sons and two daughters. For all of these her children, of whom the eldest was nearly of age and now at Oxford, she was anxious by help of family interest to provide. The third who joined in that decisive conversation was her fourth son, Arthur, a sickly, rather gawky

boy, "with a very pronounced nose," as the lady narrator reports. He was about sixteen years of age, had just returned from a short and by no means brilliant career at Eton, and was standing with his back to the fireplace. "Don't you know my son Arthur?" said the matron, speaking indignantly, after shaking hands with her guest; "he has been giving us a good deal of trouble lately. I have secured for him the promise of a clerkship in the Irish Excise; he gets £80 a year, and it will rise to £600. He won't have it! Nothing will satisfy him but to go into the army, and idle away his time, as if we had the means of buying his commissions!" "No, mother," answered the young man, "I did not say that; I only asked to be allowed to go to France to study my profession."

Fortunately her ladyship's "ugly son" carried his point. To Angers soon afterwards he went. There he remained for about a year, studying such military science as the Marquis de Pignerol, a distinguished Engineer officer of the *ancien régime*, could impart, acquiring also what in after life was of no small service to him, a good knowledge of French. Napoleon, after spending five years in military schooling at Brienne and in Paris, had just obtained his commission at the time when Wellington entered Pignerol's school at Angers.

Not, therefore, as the "dunce of the family" was Wellington sent into the army. He was in the eyes of his family the fool of the party because he himself chose his profession, and from the beginning intended to treat it as one requiring serious study. That was his first great advantage in the race of life. Of what he did at Angers we know as

little as we know of what he did at Eton, and it would not profit us if we did. That a boy figures at the top of class-lists may or may not be a favourable indication of coming success in life. The fact that he has thrown himself heart and soul into a career which suits his special capacities, yields much more certain hope of future achievement. There is, however, probably no calling in which promise is so apt to be blighted by want of adequate scope for the practical application of the larger knowledge, which can be acquired only by study, as it is in that of war. The subaltern who finds that for many years he is doomed to carry out a dull routine, has a hard task in attempting to enlarge his view beyond buttons and gaiters, and if, during his younger days, he delays the study of the wider aspects of his profession because he sees no prospect of making use of what he learns, he often discovers too late that habit has become his master, and that serious work is for him impossible. From that fate Arthur Wellesley was saved by the early promotion which his family interest, and the generosity of his brother, Lord Mornington, in paying for his commissions, were able to procure for him. He obtained his first commission soon after his return from Angers. On March 7, 1787, he was gazetted as an ensign in the 73rd Regiment. On December 25 of the same year he was a Lieutenant in the 76th. After exchanging into the 41st, he was appointed on June 25, 1788, to the 21st Light Dragoons. After three years in the cavalry, he was made a Captain in the 58th, and after sixteen months in the 58th, obtained, on October 31, 1792, a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons. Whilst still a Lieutenant, he was returned to the Irish Parliament in 1790, being falsely voted to be

of age before he was so. After six months in the 18th, he obtained a majority in the 33rd on April 30, 1793. On September 30 of the same year, when twenty-four years of age, he became Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the 33rd. During his captaincy and majority he had been on the staff of the Lord-Lieutenant. Beyond the fact that he was steadily snubbed, we know little of this period of his life. It is difficult to think that he could, during peace time, have been more fortunate in his education for his future career. Having had just enough experience in every rank of both cavalry and infantry to give to a soldier who meant business the opportunity of learning the duties of each in detail, he found himself at four-and-twenty in a position of large and ample responsibility. His work, both in the Irish Senate and the Irish Court, had given him wider views of life than mere regimental duty would have permitted him to take. To a man not resolutely determined to fit himself for his work, the early advancement might have been perilous. To the boy who, resisting the remonstrances of his friends, had known his own mind, and had, as he told one of his favourite officers in later life, devoted from that time two or three hours a day to the serious study of his profession, apart from its immediate peace routine, his rank was a guarantee that if war came his labours would be fruitful.

In the same month that Wellesley obtained command of the 33rd, Napoleon, an outcast from Corsica, a recently promoted captain of French artillery, who had been previously expelled from the French army for absence without leave, but had had his position restored to him, was publishing his *Supper of Beaucaire*, his first successful literary

and political effort, and before the end of September was engaged in the Siege of Toulon. Practically, at the same moment, the apprenticeship of life was ending for each of them. Very different had been the storm-tossed passionate youth of the one, and the smooth-sailing, orderly progress of the other. Both had been troubled by difficulties as to ways and means. But for Wellesley, these were chiefly due to the necessities of expenditure involved in his aristocratic position; for Napoleon, they were the actual pressure of penury, the doubt whether it would be possible to keep soul and body together. In no small measure those twenty-four years had already fixed the characteristics which each was to carry with him throughout life. Wellesley had from the first dealt with men from a position above them, using them with a strong sense of responsibility, but with little personal acquaintance. Napoleon had been a *sans-culotte* among *sans-culottes* always with a full sense of the advantage of breeches, but essentially a child of the revolution, one who had lived in contact with the minds of men to whom existing conditions were intolerable. Even as Emperor, Napoleon was a very much breeched *sans-culotte*. Wellington throughout was *par excellence* a gentleman and an aristocrat. How could either be other?

Wellesley, after a few months' peace command, during which he had had time to earn for the 33rd the reputation of being the best drilled and most efficient regiment in Ireland, was despatched with it to join the disastrous expedition of the Duke of York in the Netherlands. There, in command of his battalion, Wellesley markedly distinguished himself. He received in line a charge of pur-

suing French cavalry, drove them back, and thereby saved the remainder of the retreating column with which he was working. Subsequently to this he was selected to command the brigade which formed the rear-guard of the retreating army. We know, from his own comments, that that which had impressed him most had been the appalling ignorance and indifference which had surrounded him. "It has always been a marvel to me how any of us escaped," he said in after years. He was so disgusted with the conduct of the campaign, that he seriously thought of leaving the army, and was ready to take almost any position in civil life; though if the army were to be decently ruled, he still preferred it as a career. In the autumn of 1795 he was ordered to proceed with his regiment to the West Indies, but contrary winds delayed the expedition, and when it finally started the Government had modified their plans.

April 1796 The 33rd remained behind, and was ordered to the East Indies. Wellesley was seriously ill and unable to start with the battalion. He, however, followed them in a swift man-of-war, and overtook them at the Cape. He remained there till March 1797, and then went to Calcutta. Towards the end of 1797 the 33rd was detailed to take part in an expedition against the Manila Islands, which was to have been commanded by General St. Leger. Wellesley himself seems to have been offered the chief command of the Bengal part of the expedition, but to have modestly suggested that an officer of larger experience should be appointed. In any case, fears of an invasion of the Carnatic by Tippoo Sultan caused the scheme to be abandoned.

On May 17, 1798, Lord Mornington arrived in Calcutta,

having been appointed Governor-General. Throughout all the year during which Arthur had been in India prior to his brother's arrival, he had been writing to Lord Mornington, then in the India House, letters in which he had thoughtfully and carefully discussed military and political affairs. Lord Mornington was coming out at a critical moment. He had formed a definite scheme of policy during his journey. Arthur became one of the principal agents in bringing that policy to a successful issue. In carrying out the work that so fell to his lot, he passed through the next great stage of his career, that which gave him, on a continually and rapidly extending scale, experience both in war and state-craft.

The situation was this. The instructions with which Lord Mornington had gone to India had directed him to preserve a balance of power between the three native states of Tippoo Sultan, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas, of whom the ostensible ruler was the Peishwa. Lord Mornington found that Tippoo Sultan had become much the most formidable of the three, because of fighting which had taken place between different Mahratta chiefs, and between the Mahrattas as a confederacy and the Mahomedan Nizam. At the court of the Nizam, M. Raymond, a Frenchman, had organized a corps of 10,000 men. This, officered as it was by Frenchmen, gave him a dominant position at Hyderabad. Lord Mornington therefore intended first, to re-establish the alliance between the Company, the Nizam and the Mahrattas; secondly, to make the two native states effective allies. This he proposed to do as to the Nizam by replacing Raymond's corps at Hyderabad with a force officered by Englishmen; as to the Mahrattas, by

restoring the authority of the Peishwa over his rebellious subjects, Holkar and Scindiah. Very soon after Mornington's arrival at Calcutta, the necessity of these steps was made the more certain by the discovery that Tippoo Sultan was endeavouring to enter into an effective alliance with the French, and was hoping for help from the Mauritius. It was essential, in order to replace Raymond at Hyderabad, to employ force that must be withdrawn for the time from the Carnatic. The Madras civil and military authorities, under whom the Carnatic was placed, fearing that Tippoo Sultan would take advantage of any diminution of their strength, and fearing also to provoke invasion by military preparations, were very half-hearted in their support of the Governor-General's policy. It was essential for him to have at Madras an officer thoroughly in sympathy with his projects and fully understanding them. He gladly therefore took advantage of the necessity for reinforcing the troops there to transfer the 33rd Regiment to the Madras establishment, and to employ its commanding officer, his brother, as his confidential agent in communication both with Lord Clive the Governor, and with General Harris the Commander-in-Chief, of the Province. Arthur Wellesley threw himself with such zeal into this work, that it is hardly too much to say that it was his presence at Madras that enabled his brother practically to enforce his will. After a time troops were gathered at Wallajah Nuggur with a view to possible hostilities. The death, in a duel, of Colonel Aston, the commanding officer of the camp, gave Arthur Wellesley the command. In a very short time, the vigour of his administration of this army of 30,000 men had made itself conspicuous by the efficiency which he had

introduced under very difficult circumstances. The removal of the French officers from Hyderabad was in due time successfully accomplished by a bloodless *coup de main*, the Nizam having himself become alarmed at the ascendency they had acquired.

In the early part of 1799 everything was ready for an advance against Tippoo. General Stuart was to move from Bombay, landing at Cannanore. General Harris, on the Madras side, marched with his own army and that of the Nizam, to which the 33rd was attached, Arthur Wellesley being in immediate command of this contingent, which he estimates at 6000 infantry and 10,000 horse. On March 27, at Mallavelly, Tippoo, who had been previously repulsed by Stuart, made a vigorous attack upon Harris's advancing army. The brunt of the onslaught fell on the force under Arthur Wellesley's orders. He led his division against the enemy's right flank. A brigade of Tippoo's infantry advanced to meet them, but were dispersed by the 33rd Regiment, and cut to pieces by the cavalry under Major-General Floyd. The army then closed in for the siege of Seringapatam. On April 5, two of the enemy's outposts were attacked at night; one on the left by Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw, with his own battalion, the 2nd of the 12th Regiment, and a native battalion; one on the right by Arthur Wellesley, with his battalion of the 33rd Regiment and a battalion of Sepoys. The outpost, which the 33rd attacked, was in a wood. This had, on April 3, been traversed at night by a brigade under General Baird, and it had then been found to have been abandoned by Tippoo's troops. It had not been reconnoitred by day, and it had in the interval been re-occupied by the enemy. The attack

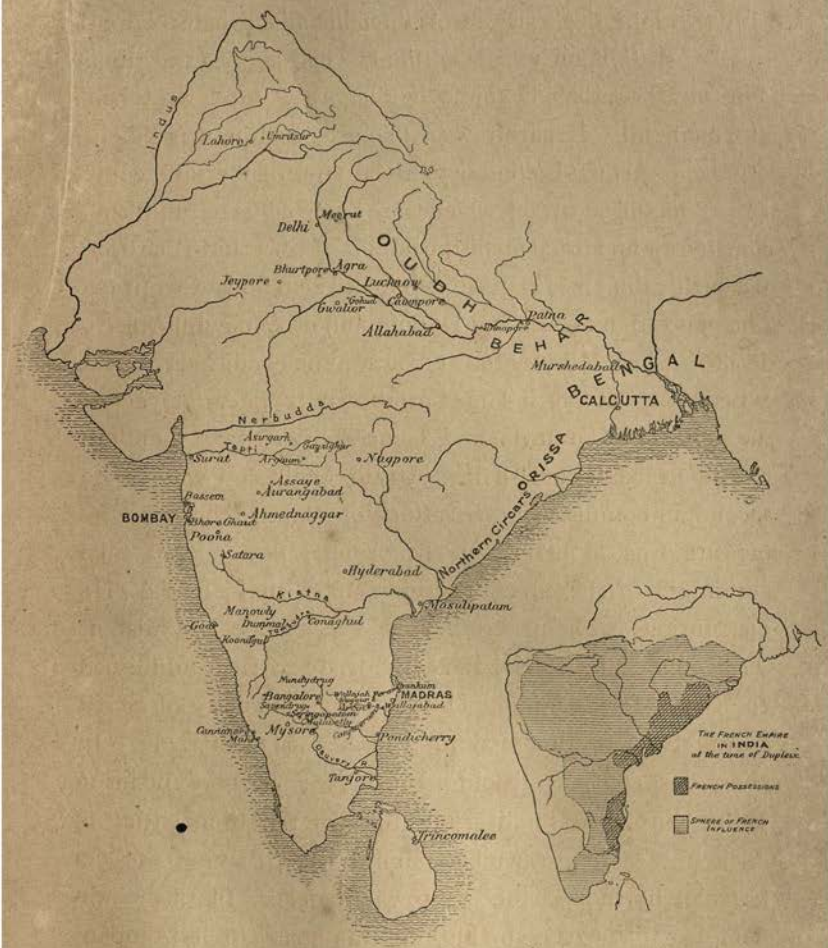
of the 33rd failed. In some way or other Arthur Wellesley, who seems to have been well to the front in the wood, became separated from his command and, not being able in the darkness to find them, made his way back with only one or two men and reported, "in considerable agitation," to General Harris the failure of his attempt. His second in command, Major Shea, brought Wellesley's detachment into camp, having offered his assistance to Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw, and been by him told that the 12th did not require his help, and that he had better follow his leader. Naturally a man, who at thirty years of age had from his own ability, knowledge, zeal, and good fortune come so prominently to the front as Arthur Wellesley had done, had many jealous of him who were not likely to spare, in their comments, the brother of the Governor-General. There can be little doubt that all the awkward features of the case were discussed at the time with undue severity, but it is equally clear that the Duke's biographers sweep away the story in too summary a fashion, on the assumption that no possible mistake or misfortune could have attended our hero. His misfortune did not consist, as they assume, in the failure of the night-attack. That might have easily happened without blame to him. The misfortune lay in the fact that he had become separated from his command when in presence of the enemy, and that he reported his arrival to General Harris without it. Captain Mahan has wisely said, when speaking of a certain failure of Nelson's, that constant success is probably good for no man. It was a very gentle blow which fortune thus administered to one who, more constantly than almost any, deserved her favours and received them. The following

day he was employed, with increased forces, in attacking the same position in good daylight. The enemy gave way immediately.

On May 4, Seringapatam was taken by assault, the attacking force being commanded by General Baird. Arthur Wellesley was in charge of the reserve. The following day he was appointed to be Commandant in Seringapatam. I do not think that there can be any doubt in the minds of those who have read the correspondence and papers of the time, that he had already proved himself in every way the fittest man for this very important post, and that, though his connection with the Governor-General had given him the opportunity of displaying his efficiency, it would have been even then manifestly disastrous for the public service that any other appointment should have been made. Nevertheless, it caused many to blaspheme. Circumstances further favoured him. Three general officers, who might have been appointed to the command of the army in Mysore, either went home or were ill. General Harris himself was anxious to return as soon as possible to the Carnatic and then go home. In the result, Arthur Wellesley was left both to administer the government of Mysore and to command the army there. A series of minor operations against rebellious chiefs, who had gathered portions of the scattered troops left unemployed by the fall of Tippoo, gave him practice at first on a small and then on a gradually increasing scale, in which he had to make all arrangements and to attend to every detail. The assembly, under Dhoondiah Waugh, of a formidable force of rascaldom from every quarter brought him his first independent work of a larger kind.

July 14, 1800. Koondgul, into which Dhoondiah had thrown 600 men, was stormed. Dummul, a very strong fort, was July 26. similarly captured. Rushing on with the cavalry July 30. alone, Wellesley surprised Dhoondiah's camp opposite Manowly, and captured all his baggage and guns. Sept. 10. Dhoondiah, with 5000 horse, was next attacked at Conahgull. His army was dispersed and he was killed. Dec. 2, 1800. Arthur Wellesley received an order to take command of troops, which were being collected at Trincomalee for an attack upon the isles of France and Bourbon, of which, after their capture, he was to remain as Governor. The opposition of Admiral Rainier, and other circumstances, decided Lord Mornington to change the conditions of this expedition. A much larger army was to be employed in the capture of Batavia, and General Baird was therefore placed in command of it. Arthur Wellesley was to be second in command in the attack on Batavia, but after its capture was to carry out the original design, and take command of the expedition against the two islands. He was furious with his brother for the change. Whilst at Trincomalee he received copies of despatches addressed to Lord Mornington by Dundas, then Secretary of State, before the Governor-General had himself seen them. In these despatches instructions were sent for the expedition to be employed in assisting to turn the French out of Egypt. On his own responsibility, Baird having not yet arrived, he moved the army to Bombay. There he was laid up with fever, so that he was unable to accompany May 7, 1801. Baird to Egypt, and he resumed his government in Mysore. On April 29, 1802, he was gazetted as a Major-General.

The disorders, which had for years prevailed in the Mahratta Confederacy, had resulted in the Peishwa, the



nominal head of that strange robber state, seeking refuge in British territory. Whilst there he had signed

Dec. 31, 1802. at Bassein a treaty with the Government, ratified on February 11, 1803. Arthur Wellesley was employed to restore, in accordance with this treaty, the authority of the Peishwa at Poonah. Poonah was occupied by the forces of Holkar, one of the rebellious Mahratta chiefs. Holkar's lieutenant, Amrut Rao, had threatened to destroy the town on the approach of the English. General Wellesley, after a move through Mahratta territory, the chief difficulty of which, the supply of his troops, had been greatly diminished by the reputation for fair dealing and strict discipline which he had acquired in the campaign against Dhoondiah, arrived within forty miles of Poonah. Thence, marching at night with the cavalry and one battalion of infantry, he reached Poonah next day in time to save the city and the family of the Peishwa. He says that he was detained six hours in getting his guns through the Bhore-Ghaut, a difficult mountain-pass, but that, nevertheless, he had marched sixty miles between the morning of April 19 and 2 p.m. on the 20th.

April 19, 1803.

Scindia and the Rajah of Berar, two of the Mahratta chiefs, despite their nominal acquiescence in the restoration of the Peishwa, assumed so threatening an attitude that the Governor-General placed in his brother's hands the political as well as military authority for dealing with the crisis in the Deccan, whilst General Lake, the Commander-in-Chief in India, operated towards Delhi. In the result, being unable to obtain any definite satisfaction from the Mahratta chiefs, Major-General Wellesley marched against them from Poonah. He captured Ahmednuggar by assault, and decisively defeated at Assaye the

June 4, 1803. Aug. 10.

combined armies of Scindia, and the Rajah of Berar. He had actually present only 8000 men, of whom 1500 were British. The defeated army consisted of 30,000 horsemen, 102 guns, and 10,000 infantry. The battle was gained by a sudden decision of his own, to attack earlier than had been intended, without waiting for the co-operation of Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, who would have brought him reinforcements almost equal to his own army. The Mahrattas were drawn up in a narrow delta, only a mile across, between the River Kaifna and a deep nullah. Attacking them in this position, he so moved his army that they were unable effectively to use their numerous cavalry, and that their infantry was forced into a change of position, difficult in the very moment of attack even for good troops, and sure to disconcert inferior infantry. He captured all the 102 guns, and thoroughly broke their effective strength. It was necessary, however, to follow up the victory by inflicting a yet further defeat upon them, two months later, at Argaum. Here thirty-eight more guns were captured. He carried by storm the fortress of Gawilghur. By virtue of the powers conferred on him, he was, after these successes, the capture by Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson of Asirgarh, and a victorious campaign of Lake's, able to conclude a peace with both the Mahratta chieftains. He skilfully separated their interests by an independent agreement with each of them. He was created a Knight of the Bath. The defeat of Holkar by Lake, in December 1804, promised general peace in the East, and Sir Arthur Wellesley left

Sept. 23, 1803.

Nov. 28, 1803.

Dec. 15.

Sept. 1, 1804.

March 1805. India, nominally on leave of absence, really purposing not to return. He wished to go home, first because he had served in India "as long as any man ought who can serve anywhere else," and there appeared a prospect of service in Europe in which—as he puts it—"I should be more likely to get forward." Second, because he was suffering from lumbago and general malaise; third, because he thought that he had been badly treated both by the Directors and the Government. Later, he also thought it well that he should be at home to defend his brother's administration.

When he went to India he was already known to be a capable soldier, as is proved by the trust that was reposed in him before his brother's arrival, and by the masterly papers on important questions of military and political organization which he penned immediately after his advent: but the eight years passed in India, whilst they had left him in the full vigour of manhood at thirty-six years of age, had given him experience of independent command, and of complicated, political, and military questions, which had developed his capacity for war and state-craft to an extent that would have been hardly possible under any other conditions. In a sense, it is true that he owed his opportunities largely to the fact that his brother was the Viceroy, under whom he served. The Marquis of Wellesley had, however, jealous and suspicious masters in the Directors, very unwilling that jobs should be done by any one but themselves. They were only too critical of his appointments of his brothers. His one defence, vigorously sustained in his despatches, was that his choice had been dictated solely by the public interest, and that no one else

could have carried out as Arthur had done the high political and military duties with which he had entrusted him, or been a more useful political agent than Henry had proved himself. It is a plea, the full force of which can only be assumed in a brief notice of this kind. The more completely the facts are examined, the more fully is the justification established by the services which were rendered by the younger brothers to the elder.

On his return to England, Sir Arthur was sent to Hanover with an expedition commanded by Lord Cathcart. Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz obliged the Ministry to recall the troops. Soon afterwards Sir Arthur entered the House of Commons as member for Rye. There he successfully defended his brother's splendid Indian career. He married Lady Catherine Pakenham. His marriage is one of the most pathetic and characteristic incidents of his life. He had proposed before he went to India. Her family had then opposed the match. She had been smitten by small-pox, and had therefore written to release him. He loyally insisted upon holding to his tryst. But in many respects, those melancholy words of the poor old scholar—"Saepe olim amanti nocuit semper amare,"—"It is no new tale that woe comes to the lover whose love takes no account of time"—fulfilled themselves in his case. She was a loyal wife, but not one who could bind him to herself. In 1807 Sir Arthur became Irish Chief Secretary in the Duke of Portland's administration. His greatest distinction in that office consisted in the establishment of an effective police. He had, however, bargained that his acceptance of a civil appointment should not keep him back from active military service. In July

April 1806.

came the news of the treaty of Tilsit, by which Napoleon and Alexander agreed to divide the world between them. Among other schemes, the navies of Denmark and Portugal were to be seized to form a fresh fleet for invading Britain. The Ministry replied by despatching a combined naval and military expedition to remove the Danish fleet. Lord Cathcart was in command. Sir Arthur Wellesley was employed with a force of all arms, in dispersing the Danish troops collected in the open country, whilst the main army closed in on Copenhagen. On August 19, 1807, he defeated the Danes at Kioge. The regiments, which afterwards formed the Light Division in the Peninsula, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, then first fought under his orders. So also did the 3rd and the 92nd. He was called in to negotiate the surrender of the Danish fleet and the conclusion of peace. Sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels, besides immense stores, were brought back to England. He took up again his office as Chief Secretary. The condition of affairs in Spain and Portugal determined the Ministry to despatch Sir Arthur Wellesley in command of an expedition, of which a portion, under General Spencer, was already at sea off the coast of Spain, and the remainder was to follow him from Cork. He had become a Lieutenant-General, and had, when Spencer joined him, a force of twelve battalions of infantry, a small number of guns, for which the Government had sent no horses so that he was obliged when he advanced to leave half of them behind, and one regiment of cavalry. In all, he had 13,000 troops available. Six thousand Portuguese were to co-operate with him, but he obtained from them only 1400 infantry

June 14, 1808.

April 1808.

and 250 cavalry. The French troops, which had been passed into Spain to support the usurpation of the ancient throne by Napoleon, who had seated on it his brother Joseph, were everywhere struggling with the Spanish patriots. Bessières had gained a decisive victory at Rio Seco over the Spaniards, but the surrender of 14,000 men under Dupont had left Junot isolated. Junot had originally possessed himself of all the strong places in Portugal with the help of an allied Spanish army which had now revolted against him, been disarmed, and a large part of it made prisoners by the French. His available French army was about 23,000 strong, but part of it was in garrison in the several fortresses. It was hampered by universal insurrection, and had, for the purpose of suppressing local risings, been broken up into several bodies, of which two, one under Laborde 6000 strong, one under Loison, also about 6000, were moving from different directions on Leyria. Sir Arthur, anticipating their arrival by a rapid march, forced them apart, and was thus able to attack and defeat Laborde by himself in the strong position of Roliça, and to capture his guns. On the field of battle Wellesley received news that a brigade under Major-General Anstruther had arrived at Maceira Bay, and that another under Acland was close at hand. The Portuguese, having failed to support him, he felt bound to obtain these reinforcements before again engaging the enemy. At Vimiero, whither he had moved to cover the landing, Junot, who had meantime been able to gather together his scattered forces, attacked him on August 21. Sir Arthur completely defeated him, capturing thirteen guns. Had he been free to pursue at once, and

Aug. 11, 1808.

Aug. 17.

had Sir John Moore's corps been marched from Mondego Bay, as Sir Arthur wished, upon Santarem, so as to fall on the rear of the retreating army, it is practically certain that the French would have been forced to surrender to a man. In the course of the previous day, however, August 20, Sir H. Burrard had arrived to take over the command. He now forbad all pursuit, and called in Sir John Moore's corps to join the army, so that it could not intercept the French retreat.

The fact was that the Government had been obliged for the moment, in view of the popular excitement which the resistance offered by the Spanish patriots to the French had aroused in Great Britain, to concentrate all their efforts upon an attempt to assist Portugal and Spain. Sir John Moore had just returned to England from an expedition to Sweden, in which he had been abominably treated by the king of that country, already suffering from the insanity which subsequently forced his deposition. The Ministry could not avoid sending Moore and his troops to Spain; but, as he had bitterly resented the want of support that he had received from them and had spoken with a freedom which had offended them, they were determined that he should not have the command of the army in Portugal, which must necessarily have fallen to him had he been sent without other precautions to join Sir Arthur in Portugal. They therefore selected Sir Hew Dalrymple to command, and Sir H. Burrard to be second. The appointment of these officers had the effect of preventing either of the two best men, Moore and Wellesley, from commanding. Sir H. Burrard and Sir H. Dalrymple each had their share in

seriously injuring Wellesley's first Peninsula campaign. Having been deprived of the opportunity of destroying the enemy, Sir Arthur approved of an arrangement by which the French army, now concentrated, and in effective possession of Lisbon and the strong places of Portugal, should be allowed to abandon these, and should be moved to France. He strongly disapproved of the actual provisions of the so-called "Convention of Cintra." A wave of passionate indignation at the disappointing conditions of that treaty swept over England. Sir H. Dalrymple and Sir Arthur were called home to answer for it before a court of inquiry. Sir H. Burrard obtained leave, and also appeared before the court, which brought in an uncertain verdict. Sir Arthur returned to his Irish office.

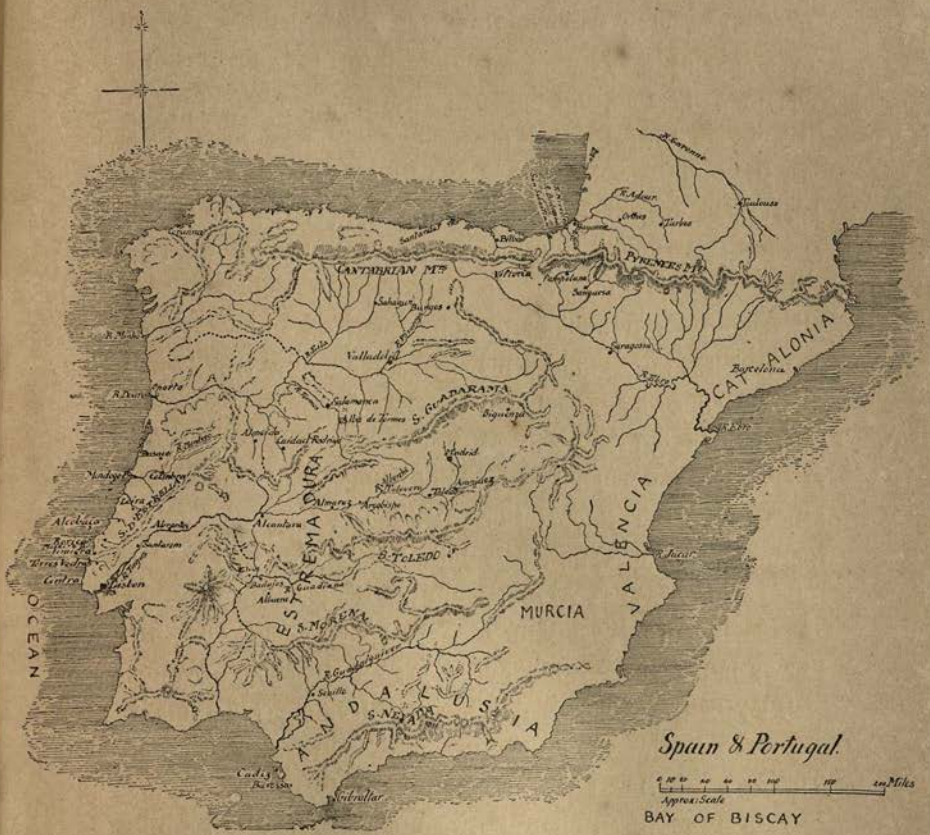
Moore remained in command in Portugal. Meanwhile Napoleon was preparing a vast army to reconquer Spain. By the time that his great host of 330,000 men and 60,000 horses, commanded by himself in person, and everywhere sweeping the Spaniards before it, was moving from the Pyrenees upon Madrid, Moore had gathered his own portion of his little army at Salamanca. Sir David Baird, with 10,000 men, was at Astorga. Including Baird's division, Moore had about 32,000 men under his orders. Refusing the mad proposals of our envoy Frere, that he should with his handful of men place himself directly in the path of Napoleon, he, by one of the most daring and skilful strokes recorded in history, struck towards Sahagun against Napoleon's sensitive line of communication with France. He thereby drew after him the hosts which, but for his diversion, would have crushed out resistance in Spain. Having prepared

Dec. 11, 1808.

his magazines with a view to retreat, the necessity of which sooner or later had been obvious from the moment when Napoleon began his new invasion, he eluded the great Emperor, and fell back on Corunna. Napoleon, recalled to France by the war preparations of Austria, left the pursuit to Soult. Him Moore fought and drove back at Corunna, to cover his own embarkation. He was, however, obliged to destroy most of his horses, and many stores. A great sacrifice for a great end! No less a one than that of depriving Napoleon of the one opportunity he ever had of fairly crushing Spain. Moore was killed in the moment of victory. The retreat of an army in the middle of winter, pursued by such a man as Napoleon, with all the resources at his disposal, through snow-clad mountains, could hardly leave that army uninjured. A severe storm scattered the ships which brought back the expedition to England. Apparent failure never so completely concealed a marvellous achievement.

April 22, 1809. When Sir Arthur once more landed in Portugal to assume the command which for five victorious years he was not again to abandon, the situation was as follows. Soult, after the embarkation of Moore's army, had invaded the north of Portugal. He had occupied Oporto, and his troops were extended along both banks of the Douro. Victor, in the south, had been joined by Lapisse's corps, and lay at Merida on the road by Badajos and Elvas. Cuesta, who had been recently badly defeated by Victor, lay with his Spaniards to the south of the army which had beaten him, half-way towards Seville. The English army under Sir John Craddock, about 20,000 strong, was at Leyria and Alçobaca. The English Govern-

ment had all but made up its mind to abandon Portugal, when a memorandum from Sir Arthur, proposing to organize the Portuguese army, take it into English pay, supply



it with English officers, and assist it with an army of 30,000 Englishmen, caused a reversal of the policy. He was sent to carry out his own scheme. He was received with enthusiasm, and appointed Marshal-General of the Portu-

guese army, of which Beresford was placed in command. Soult was surrounded by difficulties. His communications with Spain were threatened by irregular troops, so that he was obliged to employ forces on the Tamega to clear the passage over that river. Conspiracy was rife among his officers, and they communicated with Sir Arthur. He encouraged them, but pursued his own plans. Having
May 10. concentrated his force at Coimbra, he attacked
May 11. Soult's troops on the south of the Douro, capturing their guns. He drove them with heavy loss across
May 12. the river. Early next morning he forced the passage of the Douro on boats. Soult, cut off from all roads of retreat, had to abandon guns and baggage, and effect the escape of his men by mountain paths.

Sir Arthur now turned on Victor, against whose advance he had provided during his absence, by leaving a defensive force, chiefly Portuguese, to detain him, and having the promise of the co-operation of Cuesta, who had been reinforced. Victor promptly fell back. Sir Arthur had
June 12. his army at Abrantes on the Tagus, but was delayed by want of money, boots, shoes, etc., till the 27th. The army, moving along the right bank of the
July 10. Tagus, reached Plasencia. Sir Arthur arranged with Cuesta that they should together march upon Talavera where was the passage of the Alberche, a tributary of the Tagus, on the direct road to Madrid, while another Spanish army under Venegas threatened Madrid from the south and west. Though Venegas was expressly under Cuesta's orders, the Central Junta, then the highest authority in Spain, without any notice to Wellington or Cuesta, ordered Venegas not to carry out the assigned

programme. Yet, the one purpose for which Sir Arthur had agreed to advance so far into Spanish territory, was to force back the French sufficiently to establish communication between these two Spanish armies. All the promises on which he had relied were broken to him alike by Cuesta, and by the Spanish authorities. His army was all but left to starve. Cuesta indulged in a series of movements so fatuous that co-operation with him was impossible. The French, having collected the two corps of Sebastiani, and Victor, with all the troops that Joseph could bring from Madrid, attacked the Spanish and English armies at Talavera and were bloodily repulsed, July 27 and 28. though a too reckless advance made by the guards nearly compromised the army, and the co-operation of the Spaniards was miserable.

Sir Arthur had declared his intention of not engaging further in the affairs of Spain till he should have better guarantees for the supply of his men, before news arrived of the advance south of Soult's forces, threaten- July 30. ing the communications of the British army.

Soult had in fact collected at Salamanca 34,000 men, formed of three corps, his own, Ney's and Mortier's, and was hoping to cut off Sir Arthur from Portugal. Wellesley had relied upon the Spanish troops holding the pass of Banos long enough to make Soult afraid to advance, seeing that Beresford's Portuguese corps threatened him on one flank from Portugal, and, if the pass were held, there was ample time for the English army, after victory at Talavera, to return and deal with him. The prompt abandonment of the Banos pass by the Spaniards disconcerted these arrangements. Soult entered unresisted

August 1. into Plasencia, the very town from which Wellesley had started on July 17 for Talavera. Passing to the south of the Tagus by the bridge of Arzobispo, Sir Arthur withdrew his head-quarters to Badajos.
Sept. 3. There he took up a position for the defence of Portugal, ready, when adequate security for food could be obtained, to give assistance to Spain. His withdrawal gave him an influence with the Spaniards which no remonstrances had secured. Cuesta was removed. Sir Arthur was appointed Captain-General of the Spanish armies, but his own Government declined the offer. Moreover, it was for him an important advantage, that Mr. Frere was recalled from his position as English representative at the Spanish seat of Government and replaced for a time by the Marquis of Wellesley. Subsequently when for a short time the Marquis became Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was succeeded by Henry Wellesley. There are few more suggestive and dramatic incidents in war than the occupation of Talavera by Victor after Cuesta, breaking faith with Wellington, had abandoned it. The French and English wounded trusted to Cuesta's charge were, when Victor arrived, dying on the stones of the streets. Victor had all alike cared for in the townsfolk's houses. From those houses he extracted supplies of food and forage sufficient for three months for the French army, who paid nothing for them. The owners had concealed these stores from the English army. But for the folly of the townsfolk in thus refusing to their protectors the right to purchase the means of living, Talavera would have escaped the utter wreck which was now its fate. The illustration of the difficulties with which Sir Arthur had daily and in

almost every transaction to deal, increased, as up to this time they had been, by the credulity, the vanity and ignorance of Mr. Frere, could hardly be more complete. I mention the incident however for another reason. In large measure the whole struggle in the Peninsula depended upon the question whether Napoleon's or Wellington's methods of supplying troops would in the long run prove most successful. The French could maintain for months a large army in a district where a division of Wellington's would have starved in a week. The reason of this was chiefly that it was not the custom in Portugal or in many parts of Spain for large markets to be established, even in towns. The people stored in their own houses and often buried in concealed spots the supplies they needed for a year's consumption, and they would not sell even to their neighbours. In the art of unearthing these stores the French were past masters. Each man carried in his knapsack the tools for house-breaking. They thus lived in plenty without cost. On the other hand they gradually gathered round them hosts of peasantry forced, as much by starvation as by patriotism, into the ranks of the guerillas. In two countries where revolutionary propagandism had not been idle, and in both of which therefore at first there were large numbers who looked upon the French as deliverers from tyranny, the effect on the feeling of the population of wholesale robbery was a military element of the greatest importance to Wellington, and he developed it by the contrast of his own methods of a discipline severely enforced, supplies regularly paid for, and an army fed from established magazines. Unfortunately the Treasury never realized

the all-importance of ample cash always in his hands, as the weapon essential for this method of warfare. He was habitually left bankrupt. Money was wasted elsewhere. This is an element of the whole Peninsula campaign, which has to be remembered at every stage of it. Wellington is often reproached with being inactive in pursuit. More often than not his pursuit was stayed by the fact that the French had been living in a district which, from his point of view, was a desert in which his army must starve. All his much-abused views of discipline were coloured by the necessity for enforcing on an army, from its then composition more disposed than the French to plunder, the respect for personal property which was essential, not only to its efficiency, but to its existence. He calculated that the French method caused them to lose fifty per cent. of their effective strength in every campaign.

The next great phase of the contest turned more directly than any other on these considerations, but they were paramount throughout. In England, despite his successive victories, "the want of capacity and want of skill" of Sir Arthur were denounced in Parliament, though he was now created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Lord Wellesley was at this time able to return the service formerly done him, and vigorously to defend his brother's policy and actions. On October 20, 1809, Lord Wellington had completed a personal survey of the ground on which he had determined to erect the great entrenched camp subsequently known as the "Lines of Torres Vedras," and on that day issued orders for entrenchments, redoubts and other work to be actually begun. Napoleon, having made peace with Austria and

being about to marry an Austrian Princess, had his hands once more free to attend to the Peninsula. During 1809, and the spring of 1810, he poured over the Pyrenees troops who raised the total muster-rolls of the French in Spain to 365,000. Occupied, however, with his marriage, and absorbed in personally superintending the war of land blockade against England, the Emperor placed these hosts in the hands of two principal leaders, of whom Massena was entrusted with the conquest of Portugal, whilst Soult swept victoriously over Spain. Massena first set himself to reduce Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and whilst he was thus engaged, Wellington remained to watch him on the frontiers of Portugal. Ciudad Rodrigo fell. July 11.
Craufurd, who was commanding the light division close to the French, was roughly pushed back by July 24.
Ney and narrowly escaped disaster. Almeida fell. July 27.
Meantime Wellington had swept the country clear of flocks, herds and provisions, so that when the French should advance they would find nothing to live on. The work was not carried through as perfectly as he desired, solely because of the opposition of one member of the Portuguese Government, Sousa, who succeeded in delaying the issue of notices to the inhabitants. The measure proved for all that a very effective agent in the destruction of the French. Moreover, partisans and guerillas swarmed in all the mountainous district through which Massena had to move, and on which he afterwards depended for supplies. Every French straggler met with certain death. No convoy could pass anywhere without a powerful escort, and the risk of surprise. Under these conditions Sept. 1810.
Massena moved forward and Wellington leisurely

Sept. 26. retreated. At Busaco he fronted the French both to encourage his own army, especially the young soldiers of Portugal, and to discourage the French Marshal. Reynier and Ney were employed in the attack. It was bloodily repulsed, and Massena, deciding that Busaco was the strongest place in Portugal, turned the position by a pass on his right, only to find himself in Oct. 8, 1810. presence of the defences on which a year's labour had been expended. Behind them the whole army, which had already inflicted on him a severe check, was securely disposed. The Portuguese had gained confidence by their easy victory. Massena had learnt that even that portion of Wellington's army was not to be despised by the conquerors of Europe. After for about a month fronting the lines, Massena skilfully withdrew to Santarem and Torres Novas, where he was better able to feed his army. Wellington moved out; but finding Santarem too strong for attack, placed his troops for the winter in cantonments and awaited the effect of famine.

Massena had despatched Foy to Paris for instructions. Feb. 2, 1811. When that General returned, he brought orders from Napoleon that Massena was at all costs to maintain his position, and that Soult was to march to his support and attack Badajos. Orders to that effect had Dec. 1810. reached Soult, many previous ones having been intercepted by guerillas. Soult promptly obeyed, and with 20,000 men carried out a brilliant campaign March 11, 1811. against the Spaniards in Estremadura. Badajos was treacherously surrendered to him. That, however, brought his movement towards Portugal to an end,

for in his absence from Andalusia, General Graham had, despite the feebleness and treachery of the Spanish General, Lapena, associated with him, defeated the French at Barosa before Cadiz. Soult was therefore compelled to return into Andalusia. Meantime, March 5. despite Napoleon's orders, Massena found himself forced by famine on the night of March 5, the very day of Barosa, to withdraw from Santarem. On March 6, in the early morning, Wellington's pursuit began. The retreat was magnificently conducted as a military operation, and brilliantly covered by Ney as a rear-guard, but marked by atrocious cruelty. Wellington followed up the pursuit till April 8, when the last of Massena's men crossed the Portuguese frontier, and the English army halted with head-quarters at Villa Formoso. Wellington's next object was to possess himself of Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, to both of which he laid siege. He had been stopped from further pursuit by the failure of the Portuguese Government to supply their army, so that it was dying of starvation. In the action at Sabugal, before the French crossed, they had been severely handled. April 3. Massena, having been reinforced, attempted early in May to raise the siege of Almeida. The boldest, the most dangerous, and one of the most skilful, though not faultless actions that Wellington ever fought, that of Fuentes d'Honoro, followed. Massena having May 3, been baffled, Almeida fell, but Brennier the May 5, governor, with the larger part of his garrison, 1811. made his escape after destroying most of the guns. Meantime in the south, Beresford had been blockading Badajos. Soult, moving to relieve it, was met at Albuera

and defeated in the bloodiest, and for the soldiery
May 16. most glorious field of the war.

Wellington's success in delivering Portugal had made one all-important difference in his position. The English nation was at last behind him. Carping criticism and distrust which had hitherto, by their influence on the Government, hampered every movement, were silenced. Ministers were now much more dependent on him than he on them. The first attempt on Badajos followed. Two assaults failed. He had no adequate siege train for it, but having been promised one from England he suddenly laid
Jan. 8, 1812. siege to Ciudad Rodrigo and took it by assault
Jan. 19. before Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, could gather his army for its protection. Welling-
Mar. 16. April 6. ton then similarly invested Badajos and captured it. Both operations were costly in lives from the insufficiency of the means provided by the home Government for a regular siege, and from the necessity of obtaining the results rapidly. Their success, gained by the magnificent fighting of his men, and stained by their crimes, effectually barred the roads into Portugal and opened the way into Spain. By repairing the Bridge at Alcantara and employing Hill to destroy the passage at Almaraz, he now put himself in a position to operate either against Marmont to the north of the Tagus, or against Soult in the south, without either being able to help the other. Keeping both of them in alarm he chose the former for attack. After he had captured the defensive works which Marmont had elaborated in Salamanca, a series of operations followed in which the superior marching powers of the French army gave their general a decided advantage up to two

o'clock on July 23. On that day Marmont, seeking to extend his left in order to turn Wellington's right, made a wide movement which exposed him as his divisions became separated to a sudden attack upon the isolated troops of his left wing. "That fellow will compel me to give him a licking after all," exclaimed the English leader, as he watched the development. He then lay down to sleep, ordering that he should be called when the French columns had reached a definite spot. At the assigned moment a few rapid orders enabled him to seize the opportunity. The left wing of the French army was destroyed almost at once. The remains of the whole force were saved only by the fact that the Spaniards had abandoned the ford at Alba de Tormes without informing Wellington. The result was that while he moved on Huerta and Encinas, the French remnant escaped by Alba.

Joseph fled from Madrid. Wellington entered it. Unfortunately at this moment, as throughout the war, his deadliest enemy was the costly penuriousness of the English treasury. "We are absolutely bankrupt," he writes from Madrid. His position, however, was such that he had the choice of attacking one of three isolated armies. He might move against Soult, who had been hitherto watched by Hill, and now, abandoning the siege of Cadiz, hurried towards Valencia. He might turn on Joseph who had fallen back on Suchet in Catalonia, or lastly he might strike at Clausel who, moving from Burgos down the valley of the Pisuerga, threatened the line of the Douro. Against him Wellington, drawing Hill towards Madrid, advanced. He drove the French back beyond Burgos, to which he laid siege. He failed after a

Aug. 12, 1812.

month to capture it. Souham, having succeeded to the command of the northern army much reinforced, moved to the relief of Burgos. Wellington fell back southwards, effected his junction with Hill, and retired into winter quarters after a disorderly retreat. The Opposition in England had taken a new form, and the Ministry, instead of finding themselves hampered in carrying on the war, were reproached with not having adequately supported Wellington. Captain Sterling, his enthusiastic advocate, writing as "Vetus" in the *Times*, had become a power in England. Therefore, when next year the campaign began, his army was a very different one from any he had previously commanded. The stringent measures, which he had taken whilst the troops were in cantonments, had restored the discipline which had broken down during the retreat from Burgos. Large reinforcements and stores had arrived. He had been appointed generalissimo of the Spanish armies, and had done something towards obtaining useful co-operation from them. Early in May he advanced upon Salamanca and thence north-east upon Vittoria, where on June 21 he inflicted on Joseph's army a defeat so crushing, that it virtually, at a blow, terminated the French dominion in Spain. Suchet still held out in Catalonia, but he was rigidly confined to his own province. Otherwise the French armies were engaged from this time in defending France against invasion, not in attempting to maintain their authority. Wellington's movements threatened advance into France, though at first he dreaded the experiment. Soult, who had been, previous to the last campaign, withdrawn from Spain at Joseph's request, was now hastily sent back there with all the troops that Napoleon could

spare from his great struggle in Germany. Indeed, though after Vittoria it was a mere dream, Napoleon had a hope that Soult, by combining with Suchet, might make such terms with Spain as would enlist her against England.

The "battles of the Pyrenees" followed. Soult displayed all his usual skill, and had, in a marvellously short time, collected an army on the whole, apparently superior in force to Wellington's, but being finally driven back on August 3, he could not prevent St. Sebastian from falling. Pamplona fell two months later. Wellington forced the passage of the Bidassoa and that of the Nivelle, capturing 51 guns. On November 1 he had issued his proclamation to the French, on passing the frontier. In order to maintain his promises made therein, of strict discipline and kindly treatment of the peasantry, he was obliged to denude himself for a time of nearly all his Spanish troops, who could not be restrained from securing booty and avenging themselves on the French. His great difficulty now was that the war with the United States, which had broken out in the previous year, so occupied the Admiralty that he was ill-supported in the Bay of Biscay, on which he was dependent for supplies from home. The passage of the Nive occupied from December 9 to 13, 1813. As soon as the weather made movement possible Soult was heavily defeated at Orthez. Urged forward by Napoleon, Soult, however, attempted to take advantage of the fact that Wellington had detached Marshal Beresford with two divisions to Bordeaux in order to raise revolt in that loyalist quarter. Soult advanced across the Adour, but was defeated at Tarbes and fell back

Sept. 8.
Oct. 31.
Oct. 7.
Nov. 10.
Feb. 27, 1814.
Mar. 12.
Mar. 20.

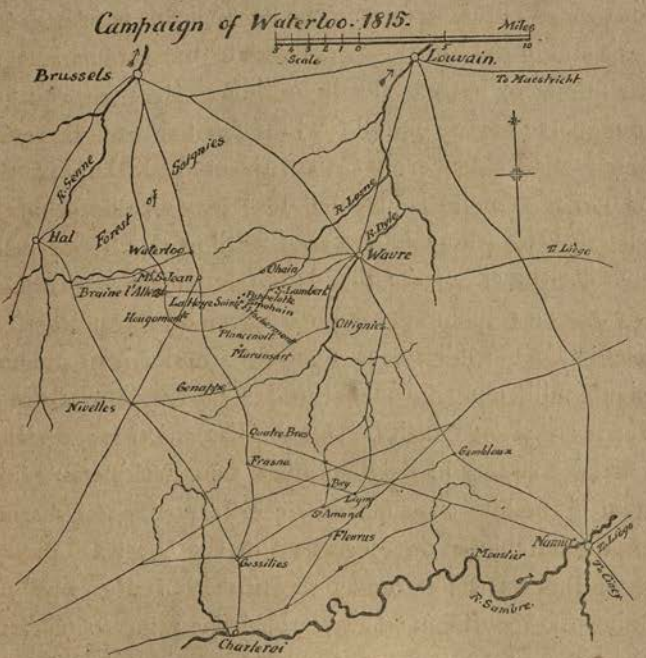
April 10. on Toulouse, where was fought the final battle of the war; Soult abandoned the town and retreated on Villa Franca. Immediately afterwards news arrived of the abdication of Napoleon, due to the occupation of Paris by the Allies and the desertion to them of Marmont carrying over his corps. Most of Wellington's victorious army was hurried off to the wretched war with the United States. A visit to Paris and another to Madrid followed. In Madrid his presence was sorely needed to minimize the reckless folly of Ferdinand, whose restoration had been brought about chiefly by Wellington's own victories, but who had passed so much under French influence during his compulsory sojourn in France that the English Government were anxious to utilize Wellington's influence with the King to prevent him from rewarding the services of England by a desertion of her alliance, and to save him from the violent reactionary faction into whose hands he had thrown himself. When, however, the now Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington at length set foot in Britain, after five years of absence, he found that enthusiastic as was his reception, the country was absorbed with only one question. Even peace was hardly welcomed, because it threatened to restore the slave trade, which had been abolished by Britain during the period when she so ruled the seas that she could decree its cessation everywhere. Portugal alone, as an independent ally, had been allowed to pursue the traffic. It was because Wellington was the one man whose influence with the courts of France, Spain and Portugal was likely to be strong enough to give hope that the national will would be enforced in this matter, that he was appointed Ambassador to Paris, when

on other grounds it might have seemed particularly unwise to send him to France. It is characteristic of him that he threw himself into the new question with all the vigour that had enabled him during five long years to keep the three kingdoms of England, Spain and Portugal sufficiently concentrated on the struggle in the Peninsula to secure the great end which, despite the vacillations of almost all others in all the three kingdoms, had at length been gained. He studied a perfect library on the subject. He entered into the closest relations with Clarkson, Wilberforce and the other Abolitionists. Through them he succeeded in stopping what was the greatest difficulty in his way, the passionate language of the English newspapers against those, especially in France, who not having passed under the same influences as Englishmen, were anxious for the sake of their colonies to restore the trade. He brought to bear on the three rulers, who all acknowledged their obligations to him, every argument that was likely to determine their practical action. From Paris, however, he was very soon sent to replace Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna.

His presence there had become essential because, in the settlement of the map of Europe, it was soon clear that military force might become necessary to keep in check the ambition of Russia supported by Prussia, now acting as her obedient vassal. France, England and Austria had concluded an alliance, and it looked as if war was on the eve of breaking out when news reached the quarrelling statesmen which quickly brought them for a time into harmony again. Napoleon, slipping away from Elba, which had at the peace of 1814 been granted him as an

Mar. 1. 1815. independent principality, had landed, as his partisans put it, "with the violets in the Spring" in the Gulf of Jouan between Cannes and Antibes, had been joined in succession by all the troops sent to arrest him, and had made his triumphal entry into Paris on March 20. It was a purely military revolution. Though his actual presence still evoked enthusiasm among the populace, the country was sick of war. Napoleon's great object was to gain time to conciliate the nation. He made eager attempts to secure peace. The Congress had, however, already agreed to place him *hors la loi*. Each of the four Great Powers had bound itself to make no separate peace, and had pledged itself to vast efforts for his destruction. Whilst in accordance with this treaty, which had been due mainly to Wellington's tact and skill, Russian, Austrian and other German armies were slowly moving towards the Rhine, the Duke hurried to Belgium, where a mixed army of British, Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, Nassauers, Brunswickers and other nationalities was being gathered to co-operate under his orders with a Prussian army placed under the great hero of the War of Liberty, Prince Blücher, to whom as an inspiring leader who yet "understood nothing whatever of the conduct of a campaign" there was attached Gneisenau, the most skilful of Prussian soldiers, as Chief of the Staff. Wellington had with him very few of his old Peninsula veterans or of his Peninsula staff. Even the British part of his army was largely made up of recruits from the Militia. Altogether it was about as heterogeneous a body as could well have been drawn together. Lord Hill and the Prince of Orange acted as Commanders of his two corps. The troops were

dispersed in cantonments, which extended from the Scheldt on the right, to the Quatre Bras Brussels road on the left. A strong reserve was in Brussels. Wellington's and the Prussian armies were waiting for the slow movement of the huge masses of the Allies to the Rhine before gathering for



the invasion of France, when Napoleon anticipated that effort by attacking the Prussian outposts at Charleroi. The Prussian army was at this time distributed in four great corps, Ziethen's having its head-quarters at Charleroi, Pirch's at Namur, Thielmann's at Ciney, Bülow's at Liège. Its right connected with Wellington's left along the Quatre Bras Brussels road. Napoleon had employed June 15.

his wonted energy in reforming the army left him by the Bourbons, and he had over the resources which he possessed in 1814, the great advantage that his garrisons of war-tried troops, who had been then in various fortresses in Spain, Germany and Italy, were now returned. He had great difficulties. The Royalists everywhere, especially in La Vendée, gathered force. The Republicans were active in Paris and in the towns generally. The mothers had joined the priests in hatred and opposition to the man who had after years of slaughter allowed the fair fields of France to be desolated. The army though devoted to him, much as a band of bandits is devoted to its chief, distrusted its other leaders whom it had seen settling down under the Bourbons to enjoy the plunder of long years, whilst the privates and junior officers were left in beggary. The disorders of a soldiery accustomed to find food for themselves, still more alienated the country. Nevertheless, Napoleon always believed that, if he could have gained a decisive victory in Belgium, his success would have once more given him such a hold over France that he would have been able to sweep aside the vast hosts that were from other quarters advancing against him. By a masterly series of movements, he succeeded in gathering from various quarters an army of 128,000 men in the neighbourhood of Charleroi, before either the Prussian or English armies had concentrated, even at the head-quarters of the different corps. None had moved for a general concentration. Throughout the fifteenth he had to fight the corps of Ziethen alone, and by evening he had pushed it aside towards Fleurus. Ney reached him after he himself had passed through Charleroi. He despatched Ney along the

Brussels road to drive in the allied army. He gave Ney two corps, those of D'Erlon and of Reille, eight divisions, besides a large force of heavy cavalry, in all about 45,000 men. Ney, who had with him only one staff-officer, and knew nothing of the organization or positions of his troops, pushed on with such force as he could lay hands on and drove in the outposts at Frasnes, but did not venture to attack Quatre Bras.

Wellington received with incredulity from the Prince of Orange, just before going to the Duchess of Richmond's ball, news of the attack at Frasnes. He had earlier in the afternoon heard of the movement on Charleroi, but believing this to be a feint, and fearing attack on his line of communications with the sea, he had delayed till 10 p.m. the issue of orders for the eastward movement of the troops, though about 5 p.m. he had directed orders for local concentration to be issued. No cannon whatever, during the ball, sounded "an opening roar," such as Byron assumes, unless a few shots fired into vacancy by the Belgian brigade at Quatre Bras may conceivably have been discharged by men not attacked. Further orders were issued during the night.

In the early morning the reserve moved on Waterloo, the point of the cross-roads to Nivelles and Quatre Bras. There it awaited orders. None of the other troops which depended on orders from Brussels moved till the morning of June 16. Bad staff-work had miscalculated the times and distances. The one Dutch Belgian division of Perponcher had been directed to move on Quatre Bras, and one brigade assembled there without Wellington's instructions. Wellington, riding through the troops halted at

Waterloo and through Perponcher's division at Quatre Bras, reached the heights between Quatre Bras and Frasnes, whence he despatched a letter to Blücher, then at Sombreffe, in which, presumably from erroneous information supplied to him by his staff, he assumed the positions of the various detachments of the allied army to be much nearer to Quatre Bras than they were. He then rode to see Blücher at Brye. Napoleon was gathering around Ligny what was by both Wellington and the Prussian staff taken to be practically the French army. Wellington came away with the conviction that Blücher, from his dispositions, would be badly beaten. He promised to support Blücher if not himself attacked. In the result, late in the day, Napoleon inflicted on Blücher a severe but not crushing defeat. Only three of the Prussian corps had been present. Bülow from Liège, having misunderstood an order of Gneisenau's, had not arrived in time. On the other hand, at Quatre Bras, Ney, nominally in command of eight divisions of the French army, besides heavy cavalry specially assigned him, had been only able in the course of the day to employ three divisions. One of Reille's divisions had been diverted. D'Erlon's whole corps, part at least of which Napoleon had originally intended to fall by way of the Quatre Bras road on the rear of the Prussian army, had been prematurely called to the Ligny side of the contest, recalled to the left, and, after useless wanderings, bivouacked late at night without having fired a shot, in rear of the French troops, who, after a fierce contest, had by that time been repulsed by the slowly gathering forces of Wellington's army. Till quite lately it has appeared to be certain that the disastrous

10.30 a.m., June 16.

order which thus deprived the French army both at Ligny and Quatre Bras of the services of this important corps was due to the mistake of an *aide-de-camp* of Napoleon. It is however asserted that the original order has now been discovered, that it was expressly addressed by Napoleon himself to D'Erlon, and carried not by an *aide-de-camp* but by a sub-officer of the Guard. So severe had been the struggle at Quatre Bras, that in his great despatch on the Waterloo campaign Wellington officially reports that he had been attacked by the combined corps of Reille and D'Erlon (eight divisions), a misstatement, doubtless due to the evidence of prisoners as to the corps designed for the attack, and to the report of the Prince of Orange, who formed the same opinion; but, considering the hand that wrote it, a magnificent testimony to the fighting efficiency of the three French divisions which in fact assailed him.

Late at night the Prussian army fell back, two corps without artillery northwards, the third, Thielmann's, with the artillery and train along the road to Gembloux, where it established connection with Bülow's corps from Liège. Early in the morning all moved northwards towards Wavre. It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that any serious pursuit of the Prussians was attempted by Napoleon. Deceived by misleading reports, and by captures made by Pajol's cavalry on the Namur road, he at first believed the Prussians to have retreated in that direction. He, at twelve o'clock, gave verbal orders to Grouchy to pursue with the corps of Vandamme and Gérard. Somewhat better informed later, he sent him a written order to move towards Gembloux, and explore the enemy's march. At two o'clock, when Grouchy

was starting, deluges of rain descended, making the roads almost impassable, so that it was late in the evening before Grouchy reached Gembloux, having then little knowledge of the direction of the Prussian retreat. Meantime Ney, unaware of Napoleon's victory at Ligny, and disheartened by the ill success of the previous day, had remained inactive. No serious attempt was made to disturb Wellington's army till Napoleon, having given his orders to Grouchy, moved to support Ney. Wellington had had ample time to arrange for the retreat rendered necessary by the Prussian defeat. When Napoleon and Ney advanced, they met with nothing but cavalry, which covered the allied troops, who had from all quarters fallen back towards Mount St. Jean, a position on the south side of the forest of Soignie, which had been noted by Wellington in a reconnaissance of the previous year. The perfection of the arrangements for the retreat made it one of the finest of Wellington's war movements. At Genappe a smart check was inflicted on the French pursuing cavalry by the British. The intolerable weather hampered both armies. With the exception of 18,000 men left by Wellington at Hal, the whole of his army was concentrated in good time, in what was on the following day to become the field of "that world earth-quake Waterloo." The French army was only partly in position on the opposite side of a narrow valley, partly in rear. Wellington had pledged himself to fight if Blücher could support him with one or two corps. Early in the morning of the 18th arrived a message from Blücher, promising to come with his whole army. The whole story of the relations between the two armies at this time has only of late years been made known to us

from the Prussian archives. Wellington resolutely refused to discuss it. Müffling, who was the military attaché from Blücher at Wellington's head-quarters, deliberately disguised the facts, and has been accepted as infallible by all the earlier historians. The truth is that Gneisenau had a profound distrust of Wellington, and fearing that he did not seriously mean to fight at Waterloo, dreaded to commit the Prussian army to what, in that case, would have been a fatal move. Blücher's loyalty saved the cause of Europe.

In the main, Wellington must have been aware of this condition of mind of the men on whom he had to rely. His whole scheme for the coming battle depended on Prussian support; yet if we are to accept the story thus told, he did not know till the actual morning of the battle that he would receive it. He usually dined about 3 p.m. There is a story, supported by much evidence, but opposed by almost as much, that he, after dinner, rode alone with an orderly to confer with Blücher, and make sure of his support. The whole matter is in doubt, and any one who possesses evidence on the subject would do a great service to the cause of historical truth if they would publish it.

On the morning of the 18th the strength of Wellington's army at Waterloo was 67,661, including 156 guns and 12,632 cavalry. The French were 71,947, of which 15,765 were cavalry. They had 246 guns. Napoleon delayed till near noon, because of the condition of the ground, which prevented the movement of guns. The battle began from Napoleon's left, by an attack by Reille against the fortified farm-house of Hougoumont. It was followed

by a movement against the English centre by D'Erlon's corps. Both these were severely repulsed.

D'Erlon's attack had hardly begun when Napoleon became aware that a body of troops were at St. Lambert. They were, in fact, the advance of Bülow's corps, and before 3 p.m. Napoleon, realizing that he was threatened by a Prussian force on his right, withdrew Lobau with the 6th corps from supporting D'Erlon (the 1st), and prepared to meet this new danger. He left Ney to conduct the attack against Wellington's army, and directed his personal attention to fending off the threatened blow. He hoped that Grouchy, who had over-night reported his having moved northwards, would march by the bridges of Moustier and Ottignies and catch the Prussians between two fires. He had arranged a series of patrols extending to the bridges. They, however, failed to get into communication with Grouchy, and an order sent off to him at 1 p.m., directing him to move against Bülow, did not reach him till between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m., when he was engaged at Wavre.

About 4 p.m. Ney captured La Haye Sainte, a fortified farm-house on the left centre of Wellington's line. D'Erlon's corps being, however, much exhausted, Ney asked for a cavalry division, in order to give D'Erlon time to get his men together. As soon as they moved off the whole of the cavalry, which had seen the allied troops after the repulse of D'Erlon's first attempt withdraw behind the crest of the hill, and had seen the capture of La Haye Sainte, dashed forward as to a mere pursuit. For two hours they broke in vain upon the solid squares formed to receive them. Meantime, about 4.30 p.m., the Prussian attack had begun. Between five and six, the

Prussians, having driven back Lobau, approached Planchenoit. The "young" guard had to be thrown into Planchenoit, but before the Prussians were driven back some of the "old" and middle-guard had also to be employed. All this time Wellington was personally watching every phase of the fight, restoring the strength of weak points, directing all the principal movements. At one critical moment his readiness and presence of mind alone saved the British line of battle from being broken in two. Of the twenty-four battalions of the Guard, Napoleon had only eight now available. These, about 7 p.m., he threw into the attack. Their advance was met in front by the Guards. The extreme flank was attacked by Adam's brigade, of which the 52nd, under Colborne, began the movement. The whole mass was hurled back in disorder.

About 7.30 p.m. the van of Ziethen's corps appeared at Papelotte, and fell upon the right flank of D'Erlon's corps, forcing at the same time Lobau to fall back towards Planchenoit. The Duke seized the moment to order a general advance, and the Prussians, moving forward simultaneously, the French army soon ceased to exist as a fighting force. At 11 p.m. in Genappe, Wellington handed over the further pursuit to the Prussians. The details of Grouchy's actions do not concern the Duke's life, but as a question of the nature of the decision, which he took when he faced Napoleon at Waterloo, it is right to say that on the whole the balance of evidence shows that had Grouchy moved across the Dyle as Napoleon during the battle expected, but had not ordered him to do, the Prussian attack would have been delayed so long that the whole conditions of the battle would have been

changed. It is impossible to say what would have happened.

The victorious advance of the Allies upon Paris, though not unopposed, could not seriously be checked. Napoleon abdicated again, and was sent as a State prisoner to St. Helena. The Allies determined to maintain in France an army about 150,000 strong, made up of various contingents, about 30,000 being British. Of the entire army Wellington was for three years generalissimo. In the last year of the occupation, 1818, he was engaged at the Congress of Cambray, which settled the terms of evacuation. When the army had returned home he was appointed

1818. Master-General of the Ordnance, which carried with it a seat in the Cabinet, of which Lord Liverpool was the Premier.

His influence in the House of Lords steadily grew, and ultimately became, for a time, very nearly supreme. His authority over the Prince Regent, partly exercised through Lord Castlereagh, and continued when George IV. became king, was almost as great. It was, however, rather that of a calm and wise doctor dealing with a madman than anything which did more honour to the man he guided. The patient often chafed under the yoke. Wellington's intense loyalty to the Crown as such, hardly enabled him to endure one whom, as a man, he utterly despised. The Duke became, in his own way, almost as much a leader of fashion as the "first gentleman of Europe." Thus, it is said, that we owe to him the practice of hats being carried into a drawing-room. When George IV. came to the throne in 1820, the Duke in private did all he could to restrain the King's vindictiveness against the Queen, but there is an amus-

ing story told of his being called on by the mob, when riding in Pall Mall, to cry "God bless Queen Caroline." He complied, and then as he passed out shouted back the addition, "and may all your wives be like her." When he first returned to England his popularity with the mob led to their lifting him on their shoulders, and demanding whither they should take him. As so public an escort would not have been always convenient he usually answered "Carry me home," and, in fact, he soon found it impossible to leave his house on foot. The iron shutters, which the breaking of his windows induced him to put up at Apsley House, and never to take down, his narrow escape with his life on June 15, 1832, were later illustrations of the treatment meted out by a mob to a strong servant of the kingdom, not wont to swerve from what he believed to be the path of duty, to serve the hour, either of popular applause, or popular hate.

At the Congress of Verona he protested against the invasion of Spain by France, yet refused to assist by arms the Spanish patriots whom it was the object of the French Royalists to suppress. He stopped Russia from attacking Turkey, and generally opposed to the "Holy Alliance" the principle of non-intervention, not, however, in the least in the modern sense of that term. Oct. 1822.

When Nicholas ascended the throne of Russia, Wellington, in February, was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, by which he for a time averted war with Turkey. Feb. 1826.

On January 22, 1827, he became Commander-in-Chief of the army, still holding the Master-Generalship, but on Canning's succeeding to the Premiership in the following

May, Wellington refused to hold office under him, and resigned both the command of the army and the Master-Generalship.

In January 1828 he very unwillingly became Premier, and had not been in office a month before he bitterly regretted it. He thought it his duty to carry Catholic emancipation, in order to avoid civil war in Ireland. He fought Lord Winchilsea in a duel in order to stop the violence of the language of the old Tory party as to his action in this matter. It is somewhat remarkable, considering the times, that it was the only duel he ever fought. Though it scandalized many of his friends, it put an effectual stop to calumny. On November 16, 1830, having been beaten by a combination of the party of Parliamentary Reform with the Tories, whom he had alienated on the Roman Catholic question and by the votes of the Catholics, he resigned office. Any fair statement by which the Duke's action can be judged, requires room and verge enough to trace the character of his successive decisions. As in the case of Catholic emancipation, so in that of the Reform Bill, an intense dread of civil war was one of the dominant factors. In all cases the question, how the Government of the country was to be carried on, *i. e.* how the ordinary administration on which the happiness of millions depended was to be made effectual, was uppermost in his mind. It was for making London from the worst into the best policed city in the world that he was stoned by the mob in 1829.

It is an interesting fact that the Duke himself found for Peel the first seat which gave him his entrance into Parliament. More and more as that statesman's career

developed, it became the Duke's great object to support him. It was this which led to the curious incident in 1834 when, having been sent for by William IV. on the fall of Lord Melbourne's first Administration, he recommended Peel, then in Italy, as Premier, and, in order not to hamper his choice of Ministers, carried on for the time the routine work of all the offices. In principle the breaking up of the party by Peel on the question of the Corn Laws, was a repliqua of the Duke's action in the matter of Catholic emancipation. Both depended on the central idea that loyalty to the nation is more sacred than loyalty to party. In private life he was the best of landlords, spending all his rent-roll on his estate. All those who surrounded him in his family circle were devoted to him. His relations with his very able but eccentric eldest son were alone in their eyes unhappy, almost entirely by the father's fault, for of the devotion of the son to the father there can be no question.

In his later life there once more opened before him the prospect of war on a great scale. When in 1840 the tension between France and Prussia appeared to be strained to the breaking point, the King of Prussia asked for his services as Generalissimo of the German Confederation. He, in obedience to her Majesty's commands, accepted the offer. The incident ended there because peace was maintained.

In old age he had settled down into the position of universal family adviser to the nation. In 1842 he was made Commander-in-Chief for life. His powers became enfeebled at a comparatively early age, and though, by the authority of his great name, and broadly by the

principles he applied to the case, he for the third time saved his native land from civil war, by his peaceful victory over the Chartists on April 10, 1848, practically all the work was done by others. His familiar daily ride to the Horse-Guards ended in little more than a daily doze when there. In 1852, the year after the exhibition, the great life tranquilly ceased at Walmer.

The general assumption that he was not an ambitious man seems to me to require a definition of ambition. He had no trace whatever of the Napoleonic ambition, the ambition of the *sans-culotte* or the revolutionist. In ambition, as in everything else, he was first of all a gentleman, an aristocrat, a loyal and, in the highest sense, a conservative servant of Queen and country, loyal most of all in this, that when he thought either nation, Minister, King, Queen, or personal friend wrong, he never served his own interest or betrayed theirs by flattering them with words that he knew to be false.

Nevertheless no one can really study his letters without seeing very clearly that, especially in his youth, the ambition, if ambition it be, of wishing to be allowed to handle tools of which he was a master, and some impatience at seeing them misused in incompetent hands, was typical and characteristic of him. He was the strongest, loyalest, greatest flesh and blood Englishman that we, or our fathers, know of, or are likely to know. Those who scoff at his statesmanship mean by a statesman, a politician skilful in carrying his party to victory. When they can produce the man of this kind, who three times saved his country from civil war, showed his power by such an act as that of Catholic emancipation carried by him alone,

and made London the most orderly of capitals, it will be time enough to enter into such comparisons. Till then, those who prefer national to party services may possibly think that, despite undoubted mistakes, the statesman was even greater than the soldier, though neither of them was so great as the man.

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